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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, *Assistant Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

BETWEEN Mr. Mencken's article in the present issue of THE FORUM and Mr. Wells' article in the preceding issue there is much resemblance and much contrast. They are alike in the animation and lucidity of their style; they are very unlike in the gravity and unity which characterize the first and the light-hearted, slap-dash swordplay which runs through the second. Mr. Wells writes like a man charged with the responsibility of proving an all-important thesis of which he is the appointed champion. Mr. Mencken dashes into the midst of the enemy's country like a guerrilla chieftain, spreading havoc around him in every direction and enjoying the spectacle of what his prowess has accomplished, without overmuch regard for any ultimate result.

This is not to say, however, that Mr. Mencken pursues his object, or objects, with less ardor than does Mr. Wells; Colonel Mosby was no less ardent a Confederate than General Lee. At several points in his article Mr. Mencken states earnestly and definitely the objectives which he has at heart; but in the pursuit of these objectives he cuts a very wide swath, and does a good deal of undiscriminating damage. As this process is not agreeable to those who are its victims, it may not be amiss to point out one or two defects in it which may give them a certain degree of comfort.

IN the first place, the objectives themselves are not as consistent with each other as might be expected of so severe a critic of other people's logical infirmities. Thus, near the outset, Mr. Mencken tells us that "the question before us is a practical one: how to get through life with a maximum of entertainment and a minimum of pain"; and yet this note, struck at the beginning, is heard only at odd intervals in the article, of which the dominant note is something quite different from and indeed quite discordant with this. Passionate hatred of every form of credulity, and unqualified acceptance of the progress of the race as

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FORUM

Next Month

WHAT I BELIEVE

Albert Einstein

The Father of Relativity, who is unquestionably the greatest genius now living, writes exclusively for THE FORUM'S series of Living Philosophies, and in simple language sets forth his own way of life. We confidently predict that what Dr. Einstein has said in this article will be read and discussed even on the remotest frontiers of civilization, and universally recognized as a contribution of the first importance.

SEX MADNESS

Logan Clendening, M.D.

A distinguished physician tells why the new sex ideas of such so-called "advanced" thinkers as Bertrand Russell and Judge Ben B. Lindsey are bad, and why the observance of the old moral code is the best guarantee of health and happiness.

DARK DAYS AHEAD

James Truslow Adams, Stuart Chase, and others

A remarkable dialogue on the bankruptcy of business leadership. High-pressure salesmanship, new labor-saving inventions, progressive unemployment, the psychology of success-at-any-price, the dominance of business over government — where are these things leading us? Four brilliant minds — James Truslow Adams, Henry Seidel Canby, Stuart Chase, Howard Mumford Jones — talk over the prospects and arrive at some startling conclusions.

HOOVER THE MEDICINE MAN

Elmer Davis

A critical examination of the President's record measured against the hopes of the country at the time he was elected. Is an engineering mind playing politics "the heap big medicine" it was supposed to be?

ROCKET SHIPS

Waldemar Kaempffert

A well-known writer on scientific subjects takes you on a visit to Mars in one of the rocket ships of the future.

THE 12 GREATEST DATES IN HISTORY

Will Durant

Following Mr. van Loon's paper in this issue, Will Durant will tell next month which events in world history he considers the most important, and why. THE FORUM invites you to collaborate with van Loon, Durant, and H. G. Wells in a $500 prize contest; for complete information, turn to page 143.

DOWRIES FOR DAUGHTERS

R. le Clerc Phillips

In America we think we have provided our daughters with dowry enough when we have given them a college education. Miss Phillips draws upon the typical experience of college women in the business world to prove that the European idea of dowries is better than ours.

FOREWORD

Continued

the paramount object of human life, form the staple of the article; and Mr. Mencken does not attempt to reconcile the exaltation of his feeling on these points with his position as stated at the outset. Yet surely he cannot regard it as self-evident that a stern renunciation of every belief not founded on scientific research, and an unquestioning subordination of all other objects to the promotion of the progress of the race, must result in "a maximum of entertainment and a minimum of pain." In the second place, in much of what Mr. Mencken says he is evidently under the influence of that "will to believe" which, when manifested by other men, and in other directions, is the favorite object of his scorn. Two examples may suffice to indicate what I mean. The first is merely a historical statement; the second is a declaration of principle.

WHEN Mr. Mencken, near the beginning of his article, tells us that when the Fathers of the Republic "made religion a free-for-all, they prepared the way for making it ridiculous," and that in doing so they showed themselves "far cleverer fellows than they are commonly represented to be, even in the school books," one naturally takes this as a bit of sprightly fooling. But it turns out that he is entirely in earnest. In the latter part of the article he says: "The Fathers of the Republic, despite the sagacity that I have been praising, were a bit too confident and impatient. I suppose they believed that, by setting religion adrift, they had got rid of it." For this fantastic supposition there is no ground whatsoever. Mr. Mencken's entertainment of it can only be accounted for as an instance of the will to believe — an instance quite as manifest as many of the cases of it in the domain of religious faith, and without the excuse of necessity which, in that domain, may be pleaded in its favor.

The second example that I have in mind occurs in the list of beliefs with which Mr. Mencken closes his article. "I believe," he says, "that all government is evil, in that all government must make war on liberty." Now I happen to be a pretty good libertarian myself, perhaps quite as good as Mr. Mencken; but I see no reason for making liberty the object of idolatrous worship or of exclusive devotion. To believe that all government is evil, simply because government is incompatible with absolute liberty, is to believe that liberty is so infinitely desirable that any loss of it, however slight, must be regarded as outweighing any gain of other benefits, however great — an instance of the will to believe which throws into the shade any that can be laid at the doors of intelligent religionists in our time.

— FABIAN FRANKLIN

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN EUGENE LOHRKE
FRANCES WARFIELD

A Modern Synthesis

MAN AND HIS UNIVERSE, by John Langdon-Davies; Harper, $5.00.
Reviewed by C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

IN HIS new book Mr. Langdon-Davies has essayed a difficult task, but one immensely worth doing. He has tried to trace the interlocking histories of the changing scientific knowledge of the universe and the changing world-outlooks developed in response to the shift in scientific knowledge. To the latter Mr. Langdon-Davies, following William James, gives the name "overbeliefs," implying that they are related to, but not the necessary product of, the scientific information available, nor demonstrable by the scientific method. Rather they are man's emotional responses to the scientific picture of the universe.

Man and His Universe consequently is in effect a sketch of the intellectual history of mankind from a particular angle. It should be placed on the shelf along with such books as Robinson's *The Mind in the Making*, Randall's *Making of the Modern Mind*, Barnes' *Living in the Twentieth Century*, and similar works. Like them, it does not do the whole job in tracing man's intellectual development, but it does its particular job well, and that job is one of high importance in these days when everyone is striving, however blindly and haltingly, toward a *weltanschauung*.

There is a constant discrepancy between the scientific knowledge about the universe and man, and the beliefs which govern action in the world. If one is decently alive to the state of knowledge in one's time the discrepancy is not too great. Now Mr. Langdon-Davies is concerned with just this problem and states it by giving an historical survey, beginning with the period when "the universe made Man" and proceeding rapidly to the "medieval picture of the universe" which was in effect a synthesis of Aristotelianism (the most highly developed Greek system) and Christianity. He correctly points out that most of the embarrassing hangovers in our minds can be traced back to the medieval synthesis. (Incidentally, it may be well to emphasize that this position is generally accepted by all competent students of intellectual history and nothing more adequately illustrates the incompetence of Will Durant than the omission of a discussion of the medieval synthesis from *The Story of Philosophy*.) Yet if Mr. Langdon-Davies' book is weak at any point, it is

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES

precisely here: he does not give enough weight to the importance of hangovers and tends to imply that the various views he projects are discontinuous. This is not so, of course, and I doubt that he means his readers so to conclude, but a little more emphasis on the point would have added to the value of his book.

Once having projected the medieval picture of the universe and its accompanying overbeliefs, Mr. Langdon-Davies proceeds toward "The First Renaissance," touching on the work of Copernicus, Versalius, Kepler, and Galileo, and branching out into full chapters with Newton, Dalton, and Darwin. In getting this material before the reader the author works with the skill of a professional juggler, for he has almost simultaneously to state the new scientific information, the destructive effect it had on the earlier synthesis, and the new overbeliefs which it suggested. But he never drops an orange. He ends up with the vision of the world best known to us as Spencerianism, after the indefatigable Herbert Spencer. Mr. Langdon-Davies perhaps overemphasizes the naïveté of this view, but after all it is a more or less dead vision now rapidly being replaced, not, as some of our more wishful thinkers (Millikan, Pupin, Eddington) like to think, by a religious view, but by one which gives more force to imponderables.

As Mr. Langdon-Davies calls the Newton-Dalton-Darwin view "The First Renaissance," so he calls the embryonic new view "The New Renaissance." In his long concluding chapter of the new view, he gives most suggestive and illuminating accounts of the work of Planck, the post-Darwinian biologists, Freud, and Einstein. Naturally it is impossible to draw a finished picture of the overbeliefs that the most recent advances in knowledge have suggested. They are still in the making, but such as the author has chosen to suggest are eminently sensible. Altogether *Man and His Universe* is an indispensable prolegomenon to any study of intellectual history and to any attempt to formulate a view of the world. But to say that it is more than a prolegomenon would be to overemphasize both its scope and, I believe, its intent.

Utopian Mirage

THE AUTOCRACY OF MR. PARHAM, by H. G. Wells; Doubleday, Doran, $1.00.
Reviewed by EUGENE LOHRKE.

MR. WELLS stands for an idealism in the ways of men that is interesting, amusing, and contradictory. It is conceivably true that he has left an imprint on more sensitive imaginations in the present generation, both here and abroad, than any other writer of his day. In growing, those minds have shed Mr. Wells as they have come to realize that every formula for human improvement contains its own contradiction. The odd part of it is that Mr. Wells himself has never grown. His appeal is still, primarily, to the adolescent mentality. He still lives

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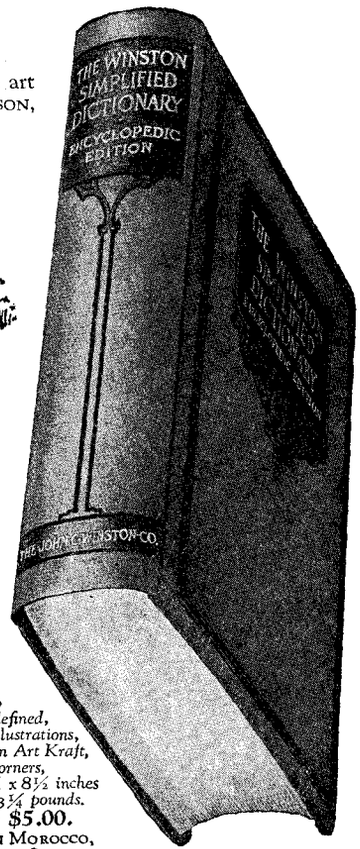

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Books

in a two-dimensional world of dreams illumined by the glare of his hot faith in science, and running off into the flat, stale Utopias which have haunted his dreams since *The Days of the Comet.*

The Autocracy of Mr. Parham is a reiteration of the old Wellsian formula in the guise of a fantastic romance. It is hardly necessary to repeat that formula. The new discoveries of men in the realm of science, he believes, have upset the traditions of history. The lid is off, and anyone can look into the stew who wants to. His own version of it he has presented in *The Outline of History.* The claims of nationalism, he believes, have been thrown into the discard with the melting of world frontiers and boundaries by the modern scientific inventions of radio, telephone, and rapid transit. Science, in other words, has created a new world and left us still groping for readjustment.

There is, of course, just sufficient plausibility in this vision to make it, on the surface, acceptable. In those days, a score or more years ago, when the world stood rubbing its eyes in the glare of its new inventiveness and when Mr. Wells

H. G. WELLS

had just begun his career as a scientific romanticist, it was even more plausible still. But the salt of Mr. Wells' wisdom has lost its savor in the modern spectacle of disillusionment, which is the simple and normal reaction of thoughtful people to a mechanized world. Whether science, ultimately, will justify a small remaining hope or continue to raise Frankensteins as it did in the last war, is still an open question. But the relation between the telephone and radio and brotherly love is still as much a mystery of the Wells' *patois* as it was to begin with. And the white robed Messiah of *Ann Veronica, Marriage,* and *The New Machiavelli* has come of late to present the spectacle of a small fat boy crying among a litter of empty jam pots.

There is nothing new about Mr. Wells' newest vision. His taste for the sweet and toothsome thought is as abnormal as ever. He has it out with his old ghost of formal history in the person of Mr. Parham who, in a dream, becomes the autocrat and dictator of England. He supports his own version of things in the mundane, inelegant, and sawed-off person of Sir Bussy Woodcock who exists side by side with Mr. Parham in his dream as in real life, to check him. The duel between Mr. Parham, the *bête noire* of the Wellsian historical revisions, and Sir Bussy, the new man of Mr. Wells' dispensation, forms the body of the story in the course of which the European and American continents are drawn into a war of extermination which dies out, strangely enough, on the ash-bed of American idealism in a super-Wilsonian message from the American president to the world.

The Autocracy of Mr. Parham is as incredible a performance as it was intended to be, but worse than that, it is a pretentious and futile one. Mr. Wells suffering under the Messianic delusion has become a more interesting spectacle than his books. There is no lack here of the old Wellsian touch which could breathe enthusiastic life into minor details of characterization. But the attempt to catch the spirit and meaning of life within the terms of a scientific formula is just as repellant as the classical idealism against which Mr. Wells inveighs. In knocking the high silk hat off his dummy he substitutes a dunce's cap, and the exchange is more ludicrous than profitable.

Parade of Morals

MRS. GRUNDY, by Leo Markun; Appleton, $5.00.
Reviewed by FRANCES WARFIELD.

THINGS I Never Knew Till Now:

That Michelangelo's "Last Judgment" was once made respectable by the addition of painted drawers. . . . That the orang-outang in the Boston zoo once wore a breech-clout. . . . That in the 1840's the legs of the piano in a ladies' seminary in America were fitted with ruffled trousers. . . .

That in Victoria's day, it took twelve yards of serge to make a decent Englishwoman's bathing-suit. . . . That in the early Nineteenth Century well-fed Philadelphia he-men wore whalebone corsets, while in New York gentlemen complained that the sight of feminine ankles was no longer a treat. . . .

That smoking was once thought necessary as a safeguard against the plague. . . . That in the 1850's the best American people bathed but once or twice a year. . . . That Lady Hamilton, whom Lord Nelson admired, started her career as a demonstrator of wonder-working mud baths. . . .

A historically-minded Walter Winchell might stretch the list indefinitely by close study of Leo Markun's biography of Mrs. Grundy. To the rest of us, the book offers an opportunity, without too much library work, to know Mrs. Grundy better. To know her, that is, for a flustered, illogical, hypocritical, sly, amusing, old ostrich

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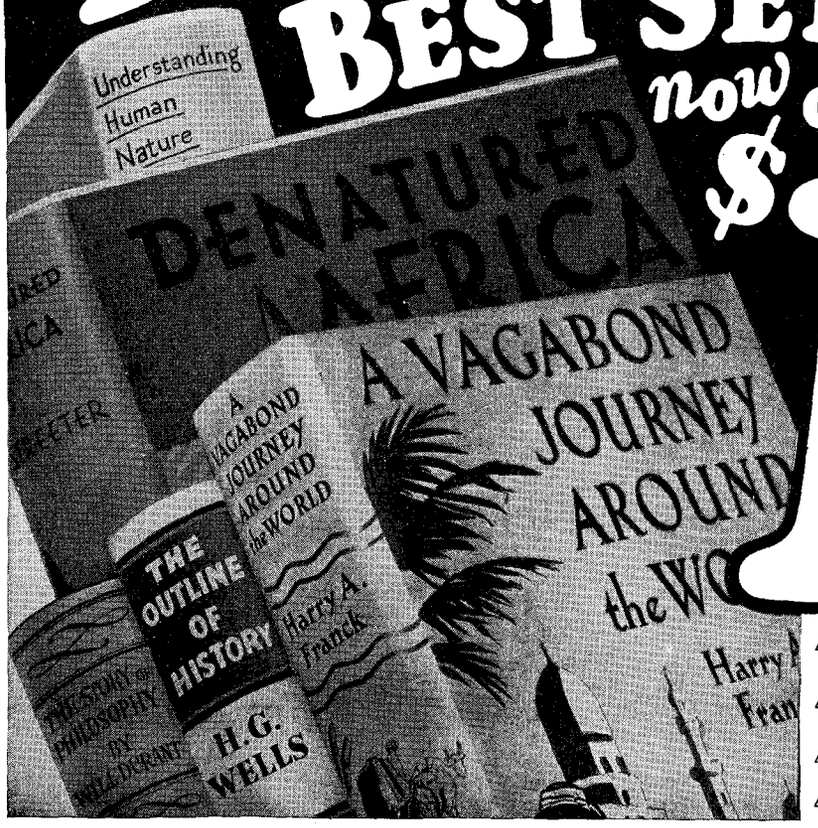

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Books

who lives in a pendulum and giggles at us all.

Mr. Markun's good-natured chronicle of four centuries of morals in Great Britain and the United States will bring gloom both to moral optimists and to moral pessimists, to reformers and sinners alike. Marching from John Calvin to John Sumner, from "bundling" to bunny-hugging, it indicates what some know, others suspect, and few will admit: that standards of morality or immorality are highly practical, and that they are largely dependent upon circumstances — social, climatic, economic, and so on. That morals have at no time been entirely good or entirely bad. That, taken by and large, they are unlikely ever to become either much better or much worse.

You may read *Mrs. Grundy* for any one of a number of reasons. It is a valuable reference work. It is about as complete and detailed as it is possible to be in telescoping four hundred years into some six hundred pages. It makes a handy dictionary with which to trace the course of drinking, gambling, cleanliness, fashions, religious observance, dancing, the drama, or a dozen other subjects. Its chief appeal, however, should be less to students, either of folkways or of scandal, than to the intelligent person who knows and is skeptical of Mrs. Grundy's present and feels that an examination of her past will throw some light upon her possible future. In this respect, Mr. Markun fulfills his purpose admirably. Concerned chiefly with presenting a considerable bulk of material, he sidesteps most of the inevitable invitations into bright irony or moral-pointing. He is painstaking and sincerely objective; does not editorialize overmuch. *Mrs. Grundy* is a cure for over-idealization of past virtues. It is an inoculation against over-indignation with present-day sins.

Books in Brief

DR. SEROCOLD, by Helen Ashton; Doubleday, Doran, $2.50.

THOSE WHO espouse the unities should admire this novel. It consists quite simply of twenty-four hours in the life of a small town English doctor. It begins with a death and it ends, significantly, with a birth. Dr. Serocold is a man of sixty-five, plodding, kindly, and humorously aware of his own shortcomings. He has recently become haunted by the fear of cancer, and he carries that fear along on his day's round. It is with him when he is obliged to pass death sentence on the woman he once loved. Due to its submerged, pricking presence, each small incident that occurs evokes a long trail of memories. At the end of the day, he

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Why don't you write?

Books in Brief

gets his reprieve in the shape of a favorable medical report, and is amazed to find that, being wearier of life than he thought, he is almost disappointed. There is an air of mellow, middle-aged sadness about this book, quiet and subdued. It is, however, a fine and honest piece of work. The life of a whole community sifts through Dr. Serocold's hands, and through his wise, long-reaching vision one sees it in admirable perspective.

YEARS OF GRACE, by Margaret Ayer Barnes; Houghton, Mifflin, $2.50.

THIS IS one of those long, leisurely novels which bridge the generations and which, unhappily, are something of a rarity. Jane Ward was brought up in an older, simpler Chicago. One drove to the World's Fair in a tally-ho and rode to picnics on bicycles; one attended cotillions, and always one remembered to be a young lady and to obey Papa and Mama. So it was that Jane acquiesced when her parents broke off a very young but very poignant love affair. Rebellion was unthinkable. Rather daringly she went to college, and married Stephen Carver, and again, by some compulsion of breeding and spirit, denied the second genuine love which came to her, interrupting the decorous, tranquil course of her marriage. At the end when she watches her children, who manage their lives so competently and boldly, she questions the validity of her sacrifices in the cause of decency and dignity. What was the use of them, after all, except to cultivate a certain inner quality of grace which seems to her to be lacking in the newer generation? Although it is not written with any great distinction, this is a charming and full-bodied novel. It passes no judgment, but it gives one a sense of shifting values and changing worlds, and its picture of Chicago in the nineties is particularly ingratiating.

THE TRIUMPHANT FOOTMAN, by Edith Olivier; Viking, $2.50.

THIS BAROQUE and preposterous fantasy has for its hero an Admirable Crichton of a footman with an impeccable air of elegance and a gift for impersonation. All for the love of the sport, he passes himself off on various occasions as a great Spanish gem collector, a French Vicomte, and an Australian delegate at the Lord Mayor's Ball. His exploits are not without grievous consequences, but he lies himself cheerfully out of them — to the great delight of the young lady whom he finally marries and who has similar bizarre tastes and a similar sense of humor. Miss Olivier preserves perfectly a vein of sophistocated absurdity. Her novel is deftly and delicately written. It never approaches reality too closely.

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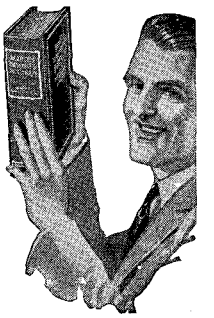

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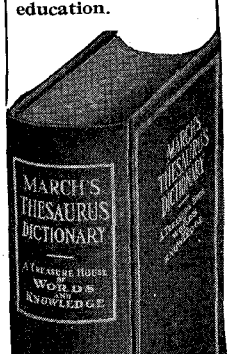

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Books in Brief

JACKDAWS STRUT, by Harriet Henry; Morrow, $2.50.

IN *Jackdaws Strut* Harriet Henry has made a good story from a commonplace theme. Stephany Dale, the illegitimate child of an otherwise respectable mother, has aspirations. In fact, she's pretty reckless about these aspirations. Her high heels leave lasting dents in everyone she uses as rungs to her ladder — but in spite of the dents her friends do not forswear her. She arrives at the top of her ladder, only to find that the rarified air lacks vigor and vitality. The result is complete boredom, so, by confessing her illegitimacy, she takes a flying leap from the high rung — where is visible only the yawn-productive vista of wealth — into the arms of her author-lover. Trite, of course, but Miss Henry has managed to tell a decidedly readable tale. One of the best of the summer novels.

ANDROMEDA IN WIMPOLE STREET, by Dormer Creston; Dutton, $3.00.

IT HAS been a big year for the Brownings, and especially for Elizabeth Barrett. Already a respectable handful of biographies have appeared, and now there is a new candidate to recount the romance of this Victorian Andromeda and her rescuing Perseus. Frankly, it cannot be said that Miss Creston has added much to the Brownings' story. More than three-quarters of her book consists of extracts from the famous love letters — extracts strung together by a biographical commentary which is adequate but hardly very perceptive. For those who lack the time to read the entire correspondence, this volume may have its uses, but in itself it is a perfunctory piece of work which casts little interpretative light on the two poets whose romance was perhaps more extraordinary than any in literary history.

BAUDELAIRE, by Lewis Piaget Shanks; Little, Brown, $3.50.

PROFESSOR Shanks believes that one cannot properly evaluate the strange, diseased beauty of Baudelaire's work unless one understands the wretched circumstances of his life. This, at least, is Professor Shanks' version — and he makes it a convincing one. He attempts little direct criticism of Baudelaire's work, but by his apt and skilful interpolations from *Les Fleurs du Mal* he rounds out his dual portrait of the man and the artist. This is a good biography, sympathetic and scholarly. It escapes the temptation of picturing Baudelaire as a figure of melodrama, and really succeeds in unraveling the complexities of his spirit.

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IT IS A STRANGE situation and a strange problem which one encounters in *The Immoralist.* At the time when he marries Marcelline, Michel is a weakly young scholar who has known no life outside the library. He falls desperately ill of consumption, and on his hard-won return to health his entire nature is changed. Exulting in his new strength, he turns more and more to a pagan life of the senses, rejects the things of the intellect, and gradually casts aside the traditions of Christian morality. As his vitality waxes, his wife's wanes. Driven by the dark forces within him, and helpless to resist them, he neglects her cruelly and pursues his researches into exotic vice even while she is on her deathbed. M. Gide makes no attempt to judge his hero. His interest is apparently in revealing the hidden desires and complexities of the human spirit, in dramatizing objectively the clash between paganism and civilized morality. The book is written with his customary cool perfection. One admires it for its artistry, but it leaves one a little cold.

THE SELBYS, by Anne Green; Dutton, $2.50.

THIS IS A novel of the American residents in Paris; not the night club habitués or the pseudo-bohemians, but a family of rather charming Southerners who accept France as home. The Selbys take it upon themselves to bring out their orphaned niece, Barbara, in Paris society. She is not overburdened with intelligence or dowery; but, having changed her provincial polish for a finer lustre and *savoir faire*, finds herself a husband. The Selbys and their acquaintances are all most delightfully drawn, be they American or French.

THE COMPANY, by Edwin Seaver; Macmillan, $2.00.

THE EMPLOYEES of the Editorial Bureau of the Universal Illuminating Company punch a time clock, scrupulously or casually according to temperament. They are all "writers," not clerks, and proud of it. They are *The Company*, routine-ridden, machine-bound, mostly spiritless and acquiescent, occasionally fleetingly aware of the futility of their labor. By stringing together vignettes of their meagre lives, Edwin Seaver has evolved a new and curiously effective kind of novel. In a sense the book is merely a collection of short stories about a given group of characters, but in reality it has a unity of tone which welds it into a whole.

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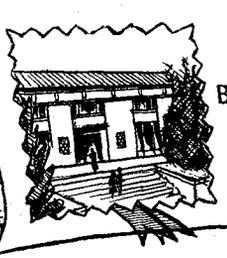

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Forum Definitions

What is Courage?

MANY of those who attempted to define *courage* apparently made no distinction in their own minds between courage, bravado, fearlessness, and ignorant rashness. Miss Miriam deFord, of San Francisco, in her definition outlined very clearly the distinguishing characteristics of courage. Unfortunately her definition lacked the directness and brevity necessary to carry off one of the prizes.

"Courage," she writes, "is the ability to face a known mental, moral, or physical hazard or ordeal without flight or surrender. *The essence of courage is knowledge of the danger* involved; rashness is not bravery, and neither is the facing of a danger one does not realize or which is not of a nature to be acutely disagreeable to the person concerned. Many a courageous man is badly frightened, but he conquers his fear first of all. 'General, your knees are trembling.' 'They'd tremble still more if they knew where I'm going to take them.' That is courage."

Perhaps this subtle distinction is explained by the definition submitted by Keith Smerage of New York City. In one succinct phrase he says that "Courage is intelligent daring."

Don Anthony, of Rye, New York, maintains that "Courage is a state of mind found only in cowards and the timid, and wrongly attributed to the brave. The brave man will weather a crisis as a natural course, while the timid man in the same crisis requires courage."

The following definitions have been awarded prizes:

1. Courage is that equality of spirit which enables one who possesses it to overcome fear and attempt that which his mind or his senses tell him is hazardous, for the sake of achieving a desired result. (*Mary S. Wilkinson, La Grange, Ill.*)

2. Courage is that quality of character which enables a man to meet danger when he could run away, to assume responsibilities which he could shirk, and to struggle on when the probability of his reaching his goal is slight. (*E. M. Follensby, Natick, Mass.*)

3. Courage is that personal quality which enables an individual to overcome, consciously, the emotion of fear in any of its innumerable forms. (*Edmund F. Harding, Philadelphia, Pa.*)

4. Courage is that quality which motivates a man to do that which to him seems right, or expedient, in spite of opposition, danger, or the sensation of overwhelming fear. (*Florence E. Greenwood, Minneapolis, Minn.*)

Next:—*What is* A HAPPY MARRIAGE? *Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by September 25. Prizes of $5.00 for each winning definition.*

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THE CHIEF INQUISITOR

"THE COMMITTEE has done a lot of fool things. I think I contributed most." — SENATOR CARAWAY.

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F O R U M

SEPTEMBER, 1930 VOL. LXXXIV, NO. 3

The Senate Inquisition

by **WALTER LIPPMANN**

I

During the hectic days in the stock market last autumn a banker made a speech at a dinner in New York. He asserted that the Democratic-Insurgent coalition was in part to blame for the panic, because, in delaying a settlement of the tariff issue, it had created uncertainty among business men. For this speech he was promptly denounced in Congress and summoned to answer before a Senate committee. Early this spring a Senate committee presided over by Senator Caraway of Arkansas sent an agent to the offices of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment, seized all the papers in the office of its president, Major Curran, took them off to Washington, read them, and then made public letters — private or otherwise — which it thought would damage Major Curran and his association.

Although these two incidents became notorious because they were so spectacular, they were not, I think, exceptional. They are of a piece with other incidents arising out of the present temper of Congress. They must shock any man who pauses to consider them. In the case of the banker, the Senate was in effect taking the position that a private citizen of the United States is answerable to Congress for his public utterances. If this action were allowed to stand as a precedent, it would mean that no man could make a speech criticizing the dominant faction of Congress without the risk of being dragged to Washington, and, under the threat of punishment for contempt, made to answer any question which a hostile committee chose to ask him.

Freedom of speech would be of very little value under conditions like these. For if speech is to be free, there must be no penalty for speaking freely. To be made to lay aside your business and travel to Washington is itself no small penalty. To be put to an inquisition, to be subjected to a fire of innuendo, to be asked all sorts of impertinent questions, to be treated as a suspect, to have your whole life picked over and argued about — all this would be an intolerable price to pay for exercising the right to say what you think about Congress.

In the case of the banker it was an unmitigated outrage to call him to account in any way whatsoever. I do not see how the action can be defended on any ground. In the case of Major Curran, who directs an organization which openly aims to affect legislation, there is, of course, justification for examining him and the activities of his association. The outrage in this case lay in the fact that the committee seized his private correspondence, secretly read all of it, and published that part of it which suited its purposes.

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This correspondence was private in the sense that it had passed between private citizens who were exchanging views on matters that interested them. It had nothing to do with the expenditure of money for campaign purposes, for propaganda, for lobbying: the financial statements required by law had all been filed properly. The Senate committee simply asserted the right to read Major Curran's mail and to use the contents as it saw fit. If there were letters which would embarrass the wets, they were published; if there were letters which would embarrass the drys, they were suppressed. In short, Senator Caraway brutally invaded the privacy of American citizens for malicious and partisan purposes.

II

THERE IS, of course, much doubt as to whether the courts would have upheld the committee had Major Curran thought it expedient to test the matter in court. This is cold comfort to a private citizen. If he stands on what he conceives to be his rights, and tries to test them in the courts, he is put to large expense, to an unconscionable amount of trouble, and he runs the risk at the end of going to jail if he loses.

Above all, in the present state of public opinion he has small hope of saving his reputation if he defies the Senate inquisition. He finds himself at once in the class of men who refuse to answer on the ground that they might degrade or incriminate themselves. He is degraded and incriminated by the mere fact of refusing to answer: to a large part of the public he appears at once as a man who is hiding a shameful secret. For men have tried to hide shameful secrets and it calls for more discrimination than the public normally exercises to realize that an innocent man may be fighting to protect his right to privacy and not to hide his guilt. The day may come in America when people will appreciate the right of privacy, but at the moment the privacy of the individual is very little respected. Therefore, to the individual summoned to the Senators' inquisition, it is a case of heads they win and tails he loses.

The legal basis for this inquisitional power is by no means clearly established. I am no lawyer and I speak diffidently on this aspect of the matter. But it seems to me plain that what we have here is the evolution in process of an old and not clearly defined legislative power in a kind of adaptation by trial and error to new conditions.

It is, I think, well settled as a principle that a legislature is not a court with general powers of inquiry into the acts of individuals for alleged breaches of the law. Its powers of inquiry derive from its power to legislate, and it can inquire only for the purposes of legislating. This is, of course, a very broad power and may properly be interpreted very broadly: it is impossible to say exactly what kind of information is relevant to law-making and what kind is not. Nevertheless, the principle, however hard to apply, is clear. Thus in Kilbourn *vs.* Thompson the Supreme Court said:

> Whether the power of punishment in either house by fine or imprisonment goes beyond this or not, we are sure that no person can be punished for contumacy as a witness before either house, unless his testimony is required in a matter into which the house has jurisdiction to inquire and we feel sure that neither of these bodies possesses the general power of making inquiry into the private affairs of the citizen.

The theory under which the Caraway committee has been operating is that it is making inquiries for the purpose of legislating about lobbies. This is not the reality of the matter. Senator Caraway knows perfectly well what he thinks about laws to regulate lobbying. His own bill, which was passed by the Senate about two years ago, includes about all the law that any student of the subject desires. It provides rules and regulations for giving publicity to the work of lobbyists. That is the only method any reasonable person has ever proposed for dealing with the problem of lobbying.

The crux of the matter is how to enforce such a law. Senator Caraway and his colleagues know that they can write the prescription but that it will not be automatically obeyed. In setting up the Caraway inquisition the Senate was not really seeking to legislate further. It was seeking to create an instrumentality for carrying the principle of the Caraway Bill into effect. The Caraway Committee is not really a committee to inquire about legislation. It is a sort of drumhead court-martial established informally by the Senate to make effective the Senate's view that the lobbyist must be made publicly accountable.

The underlying theory of the Caraway Com-

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mittee is that the most effective way to see that the activity of lobbyists is given full publicity is to summon lobbyists and give them plenty of publicity. Congress feels strongly about lobbyists. For several years Senators and Representatives have become increasingly restive under the high-powered propaganda and daily pressure of organizations with headquarters at Washington. Some of these organizations possess real power to help or hurt legislators. Some are stage scenery with nothing to them but a few zealots, a little money, and a paid secretary. They make life a burden to a lawmaker: the independently minded resent the coercion which the lobbyists apply, the partisans know that lobbying cuts across party lines and makes party discipline more and more difficult. The outcome is a rather unanimous desire to put the lobbyists in their place: on the part of some Senators, to put all the lobbyists in their place; on the part of others, the lobbyists who oppose them. The regulation of lobbying is, in short, a vital personal interest of the members of Congress.

For this reason they are not content to do what they so often do in regard to great reforms which do not interest them. They are not content to pass a resounding law and let it go at that. In this instance they really mean business and, as practical men, they know that a law regulating lobbyists will be effective only if it is ruthless and continually enforced.

Who is to enforce such a law? The truth is that Congress itself has to enforce it and that is precisely what the Caraway Committee is doing. It is an extra-legal organ of government, ostensibly a legislative committee, in reality a composite detective agency, grand jury, prosecuting attorney, judge, and public hangman, which has as its purpose the reform of lobbyists by terrorism. Stretching the power to subpœna and to punish for contempt, acting under the pretext of seeking information to legislate, the Caraway Committee is enforcing the principles of the Caraway Bill.

III

LIKE ALL extra-legal bodies for enforcing the law, the Caraway Committee has often displayed a quite lawless spirit. That is to be expected. It is in the nature of the case. The work of the vigilante is not undertaken by squeamish men. It is undertaken by zealots who believe that to cure some obvious evil the end justifies the means. It is a little surprising, of course, to find so scrupulous a constitutionalist as Senator Walsh of Montana acquiescing in the unbridled conduct of the chairman of the committee. The explanation lies, I suppose, in the fact that the danger to popular government arising out of the modern high-powered lobbies must seem to a man on the spot much more imminent and real than the importance of a nice recognition of individual rights.

In any event, it is necessary to recognize that the record of the Caraway Committee raises a larger question than the manners and morals of Senator Caraway. It is whether the pressure of organized groups upon government can be decently and effectively regulated. It is an enormously difficult question — perhaps the paramount question with which those inquiries we hopefully call political science have to deal in a modern democracy. I do not know the answer to the question, but it seems to me useful to recognize that we are actually witnessing in the conduct of the Caraway Committee an *ad hoc* and somewhat befuddled attempt to solve the problem. This committee is operating on one of the frontiers of democracy. In a realm of affairs where there is as yet no settled law or any particular respect for the traditional code of morals, Senator Caraway has set up a vigilance committee to improvise justice and, as is usually the case in such proceedings, to work off grudges.

There is little hope, I should suppose, that Congress can devise a body of law which will effectively and decently regulate the pressure of the lobbies. By formal legislation it can hardly go further than to declare certain general principles, such as that the names of lobbyists, their backers, their receipts and expenditures must be published. Legislation of this sort is not self-enforcing and the premium upon evasion is high. Our experience in attempting to make political parties accountable for money spent in elections is not encouraging. It would be very much more difficult to obtain an honest accounting from the countless organizations which spend money to manufacture public opinion and to influence government. There is not, I am satisfied, a real accounting of the money spent by the two parties. The corrupt practices acts are coarse nets which catch the whales but not the sharks.

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What happens — and I believe it happened in 1928 — is that a large part of the money spent never passes through the hands of the officials who are formally responsible. For example, there has never been any accounting of the vast sums spent on the subterranean campaign against Al Smith. In the light of that experience it would be naïve to suppose that a private interest pursuing a selfish purpose will voluntarily destroy its own influence by disclosing its own secrets. The admonitions of the President and our best citizens on the virtue of observing the law because it *is* the law would, in this field of human affairs, be insufficient to melt a pound of butter.

IV

THE ROUGH METHODS of the Caraway Committee have their basis in these circumstances. The regulation of lobbying and propaganda would call for a nice balance between public and private rights: between the right of the generality on the one hand not to have the processes of government distorted by the pressure of private groups, and the right of the citizen on the other hand to work for his interests and his convictions. It is very difficult to say, even as a matter of pure theory, where one right ends and the other begins, to define the difference between freedom of speech and the kind of lobbying and propaganda which needs somehow to be regulated.

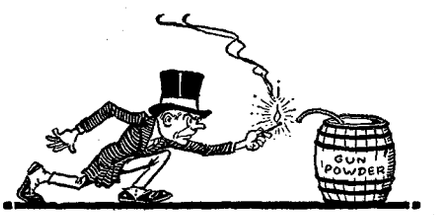
In practice the discrimination is even more difficult. There is no consensus of opinion on the principles which ought to govern, and we have no knowledge as to how effectively to apply the principles on which we might agree. While this confusion lasts, we must therefore expect continual trespass back and forth, by pressure groups on the public interest, and by public men on individual privacy.

The problem is not one which is likely to be solved by an ingenious idea. The American people have been experimenting with ingenious ideas in this field for fifty years. They have passed bushels of laws and have enforced some of them somewhat. We have learned something in the process, but we have not learned how to solve the problem. Nor shall we learn, I think. My own guess is that the problem does not lie on the plane of formal lawmaking, but on the plane of the *mores* of the nation.

We do not have, as yet, a body of intellectual and moral habits, customs, and attitudes to fit the realities of modern popular government. Our political consciences are the deposit of a simpler age when opinion was regulated by the traditions and the decisions of church and state and class. There is as yet no alternative public conscience suited to the present age in which opinion is free and the circulation of opinion so much determined by the supply and demand of accidental popular interest and so subject to the power of money and the control of mechanical resources.

A public conscience cannot be improvised. It is the product of wont and use, of adaptation by trial and error, and of their clarification by criticism. I would not, therefore, wish to abolish the Caraway Committees; nor would I wish to submit to them. The inquisition is necessary if we are to keep the propagandists and lobbyists within any bounds whatever.

On the other hand, resistance to the inquisition is no less necessary if we are to stop the never-ending audacity of elected persons from peeping through every keyhole. It is likely that the courts will, to some degree, define more clearly than they have yet done the rights of the individual against the inquisitorial powers of legislative bodies; but, essentially, the case is one in which good precedents must be made by the legislative bodies themselves as a result of the give and take of opposing interests. These good precedents will emerge from the present disorder provided there presides over this conflict of interests a vigilant, disinterested public opinion.



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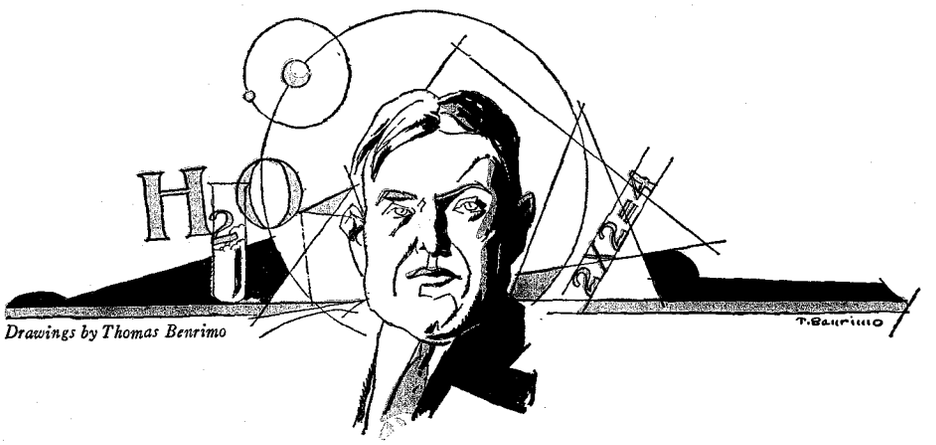
What I Believe

Living Philosophies — XII



Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

***by* H. L. MENCKEN**

"FAITH," said the unknown author of the Epistle to the Hebrews, "is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

The definition, in these later days, seems to be pretty well forgotten, especially by those master forgetters, the Christian theologians, for it is common to hear them discussing (and denouncing) the beliefs of men of science as if they were mere articles of faith. The two things, of course, are quite distinct. Belief is faith in something that is known; faith is belief in something that is not known. In my own credo there are few articles of faith; in fact, I have been quite unable, in ten days and nights of prayer and self-examination, to discover a single one.

What I believe is mainly what has been established by plausible and impartial evidence, *e.g.*, that the square on the hypotenuse of a right triangle is equal to the squares on the other two sides, that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen, and that man is a close cousin to the ape. Further than that I do not care to go. Is there a life after death, as so many allege, wherein the corruptible puts on incorruption and the mortal immortality? I can only answer that I do not know. My private inclination is to hope that it is not so, but that hope is only a hope, and hopes and beliefs, it seems to me, can have nothing in common. If, while the taxidermists are stuffing my integument for some fortunate museum of anatomy, a celestial catchpole summons my psyche to Heaven, I shall be very gravely disappointed, but (unless my habits of mind change radically at death) I shall accept the command as calmly as possible, and face eternity without repining.

Most of the sorrows of man, I incline to think, are caused by just such repining. Alone among the animals, he is dowered with the capacity to invent imaginary worlds, and he is always making himself unhappy by trying to move into them. Thus he underrates the world in which he actually lives, and so misses most of the fun that is in it. That world, I am convinced, could be materially improved, but even as it stands it is good enough to keep any reasonable man entertained for a lifetime.

As for me, I roll out of my couch every morning with the most agreeable expectations. In the morning paper there is always massive and exhilarating evidence that the human race, despite its ages-long effort to imitate the seraphim, is still doomed to be irrevocably human, and in my morning mail I always get soothing proof that there are men left who are even worse asses than I am.

It may be urged that such satisfactions are lowly; nevertheless, the fact remains that they are satisfactions. Would the tinsel world that idealists pant for be better? Would it be really habitable at all? I am ready to doubt it

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formally. It would be swept, at best, by chill winds; there would be no warming glow of human folly. There would be no Lindberghs in it, to risk their necks preposterously and charmingly; there would be no Comstocks and Wayne B. Wheelers, no Hoovers and Coolidges; there would be no poets with their pretty bellyaches; above all, there would be no theologians. And maybe no Americans.

II

ONE HEARS COMPLAINT that the existing world is being Americanized, and hence ruined. It may be that my steadfast refusal to join in that complaint is patriotism; if so, make the most of it. Here in these States, if we have accomplished nothing else, we have at least brought down all the more impossible varieties of human aspiration to absurdity, and so made life the more endurable. Alone among the great nations of history we have got rid of religion as a serious scourge — and by the simple process of reducing it to a petty nuisance. Alone again, we have rid ourselves of the worst curses that lie in politics — and by the easy and obvious device of making politics comic.

The Fathers of the Republic, I believe, were far cleverer fellows than they are commonly represented to be, even in the schoolbooks. If it was not divine inspiration that moved them, then they must have drunk better liquor than is now obtainable on earth. For when they made religion a free-for-all, they prepared the way for making it ridiculous; and when they opened the doors of office to the mob, they disposed forever of the delusion that government is a solemn and noble thing, by wisdom out of altruism. The bald facts stand before every eye to-day; it is a joyous and instructive business to contemplate them. And it is even more joyous and instructive to contemplate the sad heavings of those who still refuse to face them, but try to get rid of them by the arts of the prestidigitator and the rhetorician.

When I travel abroad, which is no oftener than I can help it, I am always depressed by the gloom of the so-called intellectuals. My acquaintance among them, in most of the countries of Europe, is somewhat large, and so I can't escape their agonies. Everywhere they fret themselves to death over the problem of government. Everywhere they plan to bring in Utopia by turning this gang out and putting that gang in. Everywhere they believe in wizards and messiahs. It seems to me that we in America — that is, those of us who have become immune to rhetoric — have got beyond that naïveté, and that we are the sounder and happier for it. Reconciling ourselves to the incurable swinishness of government, and to the inevitable stupidity and roguery of its agents, we discover that both stupidity and roguery are bearable — nay, that there is in them a certain assurance against something worse.

The principle is surely not new in the world: everyone ought to know by this time that a mountebank, thinking only of to-morrow's cakes, is far safer with power in his hands than a prophet and martyr, his eyes fixed frantically upon the rewards beyond the grave. So a prudent man prefers Hoover to Stalin or Mussolini, or even to Ramsay MacDonald, a Scotsman and hence a fanatic. No doubt Al Smith would have been better, if only on Burke's theory that politics is at its best when it is most closely adjusted, not to reason, but to human nature. But Hoover is natural enough for all everyday purposes; and where his timidity makes him fall short, his failure is concealed by the glorious labors of such corn-doctors as Borah, Jim Watson, Charlie Curtis, Andy Mellon, and Old Joe Grundy.

Here I do not argue that mountebanks are more admirable than honest men; I merely argue that, in such fields as those of politics and religion — to which, of course, the master-quackery of pedagogy ought to be added — they are socially safer and more useful. The question before us is a practical one: how are we to get through life with a maximum of entertainment and a minimum of pain? I believe that the answer lies, at least in part, in ridding solemn ponderosities of their solemn ponderosity, in putting red noses on all the traditional fee-faw-fo-fums.

That enterprise, by the cunning of the Fathers, we have been able to carry further in the United States than it is carried anywhere else. Do strong men blubber against the outrage of prohibition? Then smell their breaths to see how real their grievance is. Are there protests against the clubs of the police? Then compare a few amiable bumps on the head to a quart of Mussolini's castor oil. Do jobholders consume the substance of the

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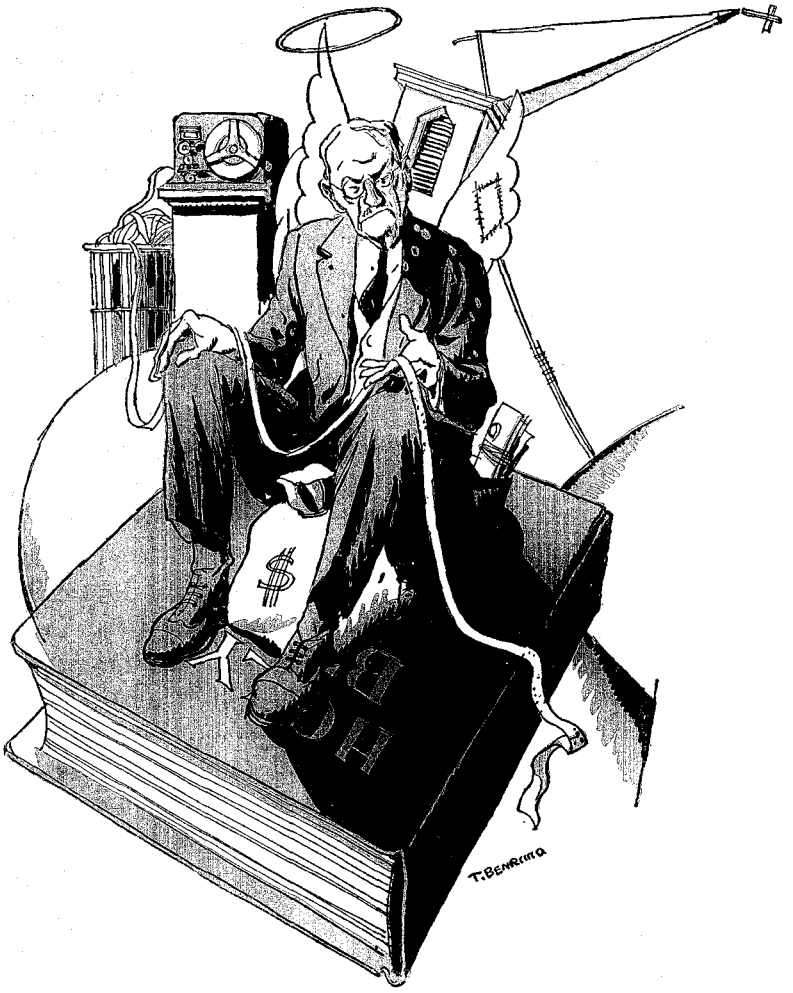

people? Then ask the next Englishman you meet to show you his income tax bill. And are the high places of the land held by trashy and ignoble fellows, bent only upon their own benefit? Then take a look at the scoundrels who constitute the state in France.

III

I HAVE SAID that the Fathers, by making religion a free-for-all, reduced it to innocuous absurdity. No doubt many a saddened patriot will enter a caveat to that, thinking of Cardinal O'Connell and his effort to make Boston a Dublin slum, and Bishop Cannon and his bold attempt to run the whole United States. But these rev. gentlemen really prove my case. For after all, Monsignor Cannon, even with both White House and Capitol quaking every time he looks up from the stock ticker, has *not* succeeded in forcing prohibition upon the country: all he has succeeded in doing is to make his whole moral system odious and the theology behind it infamous. Nor has His Eminence of South Boston achieved anything better. When he came into his princely dignity, the church he serves was plainly making progress in America, and there was a steady infiltration of intellectuals into it. But now it is headed in the other direction, and every time he arises to denounce Einstein or to launch his janissaries against a new book, its momentum is accelerated.

In this department I have myself been an eyewitness of a large and salubrious change — and it is a pleasure, from the opposition bench, to offer it as a set-off to all the public skullduggery that the tender-minded complain of. That change has to do with the general American attitude toward ecclesiastical organizations, and especially toward the one that Dr. Cannon adorns. I well remember the uproar that followed a polite allegation I chanced to make, now nearly twenty years ago, that the Methodist Church, at least in the South, was operated by charlatans and manned by ignoramuses. The editor of the paper in which it appeared — his dark, innocent eyes wet with tears — stared at me as if I had denounced female chastity or advocated cannibalism. His office was overrun for weeks by prancing pastors, threatening him with disaster. They met in conclave and passed resolutions against him and me; some of them, with their fingers carefully crossed, prayed publicly for my salvation.

Fortunately, they also challenged my facts, and under the pretense of meeting that challenge it was possible for me to renew and reiterate my allegation. But it went down very badly, and for a long while I was under the displeasure of so-called fair men for raising a religious rumpus, and for failing in that respect which, so it appeared, was due to all bodies of believers. Even when, five or six years later, the Anti-Saloon League began running its trails of corruption across the country, and I ventured to point out the patent fact that it was the offspring of Methodism and as antisocial as its parent — even then such charges

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were generally felt to be somewhat advanced. So again when the Ku Klux emerged from the swamps and began trying to put down civilization. The first article in which I spoke of it as no more than the secular arm of the Methodist-Baptist Inquisition was badly received, and I was widely advised to confine myself to constructive criticism.

This advice made some impression on me: I became, in fact, more or less constructive. But meanwhile Bishop Cannon and his friends went into politics full tilt, brandishing clubs and howling for blood, and before long what had once seemed scandalous became only too self-evident. The Southern editors, for a time, had very hard sledding; they had to discuss politics without mentioning the principal current politicians. But that was soon a sheer impossibility, even to publicists so subtle, and presently they were ventilating the facts with candor, and politics in their dismal section became realistic again, and very lively. To-day they all belabor the Methodist Crokers and Charlie Murphys in a hearty and open manner, and have their say about the whole evangelical camorra in precisely the same terms they use against the Italian Black Hand, the Vice Trust, and the American Civil Liberties Union.

Nor is this new frankness confined to the South. The last presidential campaign brought the subject of evangelical theology into open discussion everywhere, and the result, as I see it, is a great increase in public pleasure, and, to some extent at least, in public enlightenment. With all the old taboos got rid of, that theology is being revealed as what it actually is — a decadent form of Puritanism, preposterous in its ideology and brutal and dishonest in its practices. If the hinds of the farms and villages still cling to it, then certainly it is fast losing its hold upon all the ranks above them. To confess to a belief in it to-day is to confess not only to stupidity, but also to a kind of malignancy — a delight in opposing decent ideas and harrowing honest men.

For that change, so swift and so sanitary, we have to thank Bishop Cannon and his colleagues of the Anti-Saloon League, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. They have gained (at least transiently) a formidable power over politicians even worse than they are, but they have wrecked their church. They have won a battle and lost a war.

The wrecking of such churches as these, whether they be spiritual or secular, seems to me to be an excellent gauge of the progress of civilization. For men become civilized, not in proportion to their willingness to believe, but in proportion to their readiness to doubt. The more stupid the man, the larger his stock of adamantine assurances, the heavier his load of faith.

IV

There is a darky living in the alley behind my house who knows a great deal more than I do, and is far more positive and confident in his kind of knowledge than I am in mine. He knows that he will be snow-white in the life beyond the grave, and that the Twelve Apostles will be very polite to him. He knows that a rabbit-foot carried in his pocket will protect him against thieves, warts, and the police. He knows that the fall of the die may be conditioned by verbal formulas, mainly theological in character. He knows that meeting a black cat on a dark night is comparable, practically speaking, to meeting a locomotive head-on. He knows precisely why the stars were hung in the sky, and how they are kept there, and what their influence is upon the destiny of man. He knows what Moses said to Abraham, and what Abraham said to Pontius Pilate. He is the proprietor of a perfect epistemology, and his cosmogony, pathology, and political science are neat, well-rounded, and completely sufficient for his standards of judgment. To find his match as a wiseacre one must resort to the Rev. Billy Sunday, to Arthur Brisbane, or to the Pope.

Nevertheless, I am iconoclast enough to doubt his whole stock of wisdom, as I doubt, indeed, that of his three colleagues in omniscience. His certainty that cancer is caused by incantations seems to me to be somehow dubious. I prefer to believe that no one knows what causes it, and to reckon that belief a kind of knowledge.

The common view of science is that it is a sort of machine for increasing the race's store of dependable facts. It is that only in part; in even larger part it is a machine for upsetting *un*dependable facts. When Copernicus proved that the earth revolved around the sun, he did not simply prove that the earth revolved

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around the sun; he also proved that the so-called revelation of God, as contained in the Old Testament, was rubbish. The first fact was relatively trivial: it made no difference to the average man then, as it makes no difference to him to-day. But the second fact was of stupendous importance, for it disposed at one stroke of a mass of bogus facts that had been choking the intelligence and retarding the progress of humanity for a millennium and a half.

So with every other great discovery in the physical world: it had immediate repercussions in the world of ideas, and often they were far more important than its immediate effect. The long line of glorious workers in medicine are not to be regarded merely as cheaters of the grave, for the grave, in the long run, has cheated every one of them in turn; their service to man was that they dissuaded him from laying vain blames for his ills and making vain and ignominious appeals for aid against them, and set him to examining them, and himself with them, in a rational and self-respecting manner. That medicine saves to-day thousands who must have died yesterday is a fact of small significance, for most of them will leave no more marks upon the history of the race than so many June bugs; but that all of us have been persuaded thereby to turn from priests and magicians when we are ill to doctors and nurses — that is a fact of massive and permanent importance. It benefits everybody worthy of being called human at all. It rids the thinking of mankind of immense accumulations of intellectual garbage. It increases the dignity of every honest man and it diminishes the puissance of every fraud.

To believe in frauds, it seems to me, is incompatible with any sort of dignity. It may be held, by the sorry standards which prevail in certain quarters, to be virtuous, but it is plainly not dignified. Is it a fact that the authors of the New Testament were inspired by God, and compiled a record that is innocent of error? It is not a fact. They were ignorant and credulous men, and they put together a narrative that is as discordant and preposterous, at least in material parts, as the testimony of six darkies in a police court. Is it a fact that believing that narrative is an act of merit, and that its reward is deliverance from Hell and entrance upon an eternity of bliss? It is not a fact. More, it is not even an innocent fiction. For its necessary implication is that the test of a proposition is something unrelated to its truth — that lying is virtuous so long as it brings a reward.

There, it seems to me, pragmatism is run to earth at last and turns out to be, not a lion, but only a fox. I can imagine no self-respecting man haggling for advantage on any such terms. It involves not only a repudiation of every rational criterion of truth; it also involves a repudiation of every sort of decency. Whenever such an idea is unhorsed in the world, the integrity of man increases.

The supply, unluckily, still remains very large. Its reservoir is the mob, uneducable and irrational, and along the banks of that reservoir many enterprising frauds — theological, political, and philosophical — find profitable fishing. There are impatient men who long to heave the whole company overboard at one swoop: they are the fashioners of Utopias. But human progress, of course, can never be so facile. It must be carried on, not with the cosmic engines of gods, but with the puny machinery at hand; and that machinery, as everyone knows, is always breaking down.

The Fathers of the Republic, despite the sagacity that I have been praising, were a bit too confident and impatient. I suppose they believed that by setting religion adrift they had got rid of it, but all they had really done was to make it ready for self-wrecking years after their day was done. Again and even worse, they bent their hardest endeavors to setting up a government of the most sagacious, the most honorable, the most fit — but all they actually achieved was to let in the least fit, and a century and a half afterward we are still struggling to get rid of the Hardings, Coolidges, and Hoovers.

V

THINGS would move faster if there were a general agreement as to the goal, but that is too much to hope for. There are men in the world, and some of them not unintelligent men, who have a natural appetite for the untrue, just as there are others who have a natural appetite for the ugly. A bald fact somehow affrights them: they long to swathe it in comforting illusions. Thus one hears from them that it is somehow immoral for an artist to depict human life as it actually is: the spectacle of the real must be ameliorated by an evocation

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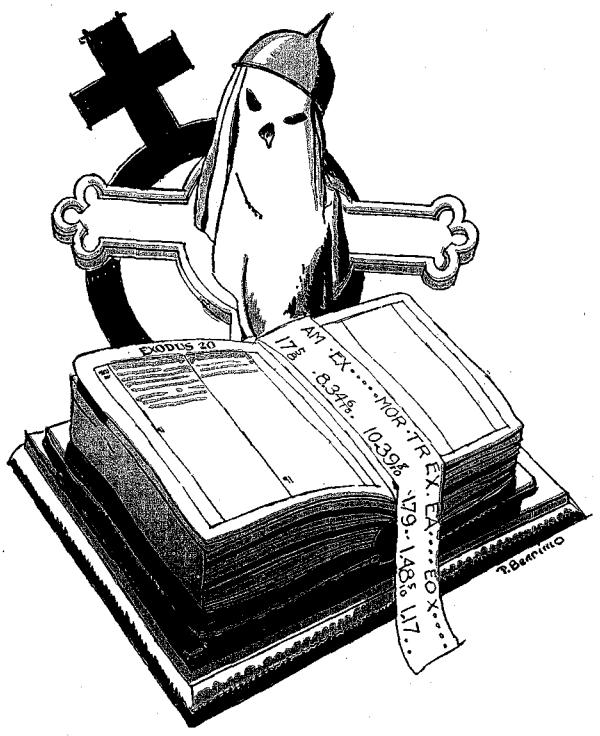

of the ideal, which is to say, of the *un*real. So Thomas Hardy becomes a bad artist, and the author of *Pollyanna* a good one.

One hears again, and from the same men, that religious faith is a valuable thing *per se*, even if it be faith in propositions revolting to the most elementary intelligence. And one hears that it is an evil business to dwell upon the gross and intolerable failures of democracy, lest the general belief in democracy itself be converted into doubt. The facts, it appears, are nothing; the important thing is to retain a hopeful and pleasant frame of mind. The most valuable philosopher is that one who conjures up glittering universes in which two and two make five, six, or even ten; the most despicable is the fellow who keeps on insisting that they make only four.

Of such sort are the reconcilers of science and religion, the more naïve variety of Liberals in politics, and the various disciples of Hamilton Wright Mabie and Edward W. Bok in the arts. I daresay the first-named were an active and expectant party in the day of Copernicus; if so, they must have given a great deal less comfort to Copernicus than to Pope Paul III. They continue energetically to-day, proving that Genesis and the Darwinian hypothesis are not in conflict, that curved space is still reconcilable with the Book of Revelation, and that, in any case, it is better to go to church on Sunday than to stay away.

The tragedy of such men is that, in the long run, they are bound to find that they are holding empty bags. The Popes, soon or late, always go over to Copernicus, as Dr. Andrew D. White once proved in two noble tomes. The truth, battered and torn, yet survives all the pretty nothings that beset it. Out of the welter of hopes and fears, of cautions and evasions, there always arises in the end the gaunt, immovable figure of a solid fact.

Certainly the Liberals in our midst should have learned long ago how dangerous it is to tackle such facts with no better weapons than hosannas. Is it so soon forgotten that they once believed in Roosevelt? And then in Wilson? And then in the War to End War? And then in a long series of other impostures, ranging from the initiative and referendum to the direct primary, and from woman suffrage to prohibition? There is more here than mere innocence; there is also, it seems to me, a downright libido for the improbable, a thirst to believe what can scarcely be imagined as true.

Certainly something of the sort must be sought in the current Liberal crush upon Holmes, J., an upright judge but no more fit to be a hero of Liberals than his predecessor in their adoration, the limber Borah. I have been vastly diverted of late by reading the volume of Dr. Holmes's dissenting opinions, so conveniently arranged by Mr. George Lief. It shows that his juridic theory, taking it by and large, is hardly to be distinguished from that of the late Mr. Chief Justice Taft, and that not a few of his dissenting opinions have been launched against a more liberal majority! Yet the Liberals, with their craving for unrealities, continue to hail him as one of them, and when disillusionment overtakes them at last, as overtake them it must, they will no doubt turn to some even more impossible hero — maybe even to Mr. Chief Justice Hughes or Old Joe Grundy.

Such is the will to believe. Holding it to be a great nuisance in the world, and worse even than the will to power, I try to keep myself as free of it as I can. On gloomy days I speculate as to the probable state of modern man if it had ever been universal. We'd still be following Pope Paul; nay, not the Pope of that name but the Saint, with his cocksure ignorance and his Little Bethel moral scheme. Perhaps we'd be even further back than that — among the

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sheiks of the Palestine plateau and the primitive shamans of the Central Asian wilderness. It seems to me that such prophets as Dr. Robert A. Millikan, when they flirt gravely with the rev. clergy, ask us to go back almost that far.

Are the clergy true teachers or false? Is the body of ideas that they merchant true or not true? If it is not true, then I can imagine no prudent and profitable traffic with them. They have a right, of course, to be heard, but they have no more right to be attended to than the astrologers and necromancers who were once their colleagues and rivals.

There is only one man who has a right to be attended to, and that is the man who is trying, patiently, fairly, earnestly, diligently, to find out the truth. I am willing to give him my ear at any time of the day or night, year in and year out. But I am not willing to listen to the man who argues that what might be or ought to be true is somehow superior to what *is* true. One Copernicus, it seems to me, is worth all the Popes who ever lived, and all the bishops and archbishops, and all save a baker's dozen of the holy saints.

VII

THE TITLE of this article is far too wide. No man, within the bounds of a magazine, could make anything approaching a complete or even a fair statement of his credo. I must content myself, after the foregoing prolegomenon, with a few random notes.

I believe that religion, generally speaking, has been a curse to mankind — that its modest and greatly overestimated services on the ethical side have been more than overborne by the damage it has done to clear and honest thinking.

I believe that no discovery of fact, however trivial, can be wholly useless to the race, and that no trumpeting of falsehood, however virtuous in intent, can be anything but vicious.

I believe that all government is evil, in that all government must necessarily make war upon liberty; and that the democratic form is at least as bad as any of the other forms.

I believe that an artist, fashioning his imaginary worlds out of his own agony and ecstasy, is a benefactor to all of us, but that the worst error we can commit is to mistake his imaginary worlds for the real one.

I believe that the evidence for immortality is no better than the evidence for witches, and deserves no more respect.

I believe in complete freedom of thought and speech, alike for the humblest man and the mightiest, and in the utmost freedom of conduct that is consistent with living in organized society.

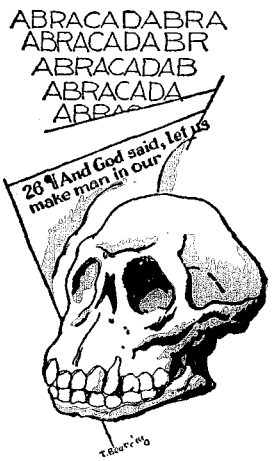
I believe in the capacity of man to conquer his world, and to find out what it is made of, and how it is run.

I believe in the reality of progress.

I —

But the whole thing, after all, may be put very simply. I believe that it is better to tell the truth than to lie. I believe that it is better to be free than to be a slave. And I believe that it is better to know than to be ignorant.

Next month the great German scientist, Dr. Albert Einstein, will tell what he believes and why.



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Dictator to an Emperor

Drawing by Thomas Handforth

Memoirs of a Diplomat

by WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS

In his August article, Mr. Sands recounted the story of his first two years in Korea, during which he was secretary to the American legation. From 1898 to 1900 he made himself familiar with the people of that little-known Oriental empire, with their customs and their manner of living inherited from the dim-distant past, unchanged and untouched by Western influence. Those were the years immediately following the war between China and Japan, and immediately preceding the war between Japan and Russia. In both struggles Korea was the much-coveted prize in a three-cornered contest. China had now been eliminated; Japan and Russia were ready to spring at each other's throats. Meanwhile, the Emperor of Korea was trying to save his country. He needed advice, and needed it badly; so he turned to the only disinterested legation in Seoul and asked young Sands to become his official adviser. John Hay, then Secretary of State in Washington, wrote Sands that if he accepted the post, he would have only one complete certainty: "and that is that the government of the United States will not, under any circumstances, be drawn into any complications which may arise out of your troubles." Nevertheless he accepted, and set himself, singlehanded, to do what he could to stop the war which threatened the end of a dying empire.

I

I became the adviser of the Emperor of Korea in 1900, but I had been his friend ever since our first meeting, two years earlier. At that time I was twenty-four years old and had just come to Seoul, the capital of Korea, as secretary to the American legation. Dr. Horace N. Allen, the American minister, had taken me to court for a formal presentation. It was on this occasion that I first saw that rather pitiful monarch whose kingdom was the cause of so much dissension between Japan and Russia. Nothing that happened at that first meeting gave me any warning that I would be invited to serve him for four years, trying to help him straighten out a tangle which, as it proved, was hopeless.

The Emperor's palace, a crude structure lacking all grace, was not twenty yards from the American legation, but it was not good form for high dignitaries to enter on foot. Therefore Allen and I were transported in sedan chairs, with four carriers each and a tail of guards (at other times gatekeepers and men of all work) whose special uniforms commanded a certain mild deference from the people. Warning shouts of our approach began before we left the legation and were relayed by watchers to the palace gate across the street. The twenty yards having been traversed with pomp and circumstance, we were deposited at the door of the shabby little brick cottage which served as an audience hall.

Once inside, amid scanty furnishings of cheap, gaudy carpets and Grand Rapids mission chairs, we were received by various court ministers, interpreters, and several gentlemen known to be friendly to Americans. The Emperor's jolly uncle, the Fat Prince, joined the party and after him came a eunuch of high rank to warn us of His Majesty's imminence. Then, preceded by a palace servant, entered the Emperor himself, followed by the Crown Prince. After a series of genuflections on the part of the Korean ministers and three bows

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from Allen and myself, we ascended to the platform and stood before their Royal Highnesses.

The audience was very brief. Extending to each of us two Americans a tiny, delicate hand, smiling, nodding, and talking rapidly directly to Allen without waiting for the stilted formalities of the interpreter, the Emperor greeted us warmly and without ceremony. He was a white-faced little man, both eager and timid in manner, clothed in marvelous golden silk embroidered with the imperial dragon. The Crown Prince was reserved and stolid and tried to maintain a haughty air which ill became him. I heard his unfortunate history later, poor man.

I took a great liking to the kindly, gentle Emperor, so evidently unfitted by temperament and training for the complexities of his rank in a changing civilization, and — as I afterward learned — harried from early childhood by forces which he did not understand and could not control, but against which he rebelled. There he stood, the head of the Korean people, and behind him reared up a gorgeous golden screen; and behind the screen was concealed some living thing, for there was much soft rustling, whispering, and once a tiny giggle, sternly suppressed by eunuchs.

Two years later he sent me a message. He wanted me to leave off being secretary to the American legation and to become his adviser. God knows advice was what he needed. And I thought that the right variety might reform his corrupt country, insure Korea's independence, and forestall a war between Russia and Japan. As a matter of fact, it could do none of these things — as I soon discovered.

HE HAD BEEN born, this Emperor, in poverty in a village — the son of a ruined noble of the royal clan. As a boy he ran wild with the village children, living like any other country lad. Then came the news that the childless King was ill — very ill. The boy's father — a proud, bitter, and scheming man — hastened up to Seoul, forced his way in to the dying monarch, and by threats and violence drove the timid eunuchs and the palace women from the room. Shortly afterward he came out with great cries of sorrow to announce the King's death and to proclaim his last decree: that, he being without heir, the country boy should succeed to his throne, with the father as Regent to guide him and carry on the government.

Some said that the document which the new Regent exhibited was much too long and in much too clear a hand to have been written during that brief interview. And some also said that the King, although undoubtedly dying, had died a trifle hastily on the arrival of his relative. However, the great seal — possession of which carried sovereignty itself — was in the Regent's hand. Under the title of Tai Won Kun he installed himself in the palace, strengthened the guard, and summoned his reluctant twelve-year-old son to take his place as King and figurehead under the fierce tutelage of his father.

He then proceeded to build himself a great new palace, and his methods in this first enterprise were characteristic of his later tactics. Having no funds, he commandeered builders, supplies, and money, and ordered that the copper "cash" (the standard coin) be honored at many times its face value when offered in payment by his men. Refusal carried "heavy penalty," and everybody knew what that meant. When the palace was completed, he removed the peg and money fell to its normal rate.

The powerful Min clan — nobler, it claimed, than royalty itself — would not recognize the new rulers and would be neither conciliated nor intimidated. However, the Regent bought peace from them by marrying the little King to the fourteen-year-old daughter of the Min chief. Thus at one stroke he thought he had placated his enemies and founded a dynasty.

The permanence of this dynasty rather worried him, and he consulted his favorite soothsayer on the subject. That prophet told him that its permanence would depend on the death of — (he used a word that is translatable by "ten thousand"). The Regent was aghast at such a holocaust of his subjects; but, believing that a blood sacrifice was necessary to win over the hostile spirits, he hit upon the happy expedient of killing ten thousand Christians, who would never be missed and who, moreover, had dealings with foreigners. Hence the terrific persecution of 1866. Before he had tallied the required number, however, his seer told him that it was not ten thousand men

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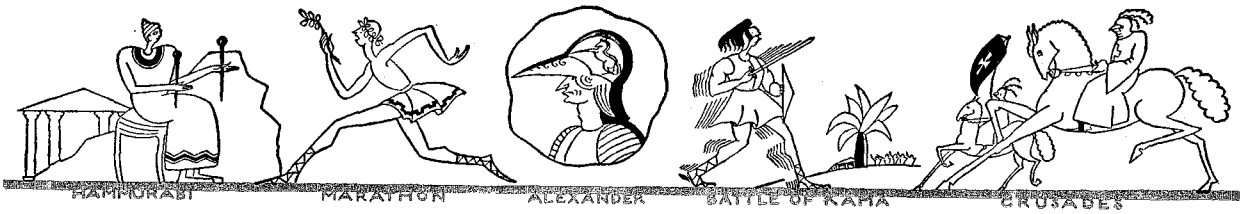

The 12 Greatest Dates

by **HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON**

THE MOST IMPORTANT date in every man's life is, of course, the day on which he was born. He may forget all other things, but that date will remain forever fixed in his memory. But when we come to the next "twelve most important dates," we get into considerable difficulties and probably no two people will make the same choice.

As far as I am concerned, the really "most important dates" were those connected with certain events of which we have lost all recollection. I refer to those inventions which have made *homo sapiens* something different from his brethren of the animal kingdom and which, all of them, have been the work of anonymous plodders and scientists who lived and died long before we kept any written record of both major and minor events of public importance.

Who, for example, made the first wheel? And yet without that simple wooden disk should we ever have been able to get beyond the point of civilization reached by some of our anthropoid cousins? The American Indian never achieved the wheel. If he had (given the extraordinary mathematical possibilities of his savage brain) would not Europe to-day be a vast Indian colony, with a few reservations for slowly decaying groups of measle-ridden Germans and Frenchmen and Lithuanians?

Then there is the alphabet, without which our modern era would never have developed into the Paper Age that makes it different from all other bygone forms of civilization. Who was the genius who first of all thought of the possibility of such a flexible instrument of thought preservation? We do not know, although he was probably the greatest benefactor of the human race that ever drew breath.

And the same thing holds good for the countless people who did their share to make us what we are to-day; who gave us little disks of gold as a substitute for oxen and beehives; who devised the incredibly ingenious system of credit which has become an everyday part of our existence; who thought of chimneys (which turned houses from uncomfortable pigsties into pleasant dwelling places). All of them lived and died and did certain fairly definite things at very definite moments, and all of them, therefore, are fit subjects for the date-book makers. But alas, they lived and died anonymously, as far as we are concerned, and it is impossible to include them in our list.

I am therefore forced to make my choice from the very limited number of actual dates that are at our disposal, but before I do this I should like to say a few words about the entrance requirements which those dates had to pass before they could qualify for my list.

Take a very commonplace example. I did not include 1492 — and for good reason. Undoubtedly in that year Columbus did sail the ocean blue. But his act was not sufficiently "decisive" to be included among the Notable Twelve. Many other people had been in America before the Genoese decided to try his luck with a final Indian venture. He never would have been able to reach the Azores without the great economic and scientific revival of the thirteenth century, which gave him the

(*Continued on page 144*)

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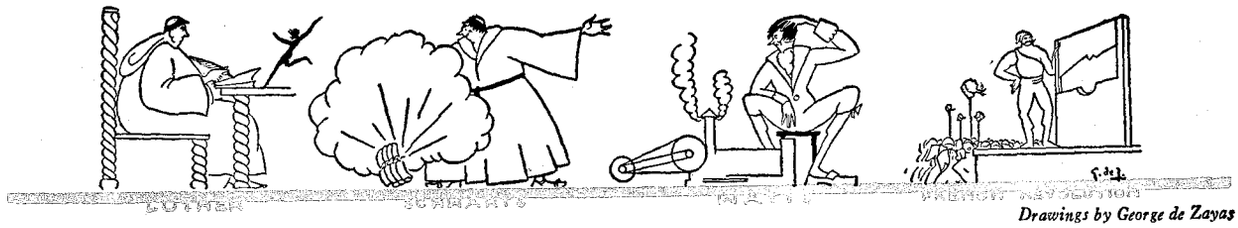

Drawings by George de Zayas

Which Will YOU Select?

A PRIZE CONTEST

ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE Hendrik Willem van Loon selects the twelve greatest dates in history. Next month THE FORUM will publish the list of dates which Will Durant considers the twelve greatest, to be followed in the November issue by the chronological candidates of H. G. Wells. In these papers you will discover three important minds trying to work out a scale of values by which they can measure the importance of our developing civilization in true perspective. It was no easy task, and when the other two articles appear, you will see that they reflect a healthy difference of opinion. Durant does not agree with van Loon, and Wells does not agree with either.

If you have not altogether forgotten the history you learned in school and college, you will probably find fault with the selections of all three. Your first reaction will be to wonder why van Loon, or Durant, or Wells left out this date and that date, which you will think represents a more important event than any of those listed. And it will all depend upon your point of view, and upon what you believe are the most significant aspects of twentieth-century culture. If your interests run to science, you will naturally think that the great scientific discoveries meant much more to the world than, say, the Battles of Marathon and Zama, or the death of Alexander the Great, which were cited by Mr. van Loon. On the other hand, if ideas mean more to you than objective facts, your natural tendency will be to pick out those ideas which have done most to free the human mind, and you will say that the dates when such ideas were first advanced are far more important than all the other dates in history.

Any attempt to evaluate the many forces and cross currents of civilization opens up so many avenues for thoughtful speculation that THE FORUM has decided to inaugurate a prize contest, taking the articles by van Loon, Durant, and Wells as a starting point. These three gentlemen have chosen what they think are the twelve greatest dates in all history. What values in current life and thought, with their roots deep in the past, have they ignored? What events, full of meaning for our own times, have they overlooked? The purpose of the contest will be to find the best answers to these questions — to pick the twelve greatest dates in history which van Loon, Durant, and Wells omitted, and to tell why each of your selections is important.

The rules of the contest are as follows:

1. Three cash prizes will be awarded: a first prize of $250; a second prize of $150; and a third prize of $100. If there should be a tie for any of the three prizes, the full amount will be awarded to each contestant.

2. The prize-winning papers will be published in THE FORUM.

3. The contest is open to everyone, except employees of THE FORUM and their families.

4. Each contestant must list twelve dates which are *not* among those chosen by van Loon, Durant, and Wells, and state briefly why each date is important. The papers will be judged equally upon the dates chosen and the reasons given for their choice.

5. Papers must not be more than 1200 words

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long. This allows approximately 100 words for the explanation of each date.

6. Since H. G. Wells' article will not be published until November, no paper can be considered for the contest which is sent in before the November issue appears.

7. The contest will close at midnight on Monday December 1, 1930. All papers bearing a postmark later than midnight, December 1st will be automatically ruled out.

8. Papers should be either typewritten or penned in legible handwriting, and must bear the name and home address of the contestant. They should be sent in to the Contest Editor.

9. THE FORUM will not return papers submitted in the contest, nor will THE FORUM enter into correspondence with contestants about their papers.

10. Any contestant may enter as many papers as he pleases.

11. The Editor of THE FORUM will be the sole judge of the contest.

12. The submission of a paper in the contest will be understood to mean that the contestant accepts the rules here stated and will abide by the Editor's judgment.

The Twelve Greatest Dates

Continued from page 142

ships that were necessary for so long a voyage and also the methods of navigation without which he would hardly have been able to leave the harbor of Palos. Columbus was an incident or, if you want, an accident. A brave man and a capable man, and hardly deserving many of the monstrous statues that have been erected to his memory. But it was written in the stars that sometime between 1450 and 1550 someone should cross the Western seas and reach the barrier that separated Europe from Asia.

That someone happened to be an Italian whose name meant pigeon. It might have been a German by the name of Taube or a Dutchman by the name of Duif. The man and even the act for which he has remained famous were unavoidable historical details. Furthermore, his particular act did not suddenly and abruptly change the entire history of the period in which he lived or that of the subsequent periods of human development. We cannot look at the record of the past and say, "The world before 1492 was abruptly different from the world after 1492." It took centuries for the discovery of Columbus to begin to make itself really felt. Columbus is therefore ruled out of my little list. I have great respect for him and sometime hope to give him a little list of his own, but he is not a fit candidate for such an abbreviated enumeration of important deeds as the following.

And having made (as I sincerely but somewhat vaguely hope) my position in this matter of selection entirely clear, I now offer you the successful candidates for Pleotzian honors.

1. *2200 B.C. — Hammurabi's Code of Law.* This date is not yet certain, but in the course of the next twenty years we shall probably know exactly when that great Babylonian chieftain lived. He was the first to formulate a code of law that provided the world with a system of workable ethics. And without him Moses, ten centuries later, would never have been able to present his followers with those Ten Commandments which became the ultimate standard of conduct for the Western World.

2. *490 B.C. — The Battle of Marathon.* If at any time during that day a single detachment of Greeks had failed to do its duty, Europe would undoubtedly have become an Asiatic dependency and there never would have been a Europe in the modern sense of the word.

3. *323 B.C. — The Death of Alexander the Great.* The unexpected death of this brilliant young savage from the Macedonian hills prevented Eastern Asia from becoming a European province. If Alexander had died after he succeeded in making Babylon the center of his empire, the center of civilization would have been removed from the Mediterranean to the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, and Babylon would have become what Rome was to be soon afterward.

4. *202 B.C. — The Battle of Zama.* This was

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the final and decisive encounter in which Rome destroyed the power of Carthage. Had Hannibal been victorious instead of Scipio, the Mediterranean would have become a Phœnician — that is to say a Semitic — inland sea and the development of the Western World would have been along Semitic lines. Undoubtedly other influences contributed to this ultimate result, but it was the complete annihilation of Carthaginian power which made the world safe for Roman power, and out of that Roman power grew the civilization which is our own.

5. *4 B.C. — The Birth of Christ.* All modern historians now seem to agree that the son of Mary and Joseph was born during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, four years before the beginning of our era. I need waste no words upon the importance of this occurrence. Were it not for the strictly formulated ethical code of the young Syrian prophet (a code of morals and behavior which was surprisingly successful within a very short number of years), the Roman Empire would probably have survived much longer, for it was the deterioration from within which followed upon the pacifist teachings of Jesus that, quite as much as anything else, allowed the barbarians to destroy this immensely strong bulwark of civilization.

6. *622 A.D. — The Hegira, or the Successful Flight of Mohammed from Mecca to Medina.* If the young camel-driver from Mecca had been killed by one of his own town guards during this eventful evening, there never would have been that dangerous outbreak of desert fanaticism that soon afterward was to lead to the outbreak of religious enthusiasm among the people of the West, which in turn was to be responsible for the Crusades. And without the Crusades the economic and intellectual development of Europe would have been so greatly retarded that we should have had to wait four or five centuries longer before we could safely state that the Middle Ages had come to an end.

7. *1354 — The First Use of Gunpowder.* We are not too terribly certain about the exact date, but gunpowder must have been first used in or about this year. The discovery of gunpowder is one of the most important discoveries of the last ten centuries, for it was directly responsible for the development of that modern form of political democracy which differentiates our own era from all the periods that have gone before. Schwarts, the ingenious German monk who mixed his chemicals until they had developed a highly combustive faculty, made the woolen-clad peasant the equal of the iron-clad knight. As a result, the feudal system, which had been an excellent system of government in its day but which had already outlived its usefulness, began to decay rapidly; within less than two centuries it had been shot out of existence by that same gunpowder which the noble squires proscribed as we to-day proscribe poisonous gases.

8. *1517 — Luther Openly and Successfully Defies the Power of the Bishop of Rome.* I am using that phrase advisedly, because that is what Luther did when he took the momentous step that led to the eternal schism of the two great groups of European nations. What gunpowder had done for the common man in a political way, the ninety-five theses of the rebellious Augustine monk accomplished within the realm of the spirit. Two systems of so-called Absolute Truth were substituted for one. This was the beginning of that fortunate development which tended to throw suspicion on every brand of Absolute Truth, making it necessary for every human soul to decide for itself what to believe as true and what to reject as false.

9. *1683 — The Relief of Vienna from the Turks.* If the defense of Vienna had been less energetic and if Jan Sobieski, the King of Poland, had not been an excellent leader of cavalry; in short, if Kara Mustapha had not been so unexpectedly and decisively beaten and the Turks had taken the city that was the bridgehead of Western Europe, the Western nations would probably have become involved in another and large-scale Balkan feud and their progress would have been retarded by at least three centuries.

10. *1769 — James Watt Gets a Patent for His Improved Steam Engine.* Most chronologists hold that the modern era began with the invention of the printing press or the discovery of America, but I cannot quite agree with this opinion. The people of the sixteenth and seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were, economically speaking, very much like their ancestors of the Middle Ages. The slight but incredibly important improvement which James Watt brought about in the existing form of steam engine gave mankind at last a

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substitute for the human hand; it did away with human slavery and introduced the Iron Man.

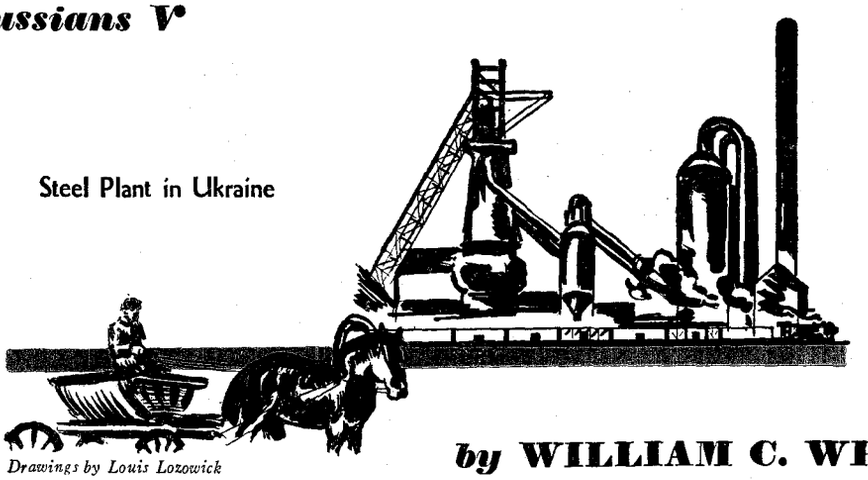
11. *1791 — The Death of Mirabeau.* If Mirabeau had not lived the sort of life he had lived as a young man and had had greater power of resistance and therefore had been able to live a few years longer, he might have been able to save the crown of France; and without the downfall of the Bourbons there would have been no revolution to upset all the thrones of Europe and no Napoleon to give us the modern centralized state. The crisis of the eighteenth century occurred when Mirabeau fell ill; the result was decided in a very definite and not wholly agreeable fashion when he died.

12. *1917 — The Fall of the Kerensky Government.* When the absence of a single regiment of loyal police troops drove out the Kerensky government, the way was opened to Lenin and his Bolshevik followers. From our own standpoint this was about the most disastrous date in history, for it led to the emancipation of Asia and Africa from European tutelage, and that is something which all of us sooner or later will begin to notice in our own lives and pocketbooks. The future will probably bring such extraordinary developments as a result of this last date that we had better include it, even though we are at present ignorant of the strange events that await us just around the next corner as a consequence of it.

Next month Will Durant will make his choice of the Twelve Greatest Dates in History.

The ENGINEER

These Russians V



Steel Plant in Ukraine

Drawings by Louis Lozowick

by WILLIAM C. WHITE

HE IS an architect, but by the Russian custom which classes all who work with plans and machines as engineers he is entitled to the green cap of their order. He wears it proudly. It is significant that most of the visible marks of the professions are gone — the student's cap, the professor's gown, the uniforms of the civil service; there remain only the badges of the soldiers and engineers.

It was Petr Petrovitch, formerly a lawyer, now, at nearly fifty, "a man about town," who first spoke to me about him. Petr called frequently, airing his virulent anti-Soviet opinions, seeking to know what I thought. This time he said: "I found another room recently — in the apartment of an engineer, Andrei Georgievitch. He expects soon to go to America and would like to meet you. Come with me now if you are free."

As we walked down Prechistinka, he explained: "Andrei Georgievitch makes a lot of money — perhaps five hundred rubles a month. Engineers are better off than any other class in Russia: they are so much needed and there are so few."

Andrei Georgievitch, who seemed about forty, was most cordial. "Although I am very busy, I have been studying English," he said. "But some of your technical descriptions puzzle me. If you could come once in a while

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and explain, I should be much obliged. Perhaps I can help you with Russian — it is certainly easier to learn than English."

He showed me his apartment. There were two bedrooms, a living room, bath, and kitchen; new furniture, ugly in its massiveness; and a grand piano which took up most of the space in the living room.

"Of course we are very fortunate in this place, although it is very expensive. Some day all of Moscow will live in houses like this." I noticed that the parquetry work was beginning to come unglued and that there was an inch of space between the baseboard and the floor. He understood my glance. "Oh, yes; poorly constructed, of course. These workmen of ours — no responsibility."

Nadyezhda Ivanovna, his wife, entered. She was well-dressed — a blonde, heavily rouged, thirty perhaps, pretty but looking tired, as if running on a treadmill which she thought would lead her back to twenty. She asked if I had any magazines showing styles abroad.

Andrei Georgievitch laughed; "My wife is interested only in clothes, music, and, I hope, her husband." He smiled at her. "Of course, I shall have to leave her behind when I go to America, but it will be for only six months, I should think."

In this article Mr. White deals with the most far-reaching problem of the Communist régime. The spectacle of Socialism, and then Bolshevism, overturning the ancient throne of the Tsars was dramatic, but the political revolution was as nothing compared with the economic revolution on which it was based. The great question which it raised — and the answer may be apparent within the next ten years — was whether industry organized on the Communistic plan can establish itself to the point where it can undersell capitalistic industry, and thereby flood the Western world with cheap Russian goods. If it can, then Communism will live and grow strong. If it cannot, then Communism as an economic experiment will fail miserably; and, though it may linger on as a political idea, its threat to the capitalistic nations will no longer be a real menace.

There was tea, in glasses with silver holders, one of those expensive, heavily iced cakes, and chocolates (at six rubles a pound). Petr Petrovitch joined us.

"When is the next lottery?" Andrei asked him; then to me: "Petr Petrovitch is unemployed."

"There is no place for Tsarist law in this lawless land," Petr growled.

"So with money he saved, he speculates in government bonds. Every bond has lotteries attached to it — some with prizes as high as fifty thousand rubles. He buys bonds of one series just before the drawings are held and sells them afterward if he has won no prize."

"I haven't won a prize for more than a year, and then it was only a thousand rubles."

"I don't see how you keep on living, Petr."

"Everything gets worse and worse. Did you see about the sentence in the trial of Khalamov? He was an engineer. . . ."

Andrei nodded but said nothing.

"I heard to-day that when his wife was taken to see him just before he was shot, she wasn't allowed to go nearer than thirty feet. His last words were: 'Tell my friends not to think evil of me. I made no confession incriminating them.' The secret police guards began to drag him away, but he shouted, 'They tortured me until I signed a blank piece of paper.'"

Andrei replied, "I heard that story too."

Nadyezhda Ivanovna interrupted, "You are always talking politics, Petr Petrovitch. Forget it. I'll play the piano. I got a new American fox trot to-day — it's called 'Tahiti.' What was it called in America?"

"'Tea For Two,'" I replied.

II

I saw him frequently, for his departure was chronically postponed. During the first months he spoke frankly about his problems, describing his difficulties, but never complaining. The Russian language has had to go abroad for a word for "loyal"; he was *loyalnii* to the Soviet régime in everything he said. His father had been an engineer, killed in the war. Andrei Georgievitch had gone direct from technical school to the front in 1914; then he had served two years in the Red Army. His professional career only began in 1921, but he had risen to an important position as inspector of construction work. "Russia is a country for young men," he explained. "We need engineers badly."

Petr Petrovitch was listening. "Wait till you get to America. There you will see a country really doing things," he remarked sarcastically.

"I am eager to go. But, I wonder, shall I find any real conception of what we are doing here? Our country covers a sixth of the globe, and we are trying to give it the factories, the roads, the power plants, that it has always

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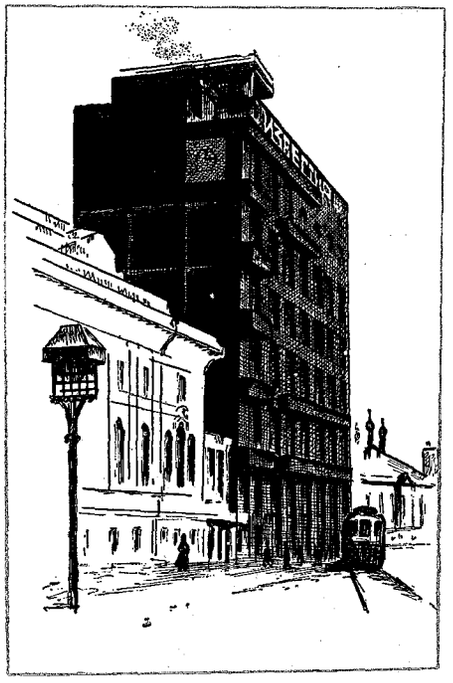
lacked. Suppose all those things were destroyed in America to-morrow and you had to build them up immediately — that is what we are attempting, but without the experience of ever having had them, and with an illiterate population, with limited technical skill, and with little money. Have you studied the Five-Year Plan?" he asked.

"The Five-Year Plan is a joke," Petr Petrovitch interrupted. "All the figures in it were taken out of the blue sky. Change Russia to an industrial country in five years? Bah!"

"Yes, some people joke about it," replied Andrei Georgievitch. "'What's the funniest story you know, in three words?' they ask. 'Five-Year Plan!' At least it's unique. We have arranged a scheme for the unified development of all aspects of economic and cultural life in our country. It sets levels we must reach in industry, in everything, by 1933."

"Will it work?" I asked. Petr Petrovitch laughed.

"The first year looks good," Andrei Georgievitch explained, "although the cost of some of our achievements must be paid for by later generations. We go short on food now to get a meager surplus for export, and thus get foreign capital to buy the machinery that we need badly."



Office of the "Izvestia"
Moscow

"Yes," Petr Petrovitch interrupted, "as some peasant said, 'How fine it will be when each of us has an airplane. We can travel that much farther to try to find a dozen eggs.' Imagine having cloth, needles, rubber overshoes on ration cards. Where are there any signs of industrializing Russia — except for your statistics? Where are fewer goods on the market?"

"There are things more needed here than cloth and overshoes. Not material things, either; but you wouldn't understand, Petr. As for material things, we are putting what little money we have into electric stations, mines, foundries, cement works — primary undertakings that will provide the material to build your shirt and shoe factories. In the meantime, consumable manufactured goods are scarce. If you cared to look, you would see that our pig iron production has increased tremendously in the past few months. But you don't use pig iron, Petr; therefore you say all the Plan is a failure."

"Well, if you say so," Petr said. "But who can tell what is true from Communist talk? And whenever the Soviet factories *do* make anything, the quality of their output is so rotten — by the way," he asked, turning to me, "you don't know any foreigner coming in soon? There is a *good* hair tonic in Berlin."

"I am glad you have nothing more to worry you than hair tonic," said Andrei Georgievitch. "But one of the problems in all Russia is with the poor quality of the labor. It takes us three months to erect a scaffold. Hand labor is cheap here — and slow. If only we had your steel construction! That's what I shall study in America. Our workmen are inaccurate and careless. . . .

"How can we raise the quality of their labor? The revolution has not removed money as the chief incentive for working. There is piecework in the factories, and wages are still the whole end of labor. I once thought it might be otherwise; in those days we forgot that we were in Russia and not in some better world. A few months ago a factory near here won a money prize for the best annual record. Did the workmen use the money to buy technical books or to start night courses? They went on a three-day spree which closed the mill."

"The workmen line up in front of every vodka store on Saturday," said Petr Petrovitch. "It takes more than a revolution to change a Russian."

"You might think," said Andrei, "that, in our Socialist state, you could tell them, 'Men, take pride in your work; these things are yours.' To the Communists and skilled workers that does mean something. The others only

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answer, 'How about raising our wages?'"

Nadyezhda Ivanovna entered. "Always politics and economics!" she said. "Come, tea is ready."

"In a minute, darling."

"I know your minutes! Well, Petr Petrovitch, you come sing and I shall play for you." They went out.

III

"THERE is always trouble with our superiors, too," continued Andrei Georgievitch. One government bureau issues an order, then another; then a third contradicts both. And questionnaires — one department issued one last month with fourteen hundred questions and subdivisions! If Soviet Russia ever goes under it will be from the weight of the orders, decrees, and resolutions of its bureaucracy! . . .

"Not far from Moscow a factory building was just being completed as the revolution began. It stood idle until some department decided it would be a place suitable for refining the rarer metals. Another department got the machinery, but it was too large to go in the doorway, so the front of the building was removed. After the mill was rebuilt, another department found that the machines were too heavy for the foundations: the plant stood on swampy land and the whole thing was in danger of sinking. The front was again torn down and the machinery taken out. It lay there to rust. Another department decided to use the plant to clean wool. Then it was found to be too far from the source of supply; so the mill stands idle to-day — the result of bureaucracy and red tape."

"But what about the Workers' and Peasants' Inspection Commissariat?"

"Yes, that is an organization to investigate what they call looseness, sometimes counter-revolution, on the economic front. It is the busiest of all government departments, for mistakes happen continually. A hydroelectric plant was begun in the Caucasus. It was discovered, after a million and a half rubles had been spent on it, that the river to operate it is dry nine months of the year. Again, another trust decided to concentrate all stores of horsehair at Kursk. Carloads from all over the Union move on that city — but the department forgets to issue the order to provide storage space. And the cars still stand on the sidings."

"But in a country this size such things *would* happen occasionally," I said.

"Here these things happen continually and they cost us dear. Jail sentences follow in some instances. The Inspection Commissariat sometimes finds graft as well as red tape. You can't change the Russian civil service in eleven years. But we have eliminated most of the bribery and corruption. No, our difficulties are not from political rottenness."

He paused and opened an English grammar. "I am very much interested in what I shall see in America. Red tape in your government, yes, and perhaps corruption, yes; but in your business — ah, what is that word? Efficiency! We have neither the word nor the idea in Russia."

The door opened quietly and Petr Petrovitch came in. "What are you two babbling about?" he asked.

"Chiefly the English language," Andrei replied.

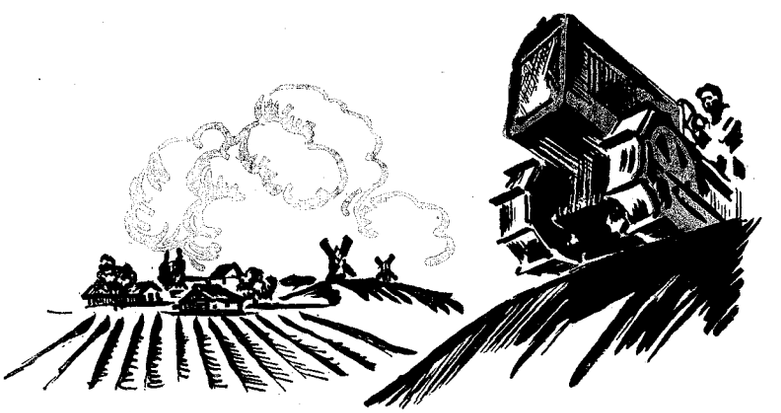
"Well, tea is ready," said Petr.

Through the open door Nadyezhda Ivanovna was singing:

"A gypsy maiden I was born,
Neath the wagon, near our fire.
All my life have I been torn
With passion's unrestrained desire."

IV

"ANDREI GEORGIEVITCH is not a member of the Party," his wife explained to me one evening while we waited for him to return from



Tractor and Russian Village

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another journey of inspection. "He says, 'I am an architect and there is much for me to do. Let the Communists attend to politics.' Yet he is so busy, and recently so nervous. I wish he would go abroad: I see him little enough now. I gave up the theater when we married, but I am often tempted to return. Ah, the revolution — it has changed you all from men into economic and political mechanisms!"

Her husband returned, tired. The authorities were straining to increase production and headlines announced the rise or fall of output in factories and in mines; there were gloomy editorials. People were becoming "production conscious," for the government was intent on having its people realize that the factories were all-important.

"The newspapers are pointing out that the figures of the Five-Year Plan are going to be hard to reach," said Andrei Georgievitch after tea. "Goods, goods, and more goods — material things will save the Soviet Union. So the Five-Year Plan says! Yet on every trip I see that we need more than goods. We need a new attitude in our work."

"But what goods they make!" said Nadyezhda Ivanovna. "I bought some silk chiffon to-day — eighteen rubles a yard; and you can stick your finger through it."

"Yes. Remember what I told you about government bureaus? Well, at the head of every industry there is a trust and this trust determines how much each of its factories shall produce and how they shall operate. Nothing is more important here than costs of production. Although our industries are government-owned — no individual stockholders, no fretting over dividends, no banks to worry them — yet there is always a fight to make a profit and to bring down production costs. We are not efficient, we are not skilled, and our costs stay high — in many lines higher than in your capitalistic world. The trust tells a mill, 'Your production costs must be cut twelve per cent.' And what results? If the director of the factory doesn't succeed, he and his staff will be replaced. So the easiest way to cut costs is to reduce quality."

Palace of State Industry

"If you don't believe it, try these caramels," said Nadyezhda Ivanovna. "They taste of kerosene."

"To cut the costs they stopped using paraffin paper for wrapping and substituted something dipped in kerosene," Andrei Georgievitch explained. "From every side there are protests. One director admitted that half the satin he produced came back as worthless. A shirt factory had sixty-seven per cent of its output returned."

"The maid bought a can of sauerkraut and cabbage this morning," said Nadyezhda disgustedly. "It used to cost seventy-six kopecks. Now it costs sixty-six — but there is only one sausage in it instead of four."

"See to-day's *Pravda*," replied Andrei. "'The Tomsky Laboratory found cans of meat half filled with bits of bone and hair. Canned fish was found to contain a mixture of sand, fish scales, entrails, even eyes. Twenty thousand cans from the Troisk factory marked "Lamb with Buckwheat" were filled chiefly with buckwheat — and bone and hair. We demand immediate investigation in the courts.'"

"But how does that cut costs?" I asked.

"It doesn't, of course. But a factory is ordered to produce so much, and it does. Hurry! — the Five-Year Plan demands it. Directors, Communist leaders, foremen — all combine, for they want to make a good showing. Just so they can say, 'We have produced more and yet our costs are lower.' How to decrease costs, increase quantity, yet still maintain quality is the problem which must be solved before the Plan can be realized. If we can't produce more cheaply than the capitalistic world, then what is the use of Socialism?"

"Do you think you can?"

"Sometimes I doubt it. I am afraid that bureaucratic red tape and inefficiency and the fetish of statistics will prevent us. A workman's wages are worth only as much as he can get

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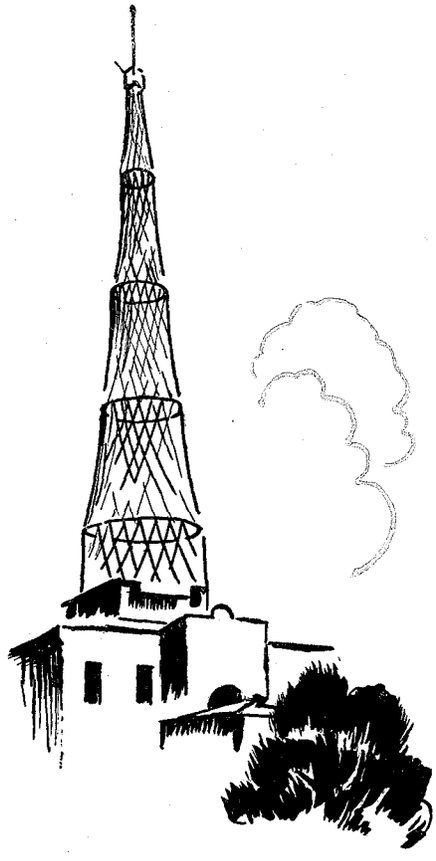
for them in exchange; if he gets more in your capitalistic West, why continue this system? Yet, I can never decide whether it is Socialism or Russia that causes the faults in our system."

"Andrei," his wife interrupted, "you waste your energy worrying. Why not do as other engineers? They take their salary, do their work — and not a bit more. Suppose it *is* Socialism? Or Russia? Can you change either one?" She left the room.

"The whole thing goes back to that fear of responsibility. The Communist group at the head gives the orders and each man strives to put them through his department in some fashion, assuming as little responsibility for their execution as he can. The result is that tractors go out without carburetors, shoes hold together for a week. And who can you blame? Take the Clothing Trust. It sent out trousers with one leg shorter than the other. Anything to keep up to the figures of the Five-Year Plan! The workmen said, 'They'll fit somehow.' The inspector said, 'We've got to keep up to the contract; they'll fit somehow.' The store-keeper said to the customer, 'There's a shortage in trousers — be glad you can get these.'



Radio Station, Moscow

"But why don't the well-paid engineers take the responsibility?" I asked.

"Because, unless they are Communists, they are afraid. Don't forget that when the state owns the factories, politics and business mix. I am eager to study the apportionment of responsibilities in your American factories."

In the room adjoining, Nadyezhda Ivanovna sang a love song from Boris Goudinov. Andrei Georgievitch stopped and listened. "Perhaps it would be better if I, too, could sing and didn't take things so seriously. I seldom go to the opera or to the theater. No time! I am so busy, so tired. I sometimes think of that place in the opera *Khovanshchino* where the choir sings, 'Give us back the good old days.' How the audience cheers, even now. . . .

"But I didn't know what things were like in those days. I was a student — a Socialist, of course. With the revolution I saw a great chance for real work here — not work for selfish gain, but work that would help us achieve the best in ourselves. We would be a new people. But now," turning to the newspaper, "I see the production of rubber overshoes has fallen off ten per cent in the last month."

V

THE NEWSPAPER one morning announced the arrival of thirty engineers in Moscow, come to help in construction work. Andrei Georgievitch had helped meet them and spoke of them that evening. Suddenly he turned bitter. "These Americans — they make a myth of them. They come here, and everyone says in a hushed voice, 'Ah! The Americans come! Ah, ah!' Are they better than we Russians? If only we had their chance! But when *we* go abroad, what do people say? 'Huh, here's another of those damned, stupid Russians!'" Then he caught himself, embarrassed. "Oh, I beg your pardon. . . . But this morning I felt bitter. Did you see this?"

He offered me the morning paper and pointed to a little black-margined announcement that three engineers, found guilty of very serious sabotage, had been executed.

"Perhaps they were guilty. Do you know where the greatest weakness in this whole Soviet system lies? In its slogan, 'Workers of the world, unite!' The workers unite — what then? They can't run factories. What about these engineers? They were not capitalists, but they certainly were not proletarians. Where did they fit into the scheme? In this country, where factories are everything, the engineers have the power to make or break

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the scheme. Most of us are not Communists, but I think we are loyal. Yet when the situation forces the Communists to give control of the things they most prize — their factories — into the hands of a group outside their 'Workers of the World,' naturally they watch that group with suspicion. . . .

"A monkey wrench in a machine can do more damage to the state here than many an assassination. Thousands of dollars' worth of government property can be destroyed in an instant. Such a thing is more than sabotage here: it is a crime against the state — counter-revolution. Anti-Soviet elements long ago discovered this curious outgrowth of the revolution. Why shoot some babbling Commissar, who can be replaced by one talking even louder, when you can quietly flood a coal mine? Such sabotage there has been. When detected, it has been shot out."

"Doesn't that stop it?"

"Of course not. And the result has been increasing mistrust of *all* engineers by the proletarian government. We are the intelligentsia, we surpass the workers in technical knowledge. Our knowledge they *must* have; but, to get it, they must let us at their machinery. They own all means of production, but we, the Russian engineers, must operate them and construct others. And the result — constant mistrust on both sides. No engineer wants any responsibility, of course. It puts him in a position where he can too easily be suspected of sabotage. . . .

"One of the Commissars said not long ago: 'We shall use the intelligentsia — even those hostile to the Soviet régime — and in the meantime try to win those who hesitate. But the intelligentsia must always feel over them the hand of the proletariat, which serves those who work honestly as a strong and friendly support, but which is heavy and harsh when it hits the head of an enemy.' There you have a confession that the proletarian democracy needs outside aid. So they watch us, spy on us, suspect us. Does a manufacturer in America suspect his engineers? That's one advantage in privately owned factories which I would to God we had in those owned by a class."

"But what about the new engineers, educated from proletarian stock?"

"The government does all it can to create them, rushing them through the schools, saying that practical work in the mill is more important than work in the laboratories. But one is not a master engineer after four years in a technical school. They cannot replace us — yet. And there is little proof that when these proletarian lads are engineers they will still be proletarians: we get good salaries. 'Proletarian' engineers may be the solution, but it will be long before we shall have them."

Nadyezhda Ivanovna entered. "Can't you stop talking and let the American teach me how to play bridge? I hear it is all the rage abroad."

"In a few minutes," Andrei answered. He continued, "The strength of the Communist rule here lies in the factory proletariat. Thus factories take on a dual rôle. They are, economically, units for production; and, more important, they are political units. At the head of each factory are a Communist, who may know nothing about the machinery or the processes involved, and a technical director."

"Which is higher?"

"In theory, the engineer. But the workmen are regimented, and the Communist and his fellow Party members are the real control of the mill. The director says, 'We must spend a hundred thousand rubles for new machinery.' The workers may say: 'We do not need it; that is spending government money uselessly. What are you trying to do — sabotage?' Or the Communist leader may decide to send sixty workers out of the village for some political campaign. Their wages continue, yet production naturally drops — and the technical director gets the blame."

"Consequently, the technical men are very chary about criticizing the workmen. The workmen criticize one another; that helps waste their time at meetings. But too much criticism of the proletariat may be taken as criticism of the Communist régime. The workmen become bosses. Let them boss. It is their factory, although it is our Russia. . . .

"And what happens? Some of the men in the Donbas coal mine sabotage trial a year ago were guilty; some, perhaps, were not. No matter — make an example for all engineers. Production fell thirty-five per cent in those mines, while the workers held meetings and more meetings. A railroad engineer advised one railroad to junk a hundred locomotives. Then the workers set up a cry, 'This criminal

(*Continued on page 192*)

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Wilson Memorial

A First Short Story

Drawings by Dorothy McKay

***by* RUTH GORDON**

MR. CLEMENT jogged forward in his porch chair and studied intently the star-strewn sky. "A beautiful night," he declared thoughtfully. "See Orion's sword and belt?"

"Where's that, Victor?" and Mrs. Clement, too, leaned forward.

"Over Blaikie's house," he said vaguely, and then after a moment, "those four stars straight across and down the middle, hanging down like."

"Oh yes, I see what you mean. Pretty," she commented and returned once more to her placid rocking.

"A beautiful night," he repeated and, taking off his shoe, extracted a pebble which had been pressing into his heel for some time.

"What's that, Victor?"

"Pebble," he said briefly, and after examining it thoroughly, as if his shoe had been an oyster and this a possible pearl, cast it over the railing into the nasturtium bed.

Up the street came the sound of whistling, which became louder. The musical young man stopped at the foot of their walk, struck a match, and looked at a slip of paper. "Mr. Victor Clement live here?" he asked.

Mr. Clement rose. "Mr. Clement? Er — yes," he said after a moment of deliberation, as if after running over a list of people he had finally recalled one of that name. "I er," he began confidently, and then paused hesitantly, finally deciding with a slight cough to say "am him" rather than "am he."

"I'm John Sibley," the young man said, offering his hand. "I'd like to talk to you, Mr. Clement, about a meeting we're getting up for a Woodrow Wilson Memorial. I don't know whether you've heard about it or not."

"A Wilson Memorial!" exclaimed Mr. Clement. "Here, take this seat, young feller. Mama, get Mr. . . . er . . . a chair."

"Can't I get it?" offered the visitor.

"Oh no," said Mr. Clement graciously, "it's just inside."

"Want to come out, Willie?" Mrs. Clement called, holding open the screen door.

"You're letting in flies," her husband warned. "He don't want to come out."

"Should think he would, with all that fur on him," she said and sat down beside Mr. Clement. "There he is now," she exclaimed in mild exasperation, as Willie tried his claws on the screen. "I declare, that cat!"

"Let him out, Mama," Mr. Clement advised wearily. "Now then, young man — I didn't get your name — "

"Sibley — John Sibley. You were down on our list, sir, as one of the Democrats of this ward, and we're getting together all the loyal supporters we can for this meeting next Tuesday to see what we can work out for a memorial to Woodrow Wilson. They haven't decided yet what it will be, but most likely some sort of a fountain. We thought you might like to come."

"Why, my Godfrey!" burst out Mr. Clement.

"Papa, *papa*," reproved his wife, with a slight Southern accent of refinement.

"Why, damn it," he continued, "what did I always say? There wasn't a time since

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Woodrow Wilson took office as President of the United States that I haven't said — and you can ask her," shaking a finger at his wife, "— there wasn't a time when I haven't said it's all right to talk this and say that — . Why, there never *was* a man in a more trying position with the eyes of the whole world looking at him, but I said there'd be a time when he'd go down in history alongside of Abraham Lincoln and Thomas Jefferson and George Washington, and people just laughed. Well, they got another laugh coming, thought I, and the day he died, Wilson, I called up Mama, Mrs. Clement here, from the factory and told her to set out the flag at half-mast. Never did that before except when Cleveland died. Another great man. You remember, Mama?"

"Whatever became of Mrs. Cleveland?" asked Mrs. Clement affably.

"Woodrow Wilson. . . ." said Mr. Clement from the depths of his soul.

"Well sir, if everyone was like that, there wouldn't be much doubt about a memorial."

"Mr. Sibley, I've lived in this town going on twenty-nine years. She," pointing at Mrs. Clement, "was married at her sister's up to Hingham and then we moved here. That is, we lived up at 41 Warren Street first and then — but that ain't interesting *you* none. What I set out to say was, I've lived here going on twenty-nine years and it don't seem possible to me there's enough people here got sense to get up an undertaking like this, but if there is, and the town ain't got the get-up to support it, well," he finished a little breathlessly, "it ought to be shot. That's all I got to say."

"Mr. Clement's quite a talker when he gets excited," Mrs. Clement put in. "I always tell him he ought to have been a lawyer."

"No, no, I never had a chance at no education, but there's a man that *did*. I guess when you come right down to it, Woodrow Wilson was just about as educated a President as you could find. Washington, Lincoln, even Grover Cleveland, take any of them, they couldn't hold a candle to what that man knew in his little finger. College president, Governor of New Jersey — I tell you, Mr. Sibley, when he sat down in the Presidential seat we could *all* sit back, knowing we had a man was well equipped."

"Yes, he must of been a very nice man from all accounts," Mrs. Clement interrupted again. "My cousin Carrie lives down in Washington, so we got to know about him more than most people, I guess. She saw him once. It seems he went several times to see the vaudeville theater there and she happened to go the same night. Carrie felt at one time — of course this is just something she heard; she didn't know herself, she said — he was supposed to be interested in an actress. Did you ever hear anything like that, Mr. Sibley?"

"No, of course he didn't," roared Mr. Clement, "nor nobody else, except that fat-headed cousin of yours."

"Why, Victor, Carrie means all right. I guess in a place like Washington there's always a certain amount of talk, don't you think, Mr. Sibley?"

"That's it, Mrs. Clement. Any man in a big position. . . ."

"Don't even have to be in a big position, so long as you know her cousin Carrie," put in Mr. Clement savagely.

Their guest laughed politely. "Well anyway, we can count on you Tuesday," he said, getting up. "Eight o'clock at Brazee Hall. Perhaps you'll find you may have to do a little special work, so long as we know you're so interested."

"Proud and happy to do it. Call on me to the limit, sir," declared Mr. Clement, "to the limit."

II

AT THE TOP of the steps where his guest had left him, Mr. Clement stood on, lost in thought. 1914. Why, there never *was* a man who found himself in as difficult a position as Wilson. All through the war, for that matter, and then after the armistice it was worst of all. Everyone worrying him and interfering.

He looked up at the stars set in the soft black of the summer sky. Wilson was too great a man for them. People couldn't understand such lofty ideals. They hadn't a notion of what a man like him, with all that education, was driving at.

Mrs. Clement jogged comfortably back and forth in the rocker. "Wonder who he is — Mr. Sibley. *Nice* young man," she ruminated. "Wish I'd offered him a glass of root beer. There's some good and cold on the ice."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"I never thought. Wonder where that Willie

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could have gone to? I want to lock up and go to bed." She got up and pushed her chair back against the wall. There was a startled squawk and Willie flew from his cozy corner beneath the rocker, down the steps to the board walk where he took up a dignified and somewhat temporary position, looking back nervously from time to time.

"Let him stay there," advised Mr. Clement. "Do him good. I got to get to bed."

"No, I'd feel better if he was in. Willie, Willie," she called, "here Willie. He don't like it out."

"Well, if he don't, he don't seem to know about it," said Mr. Clement, as Willie started off on a leisurely stroll. "Come on, I'll lock up."

Inside, Mrs. Clement took the alarm clock and, yawning, started upstairs. "Don't forget the lights, Victor."

"All right. What did I do with that Wilson badge I had?"

"Wilson badge?"

"The one I got when he died. That mourning badge."

"Oh Lordy," groaned Mrs. Clement, "you going to get that out *now?* Why, Victor, I don't know's I know where it is. Look in the table drawer in the parlor."

"What table drawer?" he asked helplessly.

"The table drawer," Mrs. Clement repeated, "down under those photographs. Or else look in the stein on the sideboard. Sometimes I put keys in there and maybe that's where I put that. The clock key's in there I know."

Mr. Clement looked vaguely toward the dining room.

"Wait a minute, Victor. Where *did* I see that badge? Just the other day I was dusting and I came across it." She hurried out to the kitchen, returning a moment later, blowing on the little celluloid badge and polishing it on her apron.

"Where was it?"

"Right on the pincushion in the pantry. I knew I didn't throw it away."

"Throw it away? What would you want to do that for?"

He waited until she was upstairs, then, walking to the sideboard, looked into its oak-framed mirror and pinned the badge to his right lapel. Drawing back, he studied the effect with a critical eye. Something disturbed him. "Here, wait a minute," he said aloud and, taking out an old pair of grape scissors, hacked off two little black streamers which hung below the badge. "Nothing dead about *him!* His memory's green as the day he died," he murmured, adjusting the badge more to one side. "Greener," he added. "Wilson Memorial. A great day for the community the day that's erected. Yes sir, a great day for us all." Then slowly and deliberately he opened the cupboard in the sideboard and, reaching past the home-made elder wine, drew forth a nearly empty bottle, impressively labeled "Amontillado."

"Nothing dead about him!"

Mr. Clement looked at it respectfully, then pulling out the cork, lifted the bottle high to the reflection in the mirror. "To T. Woodrow Wilson. To his memorial that now sits among the great," he said solemnly, and drank deep.

MR. CLEMENT was helping his wife dry the dishes. "To-day's been a scorcher," he declared, polishing a teacup. "At noon the corner of Milk Street and Washington was ninety-eight in the shade. Paper claimed hottest May twenty-eighth in fourteen years. There was two people dropped dead of sunburn and they expected more before night."

"Dead of sunburn?" exclaimed Mrs. Clement, at once interested. "Why I never heard of that."

"Sun*burn!* I guess you never did. Sun*stroke* was what I said."

"No, Victor, I guess that's what you meant to say but you said sun*burn*. I thought it sounded awful funny," and she laughed.

Mr. Clement regarded her, frankly disgusted. "Interesting sense of humor you got, I must say. Supposing I said they died of freckles. It ain't nothing to stand around laughing at."

The doorbell rang and Mrs. Clement wiped her hands and, giving her corset a quick jerk

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at the back and another in front (which left it just where it was before), went to answer it. Mr. Clement hung his dish towel over the rack and picked up the *Evening Globe*.

"Victor," his wife called, and then, "Just step inside. It's cooler in here than out on the porch. Oh Victor!"

"This gentleman wants to see you about something," she said as he came into the hall, his sleeves rolled up, paper still in hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Clement. My name's Godfrey. Don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"Will you sit down, Mr. Godfrey? Mama, just hand me my coat."

"Don't make company of me, Mr. Clement. If I was home, I'd be just the same as you are. In fact, when I leave here I'm going right back to water my front lawn, if the mosquitoes ain't too bad. You notice them much down here?"

"Well, no more'n usual," Mr. Clement replied, not caring how soon Mr. Godfrey got at his front lawn and let him return to his paper.

However, his guest seemed in no hurry and settled himself comfortably in a rocker. "I been trying to get round here, Mr. Clement, for the last couple days, only this hot weather made me go kind of slow. But to make a long story short, what I've come about is something maybe you've heard of. The *Ledger* had a piece about it last week. It's about a memorial we're getting up for Woodrow Wilson and we'd appreciate whatever you could do for us in the way of a little donation."

"Oh, yes indeed, Mr. Godfrey. I been saying to myself I knew your face. Why, you was chairman up at the meeting. Yes indeed, I was there and proud of the town that they had it. But I tell you what, Mr. Godfrey, I'm one of the collectors myself, if you remember, so I guess by rights I kind of ought to add my widow's mite, so to speak, to my own collection."

Mr. Godfrey looked surprised. "Is that so? What section you canvassing, Mr. Clement?"

"Why, I ain't been notified yet. As a matter of fact, I been expecting a letter any day now."

"That's mighty funny. All the letters are supposed to have been sent out," said Mr. Godfrey, puzzled. "I was with the committee when we made up the lists and I don't just recall your name being down."

"Why sure, *sure*. They called for volunteers at the meeting and I went up and gave my name. The young lady taking notes on the platform who wrote it down said I was to be notified soon as the districts was allotted. I asked her particular." Mr. Clement leaned forward and looked worriedly at his guest.

"Well now, I don't know just what to say. I *do* know they've been canvassing for about a week and time's up Monday. They had a list of the fellers in the *Ledger*. Was your name down on that?"

"Why, er, my wife and I, we don't take the *Ledger*," said Mr. Clement and walked over to the window. Something seemed to absorb him, for he remained there, his back to his guest, and, taking out a large handkerchief, blew his nose loudly. "Kind of a summer cold I got," he explained.

Mr. Godfrey had never been more uncomfortable. "Yes, I get one myself ev'ry now and again. Treacherous weather we been having last day or so."

There was an awkward pause and then Mr. Clement turned back into the room. "Guess maybe I'd ought to give you my donation, Mr. Godfrey, instead of waiting any further. 'Tain't what you'd call important really, one way or the other," he said with a deprecating little laugh. "Just had a notion I'd like to help, that's all. I'm by way of being a great admirer of Woodrow Wilson."

"No, no, Mr. Clement, wouldn't think of taking it," the guest interrupted. "Must be some mistake. That fool secretary probably thought you was just offering your name as a volunteer. She didn't realize you definitely wanted to be a collector. No sense at all, that girl — probably's a Republican. But anyway, we got to do something about this right here and now."

"Why no, 'tain't nothing at all. I guess I just didn't appreciate they was only volunteers you was calling for."

"Well, sure, but anyone specially interested like you, we're glad to put to work. Now I tell you what, there was some parts of town we didn't plan to canvass, thought maybe there wouldn't be five hundred dollars in them. That's what we're asking each collector to bring in. But from the reports I get, some of them don't look like they're going to squeeze out that much and I was just wondering if

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maybe you'd undertake to cover the places we overlooked. It's going to appear bad if we don't get that five thousand we set out for. Time's up Monday, you know, so there's only three days left, but it'd help out an awful lot if you'd say yes."

"Why, I'd be real glad to," said Mr. Clement, his voice a little shaky.

"We can't afford to fall down on this thing, Mr. Clement, and give the Republicans a laugh. This memorial's got to go through and go through big. That means you got to do your share and I got to do mine."

"All right," he said more firmly. "To tell the truth, I'd feel mighty bad to have a Wilson Memorial erected here without my doing nothing towards it."

"Sure you would. Now look, here's a pretty complete map of the town with a list of all the streets. Those crossed off are already covered but there's some left, that new section near the Sailor's Home. We figured those people'd just moved in and'd be busy paying up installments on their houses, but probably some of them might be glad to help. Then there's some streets down by the track and these few others. You take this list and cover as much as possible before Monday. Whatever you bring in'll be mighty acceptable."

"No sense at all, that girl—probably's a Republican."

"I'll start to-night," said Mr. Clement.

Mr. Godfrey mopped his brow and got up to go.

"You'll get my contribution Monday," declared Mr. Clement.

Mr. Godfrey walked down the path fanning himself with his straw hat. "Must be one of the real Wilson nuts," he murmured. "For a minute there, I was scared he was actually going to cry."

IV

MRS. CLEMENT rushed in from the dining room. "Victor, I heard every single word! Isn't it *grand?* I knew there was some mistake, you not hearing from them. Lovely man, Mr. Godfrey. You think you'll start out right now?"

"Yes," he said calmly and put on his hat.

"Why, Victor," she cried, "you forgot your coat. It don't look dignified that way." And, helping him on with it, she accompanied him to the front porch.

The evening was warm and humid and several times Mr. Clement had to remove his hat and the beads of sweat which gathered on his forehead, but nevertheless he plowed on over the tracks and down the rickety, cinder-encrusted stairway into Woodbine Avenue, his first arena.

Even Mr. Clement, led on by the high burning flame of a disciple, could not have called Woodbine Avenue a green pasture. The cramped little houses were dark and cindery, like the railway stairs, and to even the most optimistic it would have been hard to imagine them adding so much as a single drinking cup to the Wilson Memorial Fountain. Mr. Clement forged ahead, however, his mourning badge lending him an official feeling.

The houses crowded right to the foot of the railway steps as if to help their occupants be on time for the early trains, and the house which seemed to help most, as the stairway ran straight down to its front gate, was number 67, a small, bedraggled cottage. Mr. Clement rang its doorbell, an old-fashioned one requiring a sharp twist. It gave a forlorn peal as he stepped back on the gently sagging porch where he waited until a polite period had elapsed, when he gave another and more muscular turn to the bell, which this time let out a surprisingly loud peal and dropped off its key in his hand. He stood nervously, holding the rusty part and wondering what to do, but fortunately the house remained silent, so gratefully he put the bell-key down on the red W of the "Welcome" on the doormat, where he felt it showed to the best advantage, and walked softly down the uneven steps.

The house next door was an exact replica

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of number 67, and although they were divided by nothing more than a weedy path, it, oddly enough, was numbered 53. He rang the bell carefully and almost instantly a sturdy little girl of about five stood in the doorway.

"Hello," said Mr. Clement a little surprised, feeling that opening doors was the work of an older generation. "Is your papa home?"

"Papa's dead," said the little girl cheerfully and stared up interestedly at Mr. Clement to see what he would suggest next.

"Well — er, mama?" he inquired nervously, hoping the whole family had not been wiped out.

"Mama!" the little girl shouted in a voice loud enough to summon not only her mother but her late father as well. A faded-looking little woman came out, followed by another child.

Mr. Clement, seeing her, did not have the heart to ask for anything from this obviously burdened household. "Sorry to bother you, ma'am. I just wanted to know if this was Woodbine Avenue."

"Yes, it is. Couldn't you have told the gentleman that, Edie?"

"He never asked me," said Edie truthfully and looked at Mr. Clement with disappointment.

"It's Woodbine till it gets to Beal and then it's Fayette."

"Well thank you, Ma'am, I was just looking for a party along here," and down the steps he went, accompanied by a loud good-by from Edie.

In the end Woodbine Avenue proved to have almost warranted its inauspicious beginning. He went perseveringly up and down both sides and collected not quite four dollars, but he reassured himself that the other streets would prove more generous.

V

THE EVENING, however, was not a success. By means of a jitney and an unusual amount of walking, he had covered his whole territory and was returning with just eighteen dollars and a brand new quarter. He had found the quarter and added it gladly to swell the collection.

Mrs. Clement, with Willie on her lap, was rocking on the porch. "How'd you come out, Victor? Isn't it hot? Here, sit down."

"Hello. Is your papa home?"

"Bad," he said, "bad."

"Why, what was the trouble?"

"Didn't get but eighteen dollars. They're asking everyone to try for five hundred."

"Oh, well that's nothing. To-morrow you'll do better."

"I been everywhere," said Mr. Clement, and his voice sounded tired.

"Oh, Victor you mean you been to all your whole district?" she exclaimed, leaning forward with such a start that Willie was dumped straight off her lap.

"Every single place," he said. "People either weren't home or they was Republicans. Some streets was just vacant lots and Putnam Avenue had four houses with measles signs. I don't like this town." He leaned forward in his chair as if half decided to move out of it then and there.

"Why, it ain't Bedford that's wrong, it's just you had such bad districts. Eighteen dollars! That'll look terrible in the paper."

"What the devil you suppose I care *what* it says in the paper? But there won't be no memorial unless there's money to pay for it. You can't get up a fountain with collectors bringing in eighteen dollars."

"How much are fountains?"

Mr. Clement did not bother to answer.

"I said I wonder —"

"I don't know," he replied wearily, "but you couldn't even get a pump for that price."

He sat dejectedly in the dark. The other fellows could make it up out of their own pockets. He couldn't even do that.

"I been working since I was fourteen and what have I got to show for it? Nothing. Why,

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we can't even afford to get sick. In my whole life I've never blown in twenty dollars at once and I'm going on sixty-nine. I'd like to, just to give me a feeling of respect. I'd give a whole lot for this memorial idea, but what I've got to give is just plain exactly nothing. Twenty-nine years, that's how long I been at Dean and Poor's — and if I was to drop down dead to-morrow I wouldn't even have five hundred dollars to show for it. That's a nice record for a man to hang up."

"You saved a good deal more than that really," she said gently, "only you put it all into insurance."

"That's a hell of a comfort at my age, when I want to blow in an extra dollar or so."

Mrs. Clement peered through the dark at her husband. It seemed as if the accumulation of years had at last caught up with his prickly spirit and rolled it flat. "Victor," she said, "that insurance you got for me, we been paying that premium twenty-eight years. Well, borrow on it and get your five hundred dollars. What do you need insurance on me for? It's your money went into it and you deserve something out of it. Well, why not take it now, when you got something you want it for? 'Tain't likely Bedford'll ever get up another memorial."

"Oh no, 'tain't that important."

"Yes it is, Victor. Why, you don't know but what they're counting on your returns to finish up this memorial. We ain't ever been asked to do anything in this town before and I just couldn't stand it if the very first time, we was to fall down. I've told Ora and Emma and Mrs. Lupton and all, about your having been chosen. Besides, it's a great cause and we got to make a sacrifice. I guess Wilson would of, if it had been about someone like you feel about him. He wouldn't have stopped till he'd finished it up right."

"I might be able to pay it back, that is if I *did* decide to take it," he added hastily. "I could start carrying my lunches again. Of course Mr. Godfrey said they didn't expect no five hundred from me, still I don't like to feel I couldn't do the same as anyone else. I don't know whether you noticed, but this memorial thing's been kind of on my mind and I'd hate mighty bad to turn in just eighteen dollars. It wouldn't look as though I took the thing serious. Not that I give a damn how it looks," he said hurriedly. "The idea is, I sit around talking about Wilson and hanging the flag out for him, but when it comes to an actual showdown, I don't do nothing for him. You know, Mary, I got half a notion to take your idea."

VII

THE FOLLOWING Tuesday, Mr. Godfrey, in session with the Wilson Memorial Executive Committee, held out a letter to the assembled gentlemen. "Say, that wasn't a bad idea I had, manufacturing an extra district at the last minute for that Wilson nut to go after. Listen to this:

14 Elmwood Street
Bedford, Mass.
May 31

Mr. Charles Godfrey
Dear sir:

Encloseing herwith returns from my canvasing for Woodrow Wilson Memorial in districts as per instructions. Hopeing same will meet with all requirements.

Respectfuly yrs.
Victor Clement

"A check for five hundred and a money order for eighteen dollars and a quarter. Why, that's more'n anyone's turned in. Course it ain't as though we actually needed it. The collectors we appointed'll more than cover it. But can you imagine just quietly counting out a district that sends in five hundred and eighteen dollars? Offhand, I'd of said he couldn't scrape up the eighteen."

"Listen to this: —"

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The East Indies

by **TEN KLOOSTER**

THESE exotic woodcuts are the work of an artist who is as yet unknown in Europe and America. As his name suggests, Ten Klooster has some chill Dutch blood in his veins, but with it is mixed the warmer blood of his native Java. At the moment he happens to be living in Veere, Holland, where he is a close neighbor of Hendrik Willem van Loon. Van Loon says of him: "His Javanese ancestors were civilized people who had developed a high degree of art when his European ancestors were still wild barbarians who painted their faces yellow with mud and ate their chickens raw. Ten Klooster, I think, feels this. His work, to a certain extent, is a revenge for many of the cruel and stupid things his white half has done unto his handsome Javanese half."

The Spice Islands

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Javanese Landscape

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Dollar Books—A Debate

Drawings by ***Johan Bull***

I—Dollar Books and Thirty-cent Readers

***by* WALTER B. PITKIN**

THE PROMOTER of dollar books has nightly dreams. In these visions Henry Ford becomes his partner. Together they move to the forests primeval and install supersaws and pulp mills among the murmuring pines and the hemlocks. Acres of trees tumble and crash into the stream that flows to an adjoining paper mill, whence issue millions of feet of book paper in colossal rolls which bounce along into a pressroom. From a wing off this pressroom there emerges a thickish stream of manuscripts. Look! They come from a thousand typewriters, all geared to a moving platform. A thousand authors are pounding out lyrics, histories, confessions, stories, encyclopedias, lives of Christ. From the pressroom, wherein also a horde of linotypers toil, miles of printed pages flow through folders and binders into a shipping room, where books are automatically boxed and shot into freight cars.

Mass production of literature! That is the dollar book man's dream, of course. No more picayune editions of three thousand; the minimum must be two hundred and fifty thousand, just like tooth paste, lipsticks, and automobiles. I know two publishers who have figured for years over chain bookstores by the thousands. And the trade is familiar with the one grandiose attempt to realize the Ford nightmare out in the green hills of Tennessee. The big merchandising chain stores are feeling their way cautiously in the same direction: witness the new Woolworth magazines designed exclusively for five-and-ten readers.

It is my contention that mass production of *good* books cannot succeed among present-day Americans. Nothing but a cultural revolution will enable publishers to bring out annually and sell editions of two hundred and fifty thousand or more. The dream of the dollar book man is only a dream. And I am going to tell you why. In the course of my explanation I may seem to be drifting a long way from dollar books, but nevertheless they are the cause and center of the present discussion.

Now the book trade as a whole dares not drop at one swoop to catering to the tastes of that public for whom the Woolworth magazines have been created. Its present efforts are confined to popularizing dollar books with thirty-cent readers — people with thirty-cent minds or thirty-cent culture, and sometimes with both at once. Even in this attempt the publishers are divided. From the first announcement of the price reduction there have been disputes between the old guard publishers, who see in dollar books the end of the world, and the young rebels, who maintain that the new policy is clearing the way for the millennium. Figures have flown and will continue to fly, but we need not examine them too closely. Let the publishers battle for profits among

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themselves. Our interest lies in the possibility of combining high quality with genuine mass production.

What will the mass production of cheap books do to writers, to readers, and to the books themselves? Will the dollar book bring culture to the proletariat, or will it degrade all books to the level of the tabloid? These are indeed serious questions and, as the men closest to the publishing business realize — see the manifesto of the firms which have organized to resist the new movement — not at all academic. In recent years Americans have beheld strange degenerations following hot on the heels of mass production and mass distribution. Although prices have dropped in relation to the quality of the goods, the worker has suffered doubly; sometimes he has lost his job, and sometimes he has lost his craftsmanship. May not the literary profession go into the same decline?

A short time ago, when several publishers announced that they were going to market books at one dollar instead of the traditional two or two and a half, a cry at once went up in certain quarters that American literature was at last succumbing to the same influence which had brought the tabloids into the newspaper field. This question is now debated by two authors, each of whom has decided opinions about cheap books and what they will do to us. Mr. Pitkin believes that the new plan can only mean the dumping of trash into our libraries, with a steady lowering of the standards of American literature. Mr. Cowley, however, thinks that the dollar books will have just the opposite effect, because, while a few books will be aimed specifically at a mass audience, the rest of the field will be cleared for the development of genuine literature.

Who Will Buy Dollar Books?

My approach to these questions is from the point of view of the consumer. He is America's real problem to-day. Consuming is living, and the art of life can no more be divorced from the art of consuming than from the circulation of the blood. How stands it, then, with the book consumer? And how with those new consumers who, unwilling or unable to pay the traditional prices, will flock to stands displaying dollar books? Sixty thousand dollar books were sold in one month at a New York drug store. Who bought them? Who will buy the millions of others that are to follow? And what kind will they buy?

Three factors govern the popularization of good books: first, the reader's mentality — his native intelligence and taste; second, his culture — the results of his home training and formal education; and finally, his free spending money — whatever cash he regards as a surplus over and above what he must lay out for necessities.

Let us dismiss the money factor quickly, since it is the least important. I find, by an analysis of income tax returns, that at least 8,000,000 Americans could buy 100,000,000 books each year at the present standard prices without denying themselves other important pleasures. They would simply have to reduce by a few dollars the sums spent on theaters, candy, gasoline, and luxury clothing. As for the other 112,000,000 people, taken as an average they are not financially able to buy even one three-dollar book yearly. But it seems as if they might buy one every alternate year, in which event they would increase the sales of books by 56,000,000 volumes a year, making the total annual sales to all classes of society about 156,000,000.

Thus there is money in hand to buy 156,000,000 books a year (I do not include school texts, law reports, medical works, and scientific jargonologies) without seriously encroaching upon any other pleasure. But as matters now stand, only 47,000,000 books are sold annually to our entire population. This record is rather dismal when one considers that of the 8,000,000 well-to-do citizens of whom I spoke above, more than 2,500,000 are college graduates and make up the entire army of American culture. Furthermore, only one out of every twelve Americans buys a non-fiction book each year — and then he buys only one. The other eleven never buy any non-fiction.

This alarming array of statistics proves, I think, that nearly all cultured Americans — and many millions of the uncultured — do not want books nearly so keenly as they want the other things which their surplus money can buy. Why don't they? For that answer we must go back to their mentality and their culture.

Most of our countrymen are semi-literate: they are, as I said, thirty-cent readers. Although they have the price, they are unable to enjoy good books in large numbers for the reason that they can't read well. As the snail races, so their eyes run over the printed page. And their wits lag several laps behind their eyes. They take in with ease and pleasure only

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the simplest statements couched in the language of the kindergarten. This sounds like libel, but I have facts to prove it.

I am talking now about the upper eight million. Compared to the average American, of course, they read marvelously well; and beside the slower patrons of the motion picture theaters, they are wizards. Did you ever observe for how long a time the titles in a moving picture are flashed on the screen — that is, in the pre-talkie days when titles were abundant? An intelligent reader could cover them three times while the average person was straining himself to finish them once. Even the educated person — grade school, high school, and college — is a poor reader, and his deficiency is the result of a gradual deterioration all through his school career.

Reading Ability

A SLIGHTLY above average boy in the sixth grade reads serious but not difficult prose at the rate of about 200 to 240 words a minute. And he grasps what he reads well enough to report fully seventy per cent of the items accurately when quizzed about them. To master new material that is within his comprehension, he slows down to 150 words a minute, and at this speed he learns perhaps eighty per cent of the content. This boy, as a matter of fact, is at the height of his reading powers, for adolescents develop a genuine reading craze around their eleventh year. As a rule, the peak of his interest in reading is passed within the next two years.

This dwindling of interest is not helped by the educational system of the modern American high school. Here the emphasis is not on reading but on a system of short, specific assignments and recitations. At the same time, students are encouraged to "develop their social selves," which means that school publications, athletics, debates, dances, and so on absorb most of their time. So it happens that by the middle of his high school career the average student reads much worse than he did in the sixth grade.

Now consider the records of business men — the men who, when in grade school, could read at the rate of from 200 to 240 words a minute. Have they improved in their ability to read? They have not. I have lately been studying a group of them with startling results. I gave one hundred New York executives a short magazine article to read. It dealt with current business conditions and contained no technicalities beyond the grasp of the readers. The fastest man averaged 217 words a minute, the slowest 119 words. When asked to report the content, the best man scored ninety per cent, which is excellent, and the poorest man thirty-eight per cent, which is shocking. Most of them got between fifty and sixty-five per cent of the facts straight.

Thus instead of progressing in their reading ability, our people seem to be retarding. Part of the blame lies in our system of education. The system could be reformed by driving the cheap society dawdler out of our high schools; by setting up separate vocational schools in which those who want to learn a trade can do so, leaving the general high schools for those who want a cultural education; and by making the athlete read a shelf of solid books for every game he plays. But there are also other factors in the decline of reading, and they are quite beyond the control of the schools.

The Decline of Reading

FIRST, there is the machine age, which has played havoc with the three R's, and the consequent effect of this has been ignored by educators. Cash registers, adding machines, the continuous integraph have taken over our arithmetical tasks; I can't verify a grocer's bill half so well to-day as I could twenty-five years ago. Dictation to stenographers and dictographs has caused penmanship to become a lost art, with no mourners except the professors of calligraphy. But, you say, machines do not affect reading. They do, however — indirectly now, and in the future perhaps directly. There is a reading machine in Germany which picks up the reflected light from the page and

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translates the image into sounds. It is used now as an aid to the blind, but before 1940 you too may be listening to it as it mumbles your morning paper.

Meanwhile the indirect influence of machines on reading goes merrily on. Our reading skill is being slowly atrophied by the movies and the radio. The youth of to-day spends about two hours daily listening in and not less than another two hours weekly at the neighborhood movie. Total — around sixteen hours a week, or time enough for a moderately able reader to finish two good books of nearly one hundred thousand words each. In a year he might finish one hundred and four volumes in the time he spends watching his favorite screen star and hearkening to Amos 'n Andy. I do not say he *would*. But even if he devoted these hours to trash magazines and sports columns, his reading habit would be kept somewhat in trim. Reading is far more intricate than playing the piano — the finest shadings of music are coarse in contrast to those of a serious book — and demands as much or more practice.

The other rivals in claiming our attention from books are numerous, and obvious. The automobile and stereotyped entertainment (bridge parties, Elks' picnics, football games, fraternity initiations, and all the rest) inevitably make for semi-literacy. I am not attacking these pleasures from any moral or æsthetic point of view: I am merely insisting that hours spent thus are hours subtracted from books, and that this means decay of skill in reading.

The Craze for Fiction

And now, after what seems to have been a circuitous route, we can return to the dollar book. We have seen the *method* by which people read; what effect does that have on the *matter* they read? It has this effect. Everybody reads quick narrative more easily than anything else. School children learn history fastest in this form and most slowly in the cast of exposition and argument. Now what we do easily is pleasant, and what we do with painful effort we naturally dislike. Therefore what will most readers seek in dollar books? Exactly what they now seek, of course — thin fiction, romance and adventure told in childish language; and all reduced to the swift form of action stories.

For years the million circulation magazines

have been giving the public such entertainment at a cost far less than a dollar. One standard novel in six installments costs the reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* not more than six cents on a *pro rata* basis. He gets three or four of these serials in every issue, along with other reading matter and the charming advertisements (which attract more attention than most of the articles). Obviously the dollar book editor will have to trail the magazine editor, who has been choosing fiction to suit the public taste for a whole generation. If the low-priced books are to be successful, they will all have to be light entertainment, fit to be read only as a time-killer, on trains, in anterooms, in the sick bed, and on rainy evenings when the bridge game has been called off.

To bind such purely distractive stuff and elevate it to the dignity of a book seems gratuitous. Isn't it somewhat like putting up sticks of gum in individual platinum cases? Readers turn to light fiction lightly, and they turn away from it lightly when finished. It would be infinitely more rational of the publishers if they were to abandon the light fiction field wholly to the million circulation magazines. The magazine pays its way by advertising, and books cannot get advertising. Hence the trade must charge four, five, and six times more for novels than for the same amount of reading in periodical form.

No; to multiply quality books vastly you must first multiply quality readers. Fully eight million well-to-do Americans refuse to buy good literature for the simple reason that they do not enjoy it. And they fail to enjoy

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it mainly because they have a thirty-cent education and partially because they are distracted by the new pleasures of our era. Given the choice of everything from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* down to Macfadden, they choose mechanical diversions and venereal magazines.

The Depraved Public Taste

This it is which is responsible for the failure of the book trade to increase the sales of serious books apace with the growth in personal incomes, in total population, and in mass education. In theory, each of these three factors ought to cause more people to buy more good books. In practice, the reverse occurs. The more money, the less reading. Even among colleges this has been found true. The richer the student body, the fewer books it buys. So, too, among their elders. I have been in more than one Fifth Avenue home where no books are to be seen.

But, retort the publishers, we can meet the shoddy on its own grounds and beat it. We can popularize philosophy, art, science, and social affairs. See what Will Durant has done! Consider Wiggam, van Loon, de Kruif! All we need is a group of authors who have serious things to say and can also write down to the herd; then the herd will buy. Our trouble is with the scarcity of such writers. In time we shall train them young, and then see what happens.

I used to be half persuaded by this argument — but no longer. Those eight million well-off citizens, over a fourth of whom are college graduates, disprove it. If they wanted much serious reading in simple form, wouldn't they have bought Durant, Wiggam, *et al.* by the million volumes? These names are the cream of popularized learning. Yet all combined did not sell into the millions — although *Tarzan of the Apes* and Harold Bell Wright have done so.

If people who can buy all the superior three-dollar books they want aren't buying many, why expect them to buy many more now that books are sold for a dollar? I do not care for dancing; would I patronize dance halls if admissions were cut from a dollar to a dime? I read Italian with difficulty and the effort robs the reading of all pleasure; would I read an Italian book every month if I could get it for a nickel? There you have the final answer to the good dollar book.

Never was the need of a highly literate citizenry more urgent, for to-day we have more facts to amass, to organize, to criticize, and to transmit to future generations than ever before. And the last touch of irony is that as the things to read multiply, the reading ability of our people decreases. Educational reform, within our public schools or outside of them, would help the situation — if Americans wanted such reform, which I fear they do not. But dollar books are, at present, a useless weapon.

And so in the end the dilemma is this: if dollar books are to be good books in the sense of having genuine cultural value, they cannot be produced in mass, for the thirty-cent reader dominates the market. If, on the other hand, the publishers cater unashamedly to him, then the dollar books will turn out to be the same thing all over again — slush, trash, blah, and genitals; and nobody except those who make the profits will care whether the movement succeeds or fails.

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II — Cheaper and Better Books

by MALCOLM COWLEY

THERE IS a present tendency among publishers and booksellers to blame the dollar books for all their difficulties. If a manuscript must be rejected, it is because of the dollar books. If a salesman must be laid off, it is because the dollar books have reduced the general volume of business. If a bookseller cannot pay his debts, it is because his customers have been weaned away by these same books, which offer, indeed, a convenient explanation for everything disagreeable. The explanation is both sincere and usually incorrect. As a matter of fact, the publishing world now suffers from old difficulties intensified by the recent business depression — from difficulties of which the dollar book is not a cause, but rather a radical effort to effect a cure.

Chief among them is the restricted market. The book-buying public is probably much larger than it was twenty or thirty years ago, but it has not grown with the population, or with the increase in the number of college graduates, or yet with the wider diffusion of prosperity. The public for best-sellers has actually decreased. Back in the eighteen-nineties, more than a million copies of *Ben Hur* were sold in this country; it was bought by one family out of every thirteen. Its record was nearly equaled, in the years before the war, by one or two of Harold Bell Wright's novels and by *The Girl of the Limberlost*.

To contemporary publishers, such figures seem almost fabulous. The novel of the last decade which had the greatest popular success was probably *Main Street*, of which less than six hundred thousand copies were sold. No book of the last four or five years has approached this record; and yet if *Main Street* had been as popular as *Ben Hur*, its sale to a larger population would have been nearly two million copies.

To-day publishers complain that people have lost the book-buying habit. They mention the new forms of competition to which books are being subjected — cheap magazines, tabloid newspapers, motion pictures, the ubiquitous radio. They mention the popularity of golfing and motoring. They do not mention the high price of books, and yet it is possible that the publishing business has suffered more from this cause than from any other. Nothing else, I believe, has done so much to restrict its public. People in New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles have grown accustomed to paying two dollars or two-fifty for novels which would have cost $1.08 or, at the most, $1.33 before the war, but people in smaller cities have never made this readjustment. The small-town market for books has disappeared almost entirely.

In the larger cities, buyers have been discouraged not so much by the high cost of books as by their uncertain prices. Let us take the example of a biography sold for five dollars in the ordinary bookshop. Simply by going to a cut-rate department store, people could buy the same biography for perhaps $3.89. If they had a friend in the publishing business, they could take advantage of this connection and receive a forty per cent discount, making the cost of the book three dollars. Or they might simply prefer to wait.

At the end of a year or two, if the book was successful, it might be issued in a series of popular reprints for one dollar; or, if unsuccessful, it might appear on bargain tables among the publishers' remainders priced at fifty cents or what-do-you-offer. Lately it would seem that book buyers have been waiting for such bargains. People count their money in times of depression, and the publishers of new books at standard prices have been faced in recent months by what practically amounts to a buyers' strike.

This, fundamentally, is the situation which called forth the dollar books. In trying to explain it, I have omitted several important factors and I have failed to answer Mr. Pitkin's argument on its own terms, but it seems to me that his argument is beside the point. After all, the dollar books are not a vicious attempt to lower the standards of American literature and to abandon art to the mob. They are an effort

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to meet an economic situation in terms of economics — an effort distinguished by an imaginative boldness not all of which is evident on the surface.

The Dollar Public

It is a mistake to regard the publishing of new books for a dollar as a mere price-cutting scheme. The reduction in price is essential, but it is only a step toward a new method of merchandising, which in turn is a step toward reaching a new public. Books at their current prices can be sold only through bookshops, and the public by which these are patronized is unfortunately limited. The dollar books can be successfully sold through drug stores. They will probably be sold through chain cigar stores and newsstands, and possibly they will be handled by chain groceries. They can easily be sold by mail. They can be — they are now being — marketed in small towns where bookshops never existed. They are already popular in Canada, which, compared with the United States, is a nation of small towns.

So far they are only an experiment, and one which is confined, moreover, to a single field of publishing. Nobody thinks of issuing new biographies, histories, or scientific works for this price; the new dollar books, as distinguished from dollar reprints, consist wholly of novels. Here, too, the publisher's choice is limited to those written by established authors or dealing with popular subjects — in other words, to novels which can reasonably be expected to have a sale of at least ten thousand copies. And even in this restricted field, it is not certain that dollar books will be successful.

They are faced with many serious difficulties — with the opposition of conservative publishers and booksellers, with the need for developing new sales outlets, with the question of how to find books that are certain to be popular, with the necessity for reducing overhead and manufacturing costs so that these books can profitably be sold for a dollar, and finally with the problem of adopting the advertising and sales-promotion methods that will appeal to a new public. But the problem of which Mr. Pitkin makes so much — that of finding or creating intelligent readers — is one which does not yet exist for the three publishers of dollar books. Their public exists already.

It exists, first of all, in the people who have gone on a buying strike because of high prices. It exists in the people who patronize the loan libraries now established in thousands of neighborhood drug stores, or who borrow books from the public library. It exists in readers of the four quality-group magazines, of which between four and five hundred thousand copies are sold each month. It exists, moreover, in the three million people who each week buy copies of *The Saturday Evening Post*, a magazine whose contents are not so uniformly stupid and stereotyped as Mr. Pitkin very dolefully believes.

But beyond this audience existing already, there is a vast potential audience for cheaper books. It is not confined to the eight million people in the upper brackets of the income tax returns; these have no monopoly of intelligence or buying power, and there is no important American industry which depends entirely on their patronage. If publishing, too, is to become an important industry, it must reach beyond them to the ten or fifteen million families owning radio sets, and beyond these, even, to the twenty million or more families that own automobiles — or will own them as soon as the last payment is made.

And what of the millions who visit the movies once a week — spelling over each subtitle letter by letter, but not losing its meaning? Their technical proficiency will improve with practice. After all, learning to read is no more difficult than learning to drive a heavy car through traffic.

To me, the publication of dollar books is a romantic undertaking. It is the first great counter-offensive of the publishers against the forces which have been stealing away their readers and diminishing the social importance of the world of books. It is their first attempt on a large scale to convert new millions to the habit of reading. If it fails, possibly some new

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attempt at popularizing books will be successful. If that, too, fails, the public may become, in truth, as illiterate as Mr. Pitkin thinks it is already.

As for the publishing world, it may be reduced to the status of saddle making, antique dealing, and all those little callings which depend for their existence on what is still known as the carriage trade.

Commodity Publishers

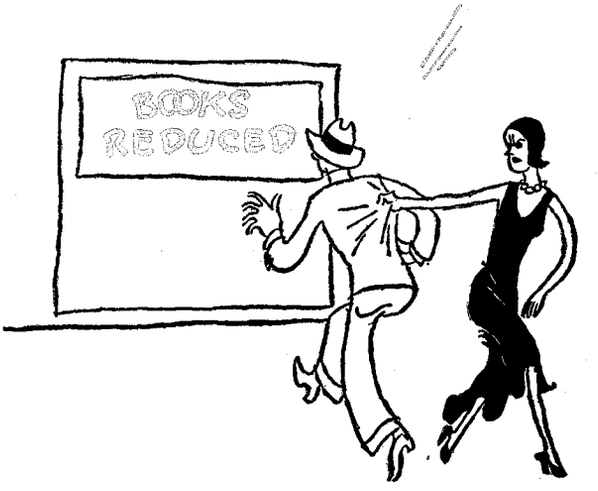
Assuming, for the purposes of the present article, that the dollar books will prove successful, what will be their effect? Mr. Pitkin fears that they will cheapen our literature by forcing all writers to meet the demands of a vast and stupid public. He is, I believe, mistaken. He is overestimating the influence of the public on writers and underestimating its intelligence. He is forgetting how easily its judgments may be swayed, and how it may be taught against its will to admire such writers as Joseph Conrad. He is taking for granted that all books will be designed to reach an enormous audience, whereas the number of dollar books will always be limited. In reality their effect will be less grave than he supposes, and at the same time far more complicated.

They will, if successful, create a sharper distinction between publishing as a luxury trade and publishing as the large-scale manufacture and distribution of commodities. On the one side there will be the publishing trade as it now exists — issuing not quite so many books as at present, printing and binding them a little more carefully, even luxuriously, in order to distinguish them from the dollar books, and selling them through the present bookshops to a discriminating public. On the other side there will be the commodity trade in cheaper books, which will be distributed chiefly through new sales outlets. The distinction between the two forms of publishing will be similar to that existing between the talkies and the legitimate stage.

The commodity publishers, having undertaken an experiment in mass distribution, will follow the principles which govern mass distribution in other fields. Just as General Motors, for example, concentrates on a few new models each season, so the publishers of dollar books will probably concentrate on a few novels, which will be printed in enormous editions at a very low unit cost. They will be distributed to a public rendered book-minded by intensive advertising, just as it has already been rendered movie-minded, automobile-minded, radio-minded. They will be sold at the corner newsstand, at the neighborhood drug store. They will be read on the subway instead of the *Daily Tabloid*. This being the situation, it becomes important to inquire what sort of books they will be. Will they, as Mr. Pitkin believes, be inferior novels for inferior readers?

The nature of the dollar books in the future is not entirely a matter for conjecture. Already more than twenty such books have been published and others are appearing from week to week. By examining these, one can gain more than a rough idea of the qualities sought by their publishers. One fact is inescapable. All of these dollar novels would have been published, under conditions existing last year, for two dollars or two-fifty. Thus Mr. Pitkin's point is answered immediately: the dollar books can appear without any cheapening of the present literary standard.

Although these books belong to different types — mystery, romance, humor — they have several qualities in common. On the basis of these qualities one can predict the nature of dollar books in the future. One can say, first of all, that most of them will belong to the literature of escape: the sort of writing intended to carry people out of their daily worries into regions of love, danger, and wishes happily fulfilled. All of them will endeavor to tell a good story, without which it is difficult for any book to reach a wide audience. Most of them will be moral, at least in the fashion that motion pictures are moral: that is, they will not be blasphemous, revolutionary, or sympathetic



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to adultery. They will all be very competently written. In some ways they will resemble the novels now being serialized in popular magazines of the better class, but they need not observe the rigid restrictions imposed on writers by the majority of magazine editors; and they can be free of propaganda for more colorful bathrooms, for eight cylinders instead of six, for homes like hotel lobbies, and in general for the more rapid consumption of the products illustrated in the advertising pages of magazines.

Popularity and Greatness

Now these rules which may in the future govern the writing of dollar novels have little or nothing to do with literary quality. A novel may observe them all without ceasing to be a very bad novel. Another may observe them with equal fidelity, and yet, in the opinion of intelligent critics, it may be a very fine novel indeed. To choose a simple example from the past, Dickens would have been almost ideal as a dollar novelist. Dostoevski, on the other hand, violates all the simple rules for popularity, but this does not explain why he is a greater writer than Dickens. Popularity and greatness in literature are not antithetical qualities, as Mr. Pitkin seems to assume. They are so independent of each other that they do not even conflict; they often exist side by side in the same book.

Let us assume, however, that the worst comes to the worst and that all the dollar novels are bad novels. In this unlikely case, we can at least say that they will be read, and that reading even a bad novel is more of an intellectual exercise than tuning in on Amos 'n Andy. It is more of a stimulus to the imagination than watching an ordinary movie. It is, moreover, an apprenticeship for reading better books, and Mr. Pitkin forgets that these will continue to be written and published.

The mass-distributed novel will never monopolize the world of books. For difficult writers, for serious writers, for unknown writers, for writers whose excellence cannot be recognized by the larger public, the present publishing system will continue intact. It may, however, as a contrast to the commodity publishers, be tempted to emphasize the exclusiveness of its product. Writers themselves may be even more tempted than in the past to proclaim their independence of the public by being mannered, difficult, sophisticated, by preparing books like flasks of expensive perfume. This kind of exclusiveness is often as bad for the artist as popularity. A world in which all the serious novelists were James Branch Cabells and Aldous Huxleys and Evelyn Waughs would be quite as disagreeable to contemplate as a world in which all the writers were Edna Ferbers and Mary Roberts Rineharts. Here, if anywhere, is the real threat to literature in the dollar books.

It is not a very serious threat. Literature has always managed to survive in the past; it has a vitality independent of trade economics. And I see no reason why it should be affected by what, after all, is a bold experiment in merchandising. It might even profit by the new conditions. For, having learned to distinguish between books as a luxury article and books as a mass commodity, the public might be taught a further distinction. It might learn to realize that beyond all questions of price there exists something called pure literature — an art of invention and construction comparable to pure science, and deserving, like pure science, to be subsidized.

The Pianist

His fingers prayed upon the keys;
the rapture that he wrung from these
was seldom known of man or woman.
It burst the roof-tree of the house,
striding the sky like nothing human,
and like the blossom of red boughs.

His fingers stroked the bodies of
the keys, and there was more than love
that flung this passion from his mind.
Something that has no home on earth,
that men have wandered far to find,
and has no name, nor any worth.

—*Charles Norman*

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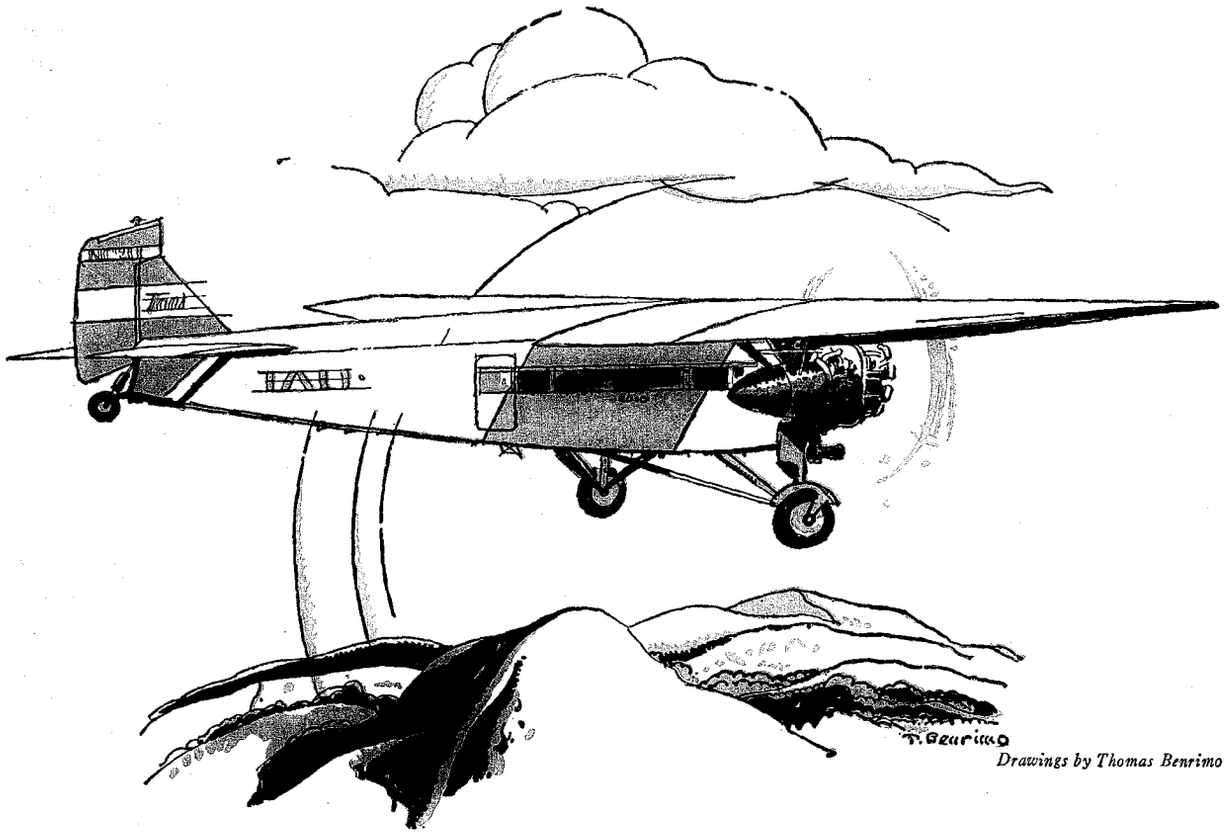

Drawings by Thomas Benrimo

How SAFE Is Flying?

by GOVE HAMBIDGE

WHEN IT COMES to travel, let me go where the wind herds his myriad cloud-sheep. By night I have trod the trail of comets and looked down on a strange world — nothing but clouds for mile on mile. By day I have viewed a tapestried panorama from the eagle's level, and the grandeur of old Earth made me feel at once humble and godlike. There are those who are already blasé over this business of travel by air. To me it always means a quickening of spirit and sense. To stalk sky paths with seven-league boots is one of the gorgeous experiences of this life.

But I have no more desire than anyone else to risk my neck in an ordinary day's business. How, then, considering the unpleasant stories of air tragedies that pepper the year's news, can I go by plane? In the small town where I live, some believe that because I fly I am a bit heroic. More think me a plain fool. Honestly, I am neither. I am merely one of that growing number of laymen who think air travel is reasonably safe, quite often convenient, and almost always worth while for its own sake.

Over against the headlines, which upset emotions and arouse fear, I set the cool statistics. What do they tell me? In 1929 transport planes, flying on schedule, covered 25,141,499 miles (Department of Commerce figures). There were 137 accidents in this scheduled transport service. Divide the two and you get 183,514 miles to each accident. Suppose I go from New York to Boston and return — 384 miles. By this figuring the chances are 479 to 1 that I will meet with no kind of accident. I could make that round trip once a week for the next nine years before expecting to be in a crash.

But the troublesome thought is not so much the crash as the chance of being killed in it. Here the figures are still more comforting. Transport planes in trouble, it seems, get down

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most of the time without a fatality. There were 18 passengers killed in scheduled transport operations in 1929 — one for every 1,396,750 miles flown. This gives me leeway to fly 10,000 miles a year for the next 139 years.

Last year there were 160 passengers involved in accidents in scheduled transport flying, according to the Department of Commerce. Of these, 18 were fatally injured; 131 received no injuries; 11, minor injuries. If I am in an accident, therefore, the chances are 9 to 1 that I will not be killed and 4 to 1 that I will be no more than scratched. The number of passengers carried in scheduled transport was 173,405. One out of every 9,634, then, was fatally injured.

This is at the rate of 10.38 deaths for every 100,000 subjected to the risk. The death rate for organic heart disease was 171.9 per 100,000 in 1927. It looks as if there were 17 times the chance of my dying of heart disease as of my dying in an air accident. Combine cancer, apoplexy, heart disease, Bright's disease, and tuberculosis and you find the death rate 51 times greater. The suicide death rate is higher, the death rate from automobile accidents almost twice as high, the death rate from other accidents nearly 6 times as high.

Not too bad a record for a machine as young as the airplane. Its elder brother, the automobile, killed 31,000 people last year and injured a million more.

That Nameless Something

These automobile accidents have very little effect on the average man. The fact that there were 31,000 fatalities in one year does not make him resolve to stay out of automobiles. But he reads of one airplane crash and he registers a mental vow (or his wife registers it for him) that he is not going to trust his life to those contraptions until they are safer.

Some hold the contrary, but I believe it is foolish to blink the fact that fear — or caution, if you prefer — has been a large factor in keeping people from flying in great numbers. I know many a thinking man who hesitates to fly because he does not believe it is safe. He may overcome hesitancy and take a ten-minute hop on a Sunday afternoon, but he would not think of boarding a plane for a thousand-mile trip.

I believe that there are two reasons for this.

The average man knows the why of the automobile accident. It is as plain as the nose on your face why Bill Jones was killed at the railroad crossing; Bill Jones always was a fool driver anyway. When he knows the cause of a thing, the average man believes — somewhat fatuously — that the chances are that he himself can avoid it.

But in the airplane accident there is a Nameless Something he does not understand. He does not see it as the result of an intelligible combination of forces and circumstances, like a brake too suddenly applied to wheels moving on an icy street. Not understanding, he has a nameless fear. What he needs to overcome this fear is education. For this reason I am against a hush-up policy in airplane accidents on the part of the transport companies. The principles of safety in air transport are well understood by the operators, just as they are in railroad and bus transport. They should also be understood by the public.

Again, I am inclined to think that there is a deep-seated ancestral fear to be overcome in flying. Doesn't John B. Watson say that the most fundamental fears in human nature are the fear of falling and the fear of sudden, loud noises? Perhaps our ancestors were tree dwellers. If they were, the fear of falling may have been bred into us long before we were what we are. At any rate, I think most of us contemplate with peculiar painfulness a tumble through space with nothing to hang on to by which to save ourselves. It would be much nicer to die of almost anything else in a good, solid bed.

The remedy for this fear, so far as it operates in flying, is experience. Flying in rough air, for example, is a series of unpredictable falls. To the passenger taking his first flight, these falls often bring an instinctive reaction in the viscera, accompanied by an uncomfortable muscular tautness. But he gets accustomed to this sensation of falling, he learns a certain easy, relaxed attitude, the visceral strain disappears; he has confidence in the plane and no longer worries about a swift descent to disaster.

Root out this nameless fear with education and this visceral fear with experience and the average man will take to flying naturally, for convenience, for enjoyment, for comfort, without the feeling that every time he steps aboard

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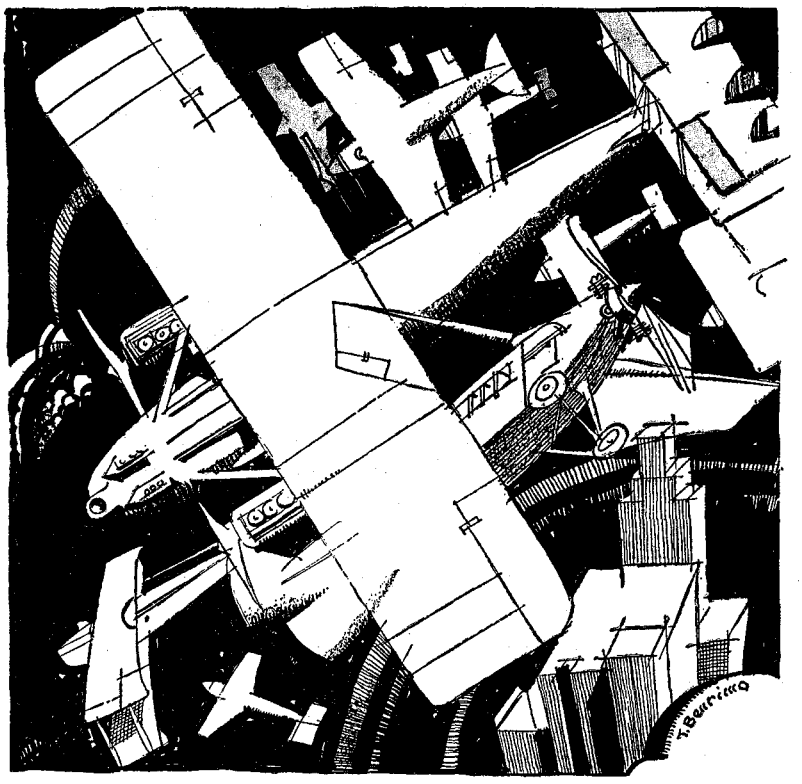

a plane he is a dare-devil starting on a great adventure.

Of course the airplane will never be one hundred per cent safe. Even the ox cart is a mild murderer. Every device for going somewhere has its own little private set of dangers, and there is another set common to them all. We try to reduce life to a dead level of security, but these lurking bogies get us if we don't watch out. Which is, of course, no argument for staying at home, where a vicious ladder may do us in as thoroughly as a tailspin. Last year 24,000 people were killed in accidents while they were safe at home.

Ideals of Safety

This aviation industry is youthful, but it has had the experience of many an older industry to go by. Those in charge of it are keenly aware of the risks, and in general every precaution is taken for safety.

The Aëronautics Branch of the Department of Commerce is as solicitous as a broody hen over her chicks. It licenses planes, engines, pilots, and mechanics only after thorough tests — and a transport pilot who can pass its physical examination must be a model specimen. It examines and rates flying schools and airports. It fosters the development and proper equipment of airports and the air-marking of towns. It investigates every accident and endeavors to find the cause in order to use this information for the prevention of further accidents. It is vitally interested in the extension and proper operation of beacons, weather service, radio communication. It promulgates traffic rules and punishes violations. It compiles statistics and issues information of all sorts. It ranges hither and thither over the field of aëronautics and pokes in an investigative finger or a helpful thumb wherever it thinks it can be of service.

The safety ideal of the Aëronautics Branch calls for (1) air-worthy aircraft, adequately equipped and efficiently maintained, (2) flown by competent pilots, (3) over suitably equipped airways, (4) in conformity with standard air traffic rules. This is essentially the program of the transport companies.

The maintenance of airworthy aircraft has become a matter of routine, differing slightly in detail with different companies, but with one object — keeping the plane and the engine in unquestionably first-class shape at all times. Log books record the number of hours every plane, engine, and propeller has run. Engine and plane are inspected, adjusted, repaired, tuned up by doctors of the oil can and monkey wrench after every flight, and there are periodic partial and complete overhauls, followed by exhaustive tests. If an automobile owner took care of his car with one one-hundredth of the loving attention lavished on a transport plane, there would be fewer traffic tragedies.

As for competent pilots, the transport companies in general get the cream of the lot. At the start most of them were army and navy men, and the government requirements in flying hours were generally high. There is not an unlimited supply of government-trained men, however, and to-day some companies train their own men from selected material.

The wise company will not be content with well-trained men. It will also, increasingly, do everything in its power to see that its

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pilots are an essentially normal, healthy, happy lot, on and off the job. Piloting a transport plane is not work for a man upset by nervous indigestion or emotional stresses. I do not know whether any psychiatric work has been done in this field, but at the risk of ridicule I predict that it will be. Competent psychiatrists could undoubtedly have prevented many a railroad and traffic accident.

In the matter of suitably equipped airways, which includes adequate airports and intermediate landing fields, the big companies have done their best. Where the public airport becomes a political football, they fight for its proper location and equipment. They have on occasion bought or leased their own landing fields over hundreds of miles of airways, established private weather stations, and set up beacons.

The day of unbridled speculation and whoopee in aviation is about gone, and with it the day of the hastily organized, half-baked transport outfit, proud possessor of one plane, a tin shed, and unlimited enthusiasm. Air transport is shaking down to a period of caution, conservatism, and consolidation which should make for increased safety. Yet it remains a young industry largely manned by the young. In their continued enthusiasm lies the best promise for further progress toward efficiency and safety.

The Chief Risk

Still, and in spite of everything, there are the dangers, of course — though I would rather fly as a passenger from New York to San Francisco than spend a week-end driving an automobile around the moron-infested roads of my home county. For at present there is a much larger percentage of idiots piloting automobiles than airplanes.

Even so, the chief risk in an airplane, statistics tell us, is this same pilot. He is the goat. He caused 54.9 per cent of the accidents in 1929, and over half of these were due to bad judgment or poor technique. This was in all classes of flying — student, commercial, pleasure, scheduled transport. Now it seemed to me that this figure might be somewhat unjust to the pilots of scheduled passenger planes, picked men with exceptional incentives for caution. I asked the Aëronautics Branch about it. They segregated the figures for scheduled operations and told me that in this class of flying only 28.4 per cent of the accidents were due to the pilot — half as many as for flying in general. Which gives the transport pilot a much cleaner bill of health than he would have according to the generally accepted figure.

Of course, there is always room for still higher standards in the training, selection, and weeding out of transport pilots. Safety can be stressed again and yet again as the *first* object in passenger transport.

In a way, management and pilots alike have been between the devil and the deep sea. They wanted to play safe. They also wanted to get their planes in on time. Air travel was on trial. If business men found that planes were likely to be late, or sometimes did not arrive at all, they would prefer to go some other way. Thus as a passenger in a somewhat earlier stage of air travel I have been duly brought in on time when I would rather have been anywhere else than in the air.

A late passenger, to be sure, is not a good advertisement for air transport. A dead one is much less so. When it comes to a choice between schedule and safety, the schedule must be sacrificed in the present stage of aviation. The pilot who plays safe all the time should get the rewards. The pilot who takes chances with passengers should get fired. Most important of all, an airplane should stay put or sit down when there is fog. No see, no fly. We are not yet ready to fly through pea soup.

The pilot is to blame for half the accidents. Fine, says the airplane enthusiast. This shows at least that our beloved machine is not at fault. The trouble is with the man who runs it. But there is something to be said on the other side.

About 37 per cent of the accidents in all classes of flying in 1929 occurred in making normal landings and in taking off. Another 23 per cent occurred in forced landings. Another 20 per cent were due to spins and stalls — most of which, by the way, were not caused by engine failure.

Landing, taking off, and the stall and spin. These accounted for 80 per cent of all accidents. Here is the nexus of danger. If the pilot had done exactly the right thing at the right moment, we will say, over half of these accidents would not have happened. Well and good. But improvement in the machine and in

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other factors should make it less necessary for a pilot to do exactly the right thing or crash. This is what must happen before the average layman will take to driving his own air flivver. He can't always be bothered with lightning decisions.

Mechanical Aids

There is much to be done, but progress is being made all the time that will make flying safer and safer. Some of the steps forward are definite, incontrovertible. Others are in the experimental stage, and there are differences of opinion among experts as to their value and practicability. Most of these things are not spectacular, but they mean steady progress in applying known principles of safety.

For instance, nothing is more important in flying than weather. The airplane travels at such a speed that it frequently encounters all kinds of conditions on a single trip. Aviation has rightly given a tremendous impetus to the study and reporting of weather. Stations, governmental and private, have grown up like mushrooms along the main-traveled air lines. But if aviation is to be of maximum service, the United States should be dotted with weather stations as thickly as a pretzel with salt. Fliers should be able to get adequate weather reports at any time, day or night, from any point. This ideal will be realized. By the end of another year there will be few areas in the United States where flying is a regular activity that will not be served with hourly broadcasts of weather to planes in flight.

Note that — broadcasts to planes in flight. Pilots were decidedly handicapped when they could get weather reports only by landing. It is essential for a pilot to get his weather while he is in the air. Then he can go around a bad area if necessary, or set his plane down and wait. For this reason experts, both in private corporations and in the government service, have been working like mad to achieve dependable two-way radio communication aboard the plane. They have succeeded admirably. It is quite likely that in the near future radio equipment will be obligatory on transport planes.

But the pilot must also be able to get down. He should be able to get down almost anywhere in the United States. The increase in the number of landing fields and airports has been remarkable in a short space of time. But, as with weather stations, there is room for many more, especially in areas where natural landing fields are scarce — mountains and hills, for instance.

If weather stations should be as common as salt on a pretzel, landing fields should be like powdered sugar on a doughnut. An automobile

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can pull up anywhere beside the road for repairs; a boat can lay to almost anywhere. Harry F. Guggenheim has made the suggestion that we establish a landing field for airplanes within ten miles of anywhere.

A prize fighter must be able not only to dodge blows but to give them. There will probably always be occasions when an airplane cannot dodge bad weather; it must make a frontal attack and go through it. Lieutenant Doolittle's work in instrument flying for the Daniel Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aëronautics has shown what can be done in making a frontal attack on fog. The radio range beacon, aural or visual, guiding pilots directly to a sending station, is invaluable in this connection; in the near future it will probably be standard equipment on all principal airways. Scientists are making every effort to develop the absolutely dependable compass, the accurate altimeter, and the adequate artificial horizon. Possibly fog-piercing infra-red rays and television will be weapons in the battle against invisibility.

But the accepted type of airplane to-day, or at least the accepted type of transport plane, can be landed only at great speed, which requires expert piloting. It must have a long runway for the take-off. It will stall with the wing at a comparatively low angle. Landing, take-off, stall, and spin — here is that nexus of danger where 80 per cent of the accidents occur. The developments already mentioned — weather reports, landing fields, radio beacons — will help to decrease this 80 per cent. For a further decrease, aviation must depend on mechanical progress.

Here again the transport company, at least, is between the devil and the deep sea. Transport planes must have speed and a high payload capacity. In return for these, transport operators accept certain drawbacks. They believe that the present type of transport plane is the best compromise obtainable between safety and efficiency.

No man knows when or how much this situation will change. The Guggenheim Safe Aircraft Competition brought out a plane with a relatively low landing speed, capable of landing and taking off in a small area, able to climb or glide at a comparatively steep angle without stalling, and exceptionally stable with hands off the controls. These must be the ideals of the manufacturer who wants to sell planes to the public. Mechanical features that make for these ideals will be incorporated more and more in small planes, and it is reasonable to believe that, since all airplane design is tending toward greater safety, they will also be adapted to larger ones.

Future Improvements

What are some of these promising mechanical improvements? There is a propeller that can be varied in pitch, giving maximum power for take-off and at the same time efficiency in fast cruising. There are slots for the front of the wing, flaps for the rear, a floating aileron, a wing whose camber or shape can be changed at will in flight. These and other devices aim to make possible a shortened take-off and a steeper climb and glide — in other words, to attack that nexus of danger.

In addition, there is the Diesel airplane engine, now being tried out under actual transport conditions, which would eliminate the fire risk in a crash and do away with ignition problems in the operation of radio. There is also the mechanical aviator, and that radically different type of plane, the autogyro, capable of climbing and landing at very steep angles and remaining almost stationary in the air.

Other experiments too numerous to mention are going on in Europe and America. And there are ideas, as yet not in the experimental stage, simmering in competent minds. Many men are vitally interested in making the airplane as mild as the oxcart.

All of us are interested, I think. We are impatient for progress. We all want to take to the air. Especially those who fly to-day as passengers would like a plane that any dub can run. They know the peculiar fascination of sky travel. They want more of it. The autmobile has been responsible for much broadening of horizons, for much deep-rooted, thoroughgoing enjoyment. The ultimate possibilities of the airplane are infinitely greater. Those who have tasted the *hors d'œuvres* are eager for the whole feast.

Next month, an article by Waldemar Kaempffert on rocket ships and a visit to Mars.

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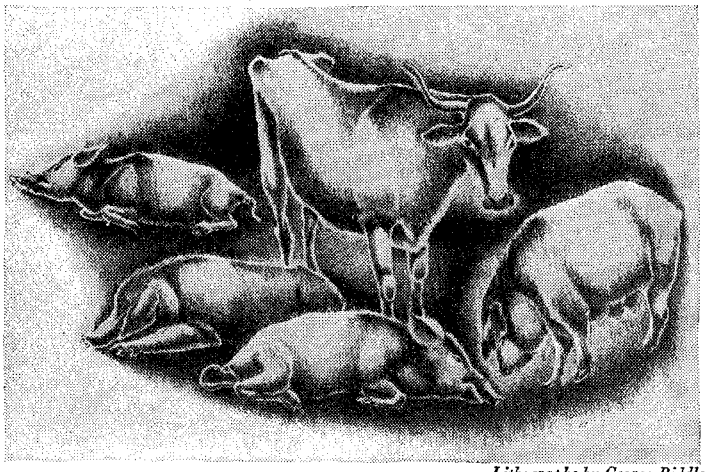
When ANIMALS Were Criminals



Lithographs by George Biddle
Courtesy Weyhe Gallery

by HARRY HIBSCHMAN

In this article a careful student of criminology draws a parallel between our present methods of dealing with human criminals and the medieval methods of our ancestors, who solemnly tried animals for high crimes and misdemeanors. The record seems to indicate that dumb beasts have profited more by our changed ideas of crime and punishment than their human fellow-transgressors. Even of this, however, we cannot be too sure. Within the past year the newspapers reported an animal trial in the Middle West. A dog had made himself a nuisance to farmers by killing sheep. The canine culprit was arrested, charged with his crime, haled solemnly into court, and found guilty — not, we take it, by a jury of his peers. For some reason the dog's attorney failed to take advantage of this technicality, and the animal was duly sentenced and executed.

HISTORY has an uncomfortable way of proving that the true of one age is the false of another, that the heterodox of one day shall be the orthodox of the next. Nowhere is this more evident than in criminology, where many practices and doctrines that were once approved by layman, philosopher, jurist, and priest are to-day judged utterly foolish and inhuman. The wise man may well pause to wonder whether the judgment to be passed on our laws in some future era will prove any more flattering: whether we, too, shall not be found wanting when weighed in the balance of time. For this reason, and because the history of the dead may turn out to be an implicit mandate to the living, it may be profitable, as well as entertaining, to recall the time when animals were haled into court and tried and condemned in exactly the same way as human beings.

Primitive man ascribed life and personality to things. If they injured him, he punished or destroyed them. Every child instinctively does the same; so does his father when he stubs his toe on the walk or when his motor "refuses" to run. In ancient Greece the instrument with which a citizen was killed was brought to trial and, if found guilty, was cast beyond territorial borders. In England, at a much later date, the offending object was called the "bane" and had to be surrendered to the kin of the slain person — not as compensation, but in order that vengeance might be wreaked upon it. Still later, vengeance fell to the state instead of the heirs: the king took the inanimate murderer and then it was called "deodand" — which meant that it was now given to God. It was sold, and at least part of the proceeds were spent upon masses for the victim.

Many queer rules and exceptions were evolved. For example, if the wheel of a cart ran over a person, the whole cart was deodand; but if a man was injured by the wheel while the cart was motionless, then only the wheel was deodand. A ship in fresh water was deodand if a person was killed by some part of the vessel or by being thrown from it by its motion. A ship in salt water was not deodand in the same circumstances. Lord Coke explained very learnedly that a vessel in salt water could not rightly be held guilty, since the vessel was subject to raging waves and tempests and was therefore helpless. In Maryland an inquest

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was held in Colonial days on the body of a planter who had fallen from a tree, and the tree was adjudged forfeit to the proprietor.

From all this it is apparent that our forefathers were a funny lot. Imagine punishing the cart that killed a man! Our generation is wiser. We have discarded the words "bane" and "deodand" and our state simply confiscates an obnoxious object, such as an automobile in which officers find a pint of whisky. One judge has even held that if liquor is found in a private house, all its contents — stove, piano, baby's crib — are subject to seizure. This is progress.

Sinning Swine

If, in olden times, inanimate objects could be punished by law, it is easy to imagine how much quicker our ancestors were in ascribing responsibility and guilt to living things. From the most remote ages comes evidence that this was the common practice. Animals that offended were treated like human criminals. Before there were regular courts of justice, they were delivered to the injured person or his kin for punishment. Later they were brought into court — domestic animals into secular courts, wild animals into the ecclesiastical courts. There they were formally arraigned, represented by counsel, tried, acquitted or convicted — and, if convicted, they were punished. And these were not unique proceedings. They were common all over Europe and even in America.

One of the most famous of these cases arose in Savigny in 1457, when a sow and six little pigs were brought to trial with all due formality for having killed and partly eaten a child. The evidence was clear, but the counsel for the accused animals put up such a strong fight that only the sow was convicted. The little porkers were acquitted on account of their youth and because of the bad example set by their mother. The unhappy sow was hanged on the gallows in the market place before a large court of spectators and left for days as a warning. The little pigs were again in court within three weeks because their owner refused to give bond for their future good behavior. They were therefore declared forfeit to the noble Lady of Savigny. The records in this case are much more complete than those of some of the magistrates' courts in New York City.

In 1494 another pig was convicted of having committed a murder on land belonging to the church, and the monks were the prosecutors. The sentence pronounced upon this pig is worth quoting for the delectation of modern judges. "We, in detestation and horror of the said crime, *and to the end that an example may be made and justice maintained*, have said, adjudged, sentenced, pronounced, and appointed that the said porker, now detained as a prisoner and confined in the said abbey, shall be by the master of high works hanged and strangled."

Other domestic animals were also criminals. In 1314 a bull attacked and killed a man near Moisy. The beast was sentenced to be hanged on the common gallows and the judgment was affirmed by the Parliament of Paris. Dijon condemned and executed a horse for homicide in 1389, and a mare was burned to death in Aix as late as 1694 by order of the highest judicial tribunal of the province.

Among the creatures prosecuted in the ecclesiastical courts throughout the centuries were rats, mice, locusts, grasshoppers, weevils, mosquitoes, flies, ants, vermin, and, of course, snakes. The proper judgment against insects and wild animals was that they be anathematized, but sometimes they were excommunicated. In 1338, for instance, a swarm of insects devastated a region in the Tyrol. They were condemned in the ecclesiastical court and the parish priest was ordered to excommunicate them. This he did by the solemn ceremony of "inch of candle." But, because of the sins of the people and their remissness in the matter of tithes, the impertinent insects resisted the power of the church. After every green thing had been eaten and the inhabitants had been reduced to the verge of starvation, the anathema finally took effect and the insects left.

One of the most famous cases is that of the

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rats of Autun, charged during the early part of the sixteenth century with having willfully eaten and feloniously destroyed the barley crop of the province. The culprits were cited to appear on a certain day but defaulted. The court, however, appointed as their counsel Bartholomew Chassanée, who, as a result of the reputation he made in this and other similar cases and by a dissertation on the law and procedure in such prosecution, became one of the most distinguished of French jurists.

How the Rats Won Their Case

THE HONORABLE and able advocate was as earnest and faithful in defending the rats as he would have been in the defense of his most eminent and wealthy human client. To begin with, he made use of every conceivable pretext and technicality to avoid a trial, contending that since the rats were scattered over a great many villages, one summons was not enough. This point was sustained and a second citation was issued by the court with directions that it be published from the pulpits of all the parishes inhabited by the defendants.

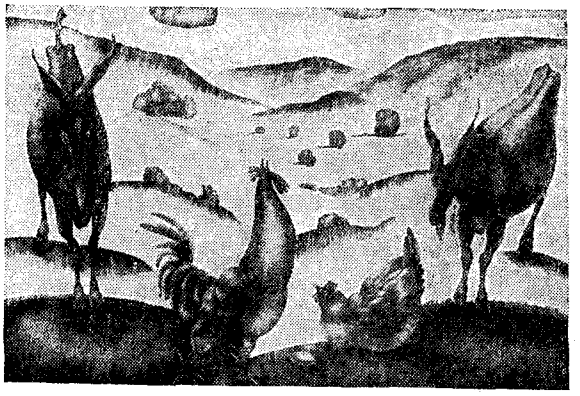
After the not inconsiderable time required to give this notice had elapsed, Chassanée came before the court again and excused the default of his clients on the ground that the journey was long and difficult and particularly dangerous for his clients because of the many cats in the district. He argued cogently that a defendant's failure to obey the court's writ was excusable if he was cited to appear in a place to which he could not come with safety. He demanded, therefore, that those who had filed the complaints against his clients be compelled to give bond for the good behavior of the cats. And, believe it or not, his motion was granted and a formal order entered. But since the complainants were not willing to guarantee the safety of the rats against their traditional enemies, the cats, that ended the prosecution.

The Jarndyce *vs.* Jarndyce of animal cases, however, was begun in 1545 by the wine growers of the commune of St. Julien against a species of weevils that had ravaged their vineyards. The case lasted more than forty years. When it was first heard, two prominent advocates appeared for the insects and interposed a vigorous defense. As a result the judge, doubtless also moved by a modicum of common sense, decided that he would not enter a decree against the defendants. Instead he recommended public prayers and masses.

His program was carried out and the insects disappeared. But some thirty years later they came back, and this time they were actually brought to trial. Their original attorneys had meanwhile died, so two other lawyers were substituted. They presented their plea in June, 1587, and contended that the action was not maintainable, particularly because their clients were not amenable to the only penalty the ecclesiastical court could impose — namely, excommunication. The case was continued three or four times and argued extensively by both sides, the record reading just like that of a modern American court.

Finally, the case having been carried on well over the summer, the suffering grape growers, disgusted with the law's delays, called a public meeting at which it was proposed that a piece of ground outside the vineyards should be selected and set aside for the exclusive use of the insects, where they might live happily and not interfere with the making of good wine. The proposition was speedily adopted and an offer was made in writing to convey it to the insects according to law, provided their lawyers were satisfied with the arrangement.

But, as might be expected, that did not end the litigation. The lawyers, probably having some doubt as to their influence over their clients, contended that the land offered was sterile, and rejected the proposal. This contention was contraverted by the plaintiffs and lengthy and vehement arguments ensued. But what the final outcome was no man knoweth, for the last page of the record is missing. Perhaps the defendant weevils, dissatisfied with the action of the court, sent a secret delegation to destroy that page, thus effectively nullifying the judgment for all eternity.



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A curious case of a different sort occurred at Basle in 1474. A cock laid an egg; and for this heinous offense he was brought before the magistrates, formally arraigned, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be burned at the stake. The execution took place on a height near the city, where, with the attendance of a priest and with as much solemnity as if he had been a human heretic, the hermaphroditic cock was consigned to the flames together with the egg he had laid.

Here, of course, the diabolic element entered in, which is not necessarily true of the other cases described. They have a different explanation, as we shall see later. Many animal trials, however, were connected with ideas of demoniacal possession. Pigs suffered most in this respect, since they were thought to be particularly attractive to the Devil. But cats, dogs, goats, and birds, especially if they were black in color, were not far behind.

The Modern Parallel

Now what is the verdict of history regarding all this? Is it that our progenitors were childishly foolish, naïve, and irrational? Yes, all that; but also much more. To recall the story simply for its humorous features would be to miss its real significance. The justification for repeating it at this time lies in the fact that it has lessons for us who in this year 1930 are interested in making our own judicial machinery operate more efficiently, humanely, scientifically, and justly.

Obviously the people who through so many centuries thus used their juridical processes against inanimate things and against animals were guilty of three egregious mistakes. First, they accepted the doctrine of diabolical possession for animals as well as for human beings. Second, they believed in, and administered, retributive punishment for brute beasts. Third, they imputed consciousness, moral responsibility, and free will to animals.

We of the twentieth century have definitely rejected the doctrine of demoniacal possession, but in that we have little reason for patting ourselves on the back. After all, it is less than one hundred years since that conception still prevailed in England and America in regard to the insane. And as for punishment and what we are pleased to call mental and moral responsibility, let us not harbor the fond delusion that we are so much better than our forefathers. Let us rather, with a weather eye to the future verdict of history, examine the record we are making.

The papers recently carried the story of Sue Brown of Monterey, California — a vicious criminal according to present-day standards. She was treated in a way so superior to that in which our ancestors treated animal offenders that no doubt our children's children will thrill with pride as they read history's verdict. Government agents raided Mrs. Brown's home, found two cases of beer, and rushed her off to jail, leaving her two small children to break the news to their father when he came home from work. Although she was pregnant, she was promptly tried and sentenced to twenty-five days in the county jail, where, on the very day of her incarceration, she gave birth to another child — dead.

Another shining example is the case wherein, under the Jones Law, the United States Circuit Court of Appeals sitting at Richmond, Virginia, has just upheld a sentence of two years at hard labor imposed on a restaurant keeper for selling two glasses of whisky for fifty cents. And in South Carolina a twelve-year-old Negro girl was recently sentenced to thirty days in jail for having carried a bottle of moonshine across the street.

But one need not seek only among prohibition cases for illustrations of our present scientific and humane treatment of lawbreakers. Last year a Kentucky judge found a boy of six guilty of manslaughter and sentenced him to fifteen years in the reformatory for shooting a playmate with his father's gun. The sentence was later annulled, but it reflected beyond cavil the mind and conscience of the judge, and he is no doubt still wondering why more enlightened people found fault with him. And well he may, for he but acted upon the views of millions of his compatriots who still believe in an eye for an eye and cannot understand any treatment of offenders other than the infliction of retributive punishment.

Thus, in Ohio a few months ago, two men were given from five to ten years in prison for having attempted to address a Communist meeting, and a woman who distributed pamphlets at the same gathering was sent to the reformatory for an indefinite term. Some months earlier a man was sentenced to three

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Etching by George Biddle

months in a California jail for selling a copy of Margaret Sanger's *Family Limitation*. How much wiser are these judges than the one who sentenced the sow at Savigny?

Habitual Offenders

In the hysteria of the crime-wave cry a few years ago, New York passed what has come to be known as the Baumes Law, under which a fourth conviction of a felony makes a life sentence mandatory. In spite of the protests of intelligent penologists everywhere, other states have imitated New York in this medieval legislation. One result has been that in Michigan a mother was given a life sentence for selling a pint of whisky, though the law was later changed and the sentence commuted to seven years.

In New York one hundred and eight life-termers have been sent to Sing Sing under the Baumes Law. But Warden Lewis E. Lawes reports that the law has failed to trap the big criminals; it has led to "bargaining with criminals" and "juggling with indictments." Of these hundred and eight lifers, "twenty profited nothing whatsoever from the crime; seventeen succeeded in getting amounts of less than one hundred dollars each; in one instance the loot was twenty cents; in twenty-one cases where the money or property was not recovered the total amounted to an average of two hundred and fifty dollars for each case; in the balance of the cases the property was recovered."

In other words, the law is still wholly concerned with offenses; it deals with offenders not according to their condition but according to their conduct. As a provision of the state constitution of New Hampshire has it: "All penalties ought to be apportioned to the nature of the offense." That seems to be an authoritative statement of the American position. Hence we have minute and absurd specifications of penalties — this number of years for stealing this amount, that number of years for stealing that amount.

Typical of the current thought of the American bench is a statement of Judge Marcus Kavanagh, a popular jurist who is not by any means blind, like many of his colleagues, to modern tendencies: "It (the penitentiary) should be an institution where evil is atoned for and expiated by the evildoer." Recognizing that there are two schools of penologists, he frankly places himself with the more conservative and refers with approval to the classic remark of an eminent English jurist of the nineteenth century, Justice Fitzjames Stephens, who said: "I think it highly desirable that criminals should be hated and that the punishments inflicted upon them should be so contrived as to give expression to that hatred."

Medieval Survivals

So we see that the medieval attitude toward the punishment of animals is still the popular attitude toward the punishment of human offenders. And if we turn to the question of responsibility, we find that the same thing is true: the medieval doctrine of the responsibility of animals is the modern doctrine of individual, human responsibility. The law ascribes mental and moral freedom and capability of crime to all. Therefore any person guilty of an offense against the state is punishable unless there is proof that he was laboring under such a defect of reason that he did not know the nature and quality of his act and did not know that it was wrong. In other words, if the offender is found to know the difference between right and wrong and to know that the

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specific act with which he is charged is wrong, he is subject to punishment, like the ferocious sow of Savigny and the homicidal horse of Dijon.

As an example of the way in which the application of this doctrine works, we may cite the case of Harvey Church of Chicago. At twenty-three, Church, in order to get possession of an automobile, enticed two salesmen into his basement and killed them. Having concealed the bodies, he started in the new car for his former home in Wisconsin, leaving in the basement, for the first searcher to find, a bloody hatchet, a rope, the contract for the car, and other evidence of his crime. He was easily apprehended, was convicted, and was sentenced to be hanged.

Forty days before the date fixed for his execution, he became unconscious. Dr. William J. Hickson was called in to examine him. In his report he gave a thorough diagnosis of Church's condition and said that it "typifies in the most marked manner an extreme case of dementia præcox katatonia with catalepsy. It would be hard to get a more typical example." But in spite of the doctor's testimony, Church was pronounced sane in a special proceeding while he lay unconscious in his cell; and, unconscious, he was carried to the gallows and hanged, although, of course, a Chicago court would be too civilized to hang a dumb brute, such as a sow or a dog.

The Hickman Case

Another case showing just how superior we are to our ancestors is that of William Hickman, hanged in California in 1928 at the age of eighteen for the revolting murder of Marion Parker, a girl of twelve, whom he kidnapped, brutally ravaged, mutilated, killed, and dismembered. The only explanation he himself attempted to make was that he was under the call of Providence. His history, however, is rather more illuminating. His mother, a member of a shouting sect of religious fanatics, was insane and spent some time in an asylum. His maternal grandmother was known as Crazy Becky. His grandfather was a neurotic and also a religious crank. One of his cousins was the town fool. His father deserted the family when the boy was only ten years old, leaving him to be brought up in an atmosphere of morbid emotionalism.

Hickman, always high-strung, introspective, and effeminate in both action and appearance, embarked on a career of crime early in 1927 and committed many varied offenses all over the country, visiting most of the larger cities and making his way by theft, robbery, forgery, and possibly murder. The young attorneys who defended him in the Parker case put in a plea of insanity; but seven alienists testified that he was legally sane, that he knew right from wrong, and knew that the act he committed was wrong. One of the psychiatrists who testified for the defense has since lost his position on the faculty of a Western university and has been expelled from the state medical association. Glance over Hickman's family tree again, and then remember the verdict — sane, and therefore guilty! Such is modern criminal procedure.

Before concluding, we may profitably look at an illuminating document recently published by the Board of Charities and Public Welfare of the State of North Carolina. It is a study of twenty-six persons judicially condemned to death, and the conclusion reached is this: "The most striking fact brought out by these case histories is the prevalence of mental deficiency among the prisoners convicted of capital crimes, a considerable portion of whom were executed. There are, moreover, several cases of actual insanity among them, and it is safe to say that in the twenty-six cases studied, hardly one is the history of a normal man. . . . The death penalty in a large majority of cases is inflicted upon the subnormal and the psychopathic."

In short, we are punishing and executing men, women, and children who are no more responsible morally than were the animals done to death by the ignorance and superstition of the Middle Ages. The will to commit crime is no more present in the one case than in the other; and the concept of punishment is as irrational in the former as in the latter.

Let us not laugh too heartily, then, over the follies of our progenitors, for it is just barely possible that the judgment to be entered in that distant day when we and our deeds shall have been swept onto the dust pile of history will be that we were no less foolish. One thing at least is certain: at present we have little reason for unction of the soul, and humility would not unbecome us.

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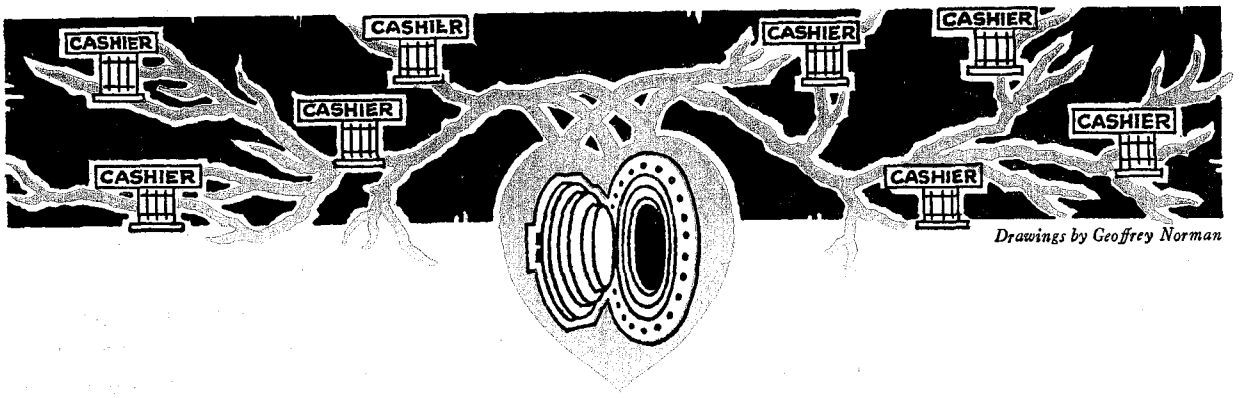

Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

Let's CHAIN the Banks!

by MATTHEW ARMSTRONG

DOWN THE MAIN street of the little town walks a man. Humming tunelessly, he is starting another day of the hard labor which has brought him a good return and which, he hopes, will soon bring him the right to rest. He is happy, this man.

As he approaches the bank containing all his life's savings, he sees a crowd around its door. With difficulty he edges through and gains the front line. There, on the glass panel of the door, he sees a paper: "This Bank Closed by Order of. . . ." Slowly, into a mind suddenly gone blank, come faces — his wife's, his children's. Then he turns away dumbly and looks down the street, remembering it as it was when he first saw it, thirty-five years before.

It had been little more than a country road then, leading through a straggling village, and he had been a boy of fifteen working as the wagon mender's assistant. Eventually the wagon shop became his, and still later it became a garage. Residents came, and more residents, until the settlement had grown into a thriving town of almost five thousand people.

He had "done well," as Grass Meadows said. Working hard, saving what he earned, he had forged ahead to a position of security. When the local bank was organized, he became one of its first depositors. Through succeeding years he had steadily added to his savings until he thought he could plan for the time when he might take things easy, put the kids through college, and maybe travel. And now he sees the crowd and the sign on the door: "This Bank Closed. . . ."

BANKLESS TOWNS

STUART CHASE recently cried, "Let's Work in the Country!" * and doubtless there are many city dwellers who warmly echo his words. But the case cited above and thousands of similar misfortunes stand out in warning. With the rapid disintegration of banking in rural communities, a definite check has been placed upon the trend of decentralization. The Associated Press, in drawing a conclusion from early statistics, says that the old-time American village is "following the road to oblivion already traveled by the little red schoolhouse and the country church." In ninety-two towns out of one hundred and sixty-one enumerated in eight Middle-Western states, the decline in population of the small municipalities ranges from thirty to sixty per cent — although the total population of each state has increased materially.

And no wonder. Who wants to work in the country if to do so is to be deprived of adequate banking facilities? Who will follow Mr. Chase's suggestion if, in the future, he must face the possibility of doing business without a local depository or a local source of credit? The nation in general has experienced a period of

* THE FORUM, May, 1930.

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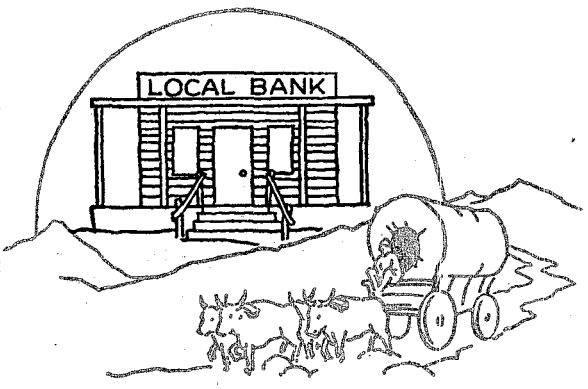
notable prosperity, but the banks themselves have been in a most distressing situation.

During the past nine years nearly five thousand banks in the United States, with deposits of approximately a billion and a half dollars, have closed. In several parts of the country more than half the banks that were in operation in 1920 have since failed. There are counties in which *every* bank has crashed. And ninety per cent of all failures were small institutions. Consider that twenty thousand of the twenty-four thousand banks now open are in small towns and possess an average capital a little in excess of forty thousand dollars and, by the record of the past, one may gain an idea of what might happen in the future.

Thus the present system of unit banking seems to have reached its capacity for usefulness and something of more appropriate proportions must be introduced. Progress in every division of business has been marked during the past quarter of a century, but banking has not kept pace. Except for minor legislative adjustments, the machinery of finance is to-day just as it was at the close of the Civil War. Indeed, we have at present the anomalous situation in which banks are frequently smaller and less extensive geographically than the businesses they seek to finance. New means of transportation and communication, enlarged and widespread organizations have created problems out of all proportion to the banking practices designed for the business tempo of the horse-and-buggy age.

The Comptroller of Currency of the United States voices the general feeling when he says: "The hardship which five thousand failures have imposed upon depositors and upon those who invest their money in country bank stocks is an indication that something is seriously wrong with the system of banking. Surely a great country like ours should not permit the continuation of this suffering, if it lies within the power of the national government to provide a remedy."



One remedy — the one which I am going to discuss — is branch banking, the adoption of which on a large scale has been proposed in the United States. It has long proved its effectiveness in other countries and also, to a limited extent geographically, in our own. At present only ten states permit branch banking without restriction, although twelve more permit offices in the home city and county of the parent institution. The system is forbidden in twenty states and the laws of the remaining six make no mention of the matter.

Thus it is evident that the majority of the states are opposed to branch banking. In my opinion this attitude results from, first, a failure to appreciate the benefits of such organizations, and, second, an outdated prejudice in favor of unit banks. Let us first examine the benefits, and then take up the objections and prejudices.

Branches — for Strength

In banks there must be an assurance of safety, of usefulness, of convenience, of credit capacity, of capability in management, and of permanence. Now it is no longer possible to maintain a successful advocacy of the present unit system when it is viewed in the light of these standards. The loss of hundreds of millions of dollars to depositors is not safety; failure and the consequent complete absence of banks (in many instances, from entire counties) precludes both usefulness and convenience; the destruction of capital destroys credit; and the thousands of closed banks testify perhaps to questionable management and certainly to impermanence.

On the other hand, measure branch banking by these same standards.

By virtue of its diversified resources — representing loans and investments in the various communities and districts in which the several offices are located — a branch banking organization affords maximum safety. Its eggs are not all in one basket. Moreover, through the flexibility and mobility of its funds, it can from season to season follow the demand for loans, yet never find itself embarrassed by inability to keep in contact with the borrower.

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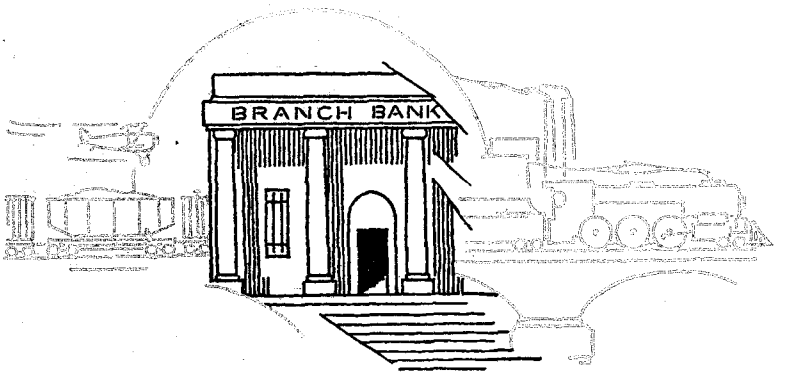

For there is always a local branch, thoroughly familiar with local conditions, on the job to watch its local field.

Part of the assets of the branch system represent loans to aid in the marketing of different agricultural products. Then there are loans on real estate, loans to merchants and manufacturers, and loans to facilitate the transportation of commodities in the domestic market and abroad. Because the branch offices are located in the various centers of agriculture, commerce, and industry, there is always a great diversification in the underlying assets, and a further variation with the seasons. In consequence, through diversification the system of branch banking affords a degree of protection for the depositor far greater than that made possible — or made prevalent — by independent unit banks.

On the score of usefulness much can be said for the branch structure. Since each office is but an extension of the whole organization, it is possible to provide every community, no matter how small, with complete metropolitan banking facilities. Every department of finance, however intricate or highly specialized — escrows, exchange, corporate and private trusts, investment service — is represented. A small unit institution would find the expense of such a service prohibitive for the infrequent demand, but the branch bank can spread the cost over its entire system. Although the facilities may not be required each day at every office, there is constant employment for the whole structure at some location. It may be only once a month that a customer of a branch in an interior rural community will need to place securities in escrow, but when that service is needed, the branch bank has it.

The convenience of branch banking is fairly obvious. The individual who travels from city to city in states where branch banking exists may actually take his bank with him. He is not constantly bumping up against a strange institution with different regulations. He knows that wherever he may be — within the limits of the territory which his bank is permitted to reach (and why shouldn't it be the entire United States?) — he has a banking connection.

The branch system is also convenient to businesses. A large manufacturing or distributing establishment covering a wide area finds under the branch system that it need have but a single banking connection — one type of check, one set of forms, one balance to keep, and one plan to follow. Thus the Blank Company distributes through dealers in one hundred and fifty cities, let us say, in California, where statewide branch banking is permitted. Without branch banking, the Blank Company might normally need one hundred and fifty bank relationships; but that problem disappears immediately, once the company makes an arrangement with a branch organization.

Credit Capacity

How does branch banking rate when measured by credit capacity, our fourth yardstick? A bank is primarily a reservoir of credit. If it is unable to lend a sufficient amount of money to meet the requirements of its customers, it lacks the essential feature for which it was created.

Here once more branch banking meets the test, for the whole capital of the organization is the common denominator of credit for each individual bank. An office in a town of only one thousand people has the same credit capacity as the office in the city of a million.

Normally a bank may not lend in excess of ten per cent of its capital funds to one customer. Under certain conditions this may be increased to twenty per cent. The fact that nearly five-sixths of our banks are located in small towns and have, as I said, an average capital of approximately forty thousand dollars at once suggests that the normal credit limit of the customers of these institutions is indeed restricted.

How can a large business enterprise hope to

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finance its operations if it is located in a small town and is forced to depend on local credit facilities? Perhaps this is one of the factors contributing to the concentration of industry in and around the large financial centers. Might not decentralization be encouraged if adequate credit were available in the smaller communities?

It is pertinent to observe in this connection that American agriculture has in recent years become what might be termed "big business." Huge farms representing very high values are not at all unusual, and expensive machinery and labor-saving devices demand a heavy outlay in equipment. The farmer can no longer feel confident of his ability to wrest a living from the soil with a single horse-drawn plow. Agriculture is requiring credit on a larger scale than ever before. Certain economists have concluded that the present farm problem is the result of bank failures, rather than that the bank failures are the result of an agricultural breakdown.

But (our fifth yardstick) all banks, large or small, require capable management if they are to endure. What does branch banking have in its favor in this particular? Just this: management means men, and men follow two economic invitations — the lure of opportunity and remuneration. Given identical salaries, with identical jobs, the man in the branch bank has an infinitely greater opportunity for advancement than his neighbor in the unit institution.

In addition, because their operation is on a larger scale than the unit bank in the small community, branch systems afford better salaries. Consequently, through the chance that it gives the man to satisfy his natural ambition for advancement and through what it can pay him as he assumes larger responsibility, the branch organization is in a position to attract the men of highest capability.

Last in the process of measuring the fitness of branch banking we come to permanence. The Comptroller of the Currency has pointed to nearly five thousand bank failures in the United States (that is, five thousand banks that have gone out of existence) and has drawn attention to the fact that ninety per cent of all failures were small institutions. Yet a small town cannot sustain a large bank — cannot make it profitable. As a going concern, a bank

is responsible to its stockholders for a profit; if that profit cannot be earned, it will not survive.

In the past fifteen years the cost of doing business has increased tremendously. Every item for which banks have to pay has soared — salaries, equipment and supplies, real estate. But at the same time the interest rates that banks charge have declined, thus narrowing the margin between income and expense. Branch banking — because of the economies in operation which it permits (wholesale banking as opposed to retail); because of the specialization of activities (paralleling the so-called "division of labor" in industry); because of the measures of large-scale business efficiency which it may introduce; and because of the caliber of the management which it can employ — is able to earn a profit, even under unusually adverse conditions.

There is, therefore, a degree of permanence inherent in the system that is of vital importance to the nation's financial structure.

New Days — New Ways

Nevertheless, through the years there has been ready opposition to branch banking — especially from those who, from sincere belief or for selfish ends, have championed the cause of the unit bank. It has been claimed that branch banking is monopolistic, despite the fact that in those countries where the system has long been in vogue no such result has been apparent. Moreover, since there is no tariff on money, it may flow without hindrance to all quarters of the globe. A financial monopoly would be almost as difficult to obtain — and equally impossible to hold — as a monopoly of air.

Then there are those who have charged that branch banking tends to draw resources from rural areas, to be fed out in large cities. The

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speciousness of this argument has long since been exposed. The demand for money is a seasonal matter. When crops are to be moved, money must participate; and the legitimate needs of each customer must be satisfied, else his patronage will be withdrawn and the business of the bank dried up. Cities are reservoirs of deposit, and the money so accumulated (in order to earn a profit) must be loaned out seasonally as it is needed by agriculture, industry, and commerce.

Another objection advanced has been that loans cannot be made without the approval of the head office authorities and that, as a consequence, customers of the branches are at a distinct disadvantage. It has been charged that applications for credit are acted upon by individuals who do not know the borrowers and that too little weight is attached to the element of personal character.

Here again, truth confutes hypothesis. In the branch system each office receives and passes upon requests for credit. The branch loaning officers carry the transaction through to its conclusion and at the end of the day's work forward a written report to the central credit department. Except in some unusual circumstances or when the amount involved is extraordinarily large (and in such instances the unit bank of the small town would be unable to make the loans at all), the branch handles the matter without reference to the head office.

A final and frequent argument is that, because in the nation's early days banking grew up under what is known as the unit system (that is, each institution was organized under a separate charter, with no particular relationship to other banks in other communities), it would now be a mistake to encourage branch banking, even though it might have certain demonstrable advantages and be better suited to business and financial conditions as they exist at present. As Mr. Edward C. Stokes, former Governor of New Jersey, said recently at a bankers' convention: "The independent banking system of our country has worked with the individual and helped him to grow industrially, educationally, inventively, and commercially."

But what is to prevent branch banking from exerting an equally helpful influence now that conditions have changed? In the days of magnificent distances, when miles were matters to be reckoned with and time was measured in weeks, or months, or years; when communities enjoyed a splendid isolation, each as remote from the other as the two poles; and when rapid communication was a miracle — then, true enough, the unit bank offered the solution to the difficult problem of local financial coöperation.

But time and human ingenuity have both intervened, introducing circumstances undreamed of by an older generation.

Picture the covered wagon trundling slowly westward, straining and swaying under the glare of the desert sun, half hidden in the desert dust. Who would take from the pioneer the glory of that argosy? Who would deny the splendid courage of those whose stalwart hearts refused to weaken? But, given the transportation of to-day — the railroad, the motor car, the airplane — who is there that is willing to say:

"We must not use these new devices. Our West was won, its terrors conquered, by the ox team and the horse and wagon. In the name of tradition we must not replace them, even though we now have something that will serve us better and save time and effort."

That reasoning sounds exceedingly absurd. And so it is. So, too, is the plea that financial devices and procedures that served our great-grandparents admirably should never be adapted to the transformed requirements of a day that has witnessed industrial and commercial developments which are scarcely less than revolutionary.

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Dictator to an Emperor

Continued from page 141

whose deaths were needed, but a person unfriendly to him whose nickname could be so translated.

The Min princess, who by giving birth to the Crown Prince at least started the dynasty which the Regent so desired to continue, was a remarkable woman in every way — intelligent and educated (which was a rarity, for Korean women seldom have any education), and keenly alive to the interests of her child husband. A woman of character and unbending will, and a politician far beyond her years and sex, she was from the first a formidable adversary of the Regent. The latter had promptly allied himself with the Chinese, but after China's conclusive defeat by Japan in 1894 he sought the favor of the Tokyo government. The Queen, although not anti-foreign, wanted her country to be free and prosperous and her husband to be happy. Therefore she worked constantly for the King's independence from his father's influence and for the independence of Korea from any foreign domination.

Naturally, her life was never safe, and her small consort was but an added load. On one occasion the palace was invaded by the Regent's men and the King seized. The gates were thrown open and a drunken mob let loose so as to cover up what the Regent hoped would be the Queen's sudden death. In with these ruffians rushed a burly miner, named Ye Yong Ik, from the northern province of Peng Yang. Perhaps he was sent by the Queen's friends, perhaps he played his own game. At any rate, he came upon the poor girl in her hiding place, bundled her into clothes torn from a kitchen maid, and, throwing her over his shoulder, strode from the palace gates, shouting with obscene jokes that he had got his loot — that they might burn the palace now for all he cared.

His coarse pleasantries so charmed the Regent's guards that they let him pass, and out he went to hide the Queen in a mountain hut. There he convinced her of his loyalty and, in due time, when her death was reported, revealed her retreat to her clan. A counterstroke, supported by the people, relieved the young King and restored his wife to the palace. Ye Yong Ik became a famous person and, as will be seen, stood high at court.

Along toward 1894 the Queen incurred the mortal enmity of the Japanese legation — either because of the machinations of the Regent or because the Japanese minister aimed at annexation and she stood in his way. It was well known that an attempt to get rid of her was to be made once and for all, and one night in October the blow fell. The Regent went to the palace of the royal couple and, when the gate was opened to him, let in a horde of Japanese *soshi* (comparable to our gunmen and imported into Korea for the purpose) led by Japanese officers in Korean disguise. The Queen's guard made a moment's defense until the King, frantic with alarm and persuaded to yield by his father, ordered them to lay down their arms. Their gallant commander persisted single-handed and was cut to pieces by the invaders.

The mob scattered through the palace, shouting for the death of the Queen. This time, poor little lady, there was no rough miner to protect her. They found her, cut her down, and threw her, still breathing, on an oil-soaked pile of brushwood, burning her so completely that only a few charred bones were recovered for burial.

After this the King was only a pawn in the hands of rival players — his father, the Japanese, the Russians. The Queen dead, the Japanese immediately strengthened the (Japanese) guard in the palace "for the protection of the King." The Japanese minister hastened to him and remained steadfastly at his side during all audiences given to callers from the other legations. It has been said that at these audiences the minister wore the air of a tutelary superior rather than that of a diplomat. The King, it seems, was incoherent and unintelligible, repeating to each of the foreign diplomats — like a lesson learned — his thanks for "timely Japanese protection," then breaking down, trembling, weeping, and stammering.

Eventually this Japanese influence suffered a temporary eclipse, thanks to the efforts of Om, a palace serving-maid. She managed to get the King and the Crown Prince (who had been born feeble in body and mind, his brave little mother having submitted before his birth to all kinds of barbarous treatment at the hands of medicine men in order to secure a powerful prince for succession) out of the palace by muffling them in women's clothes and hiding them in a sedan chair. Straight to the Russian legation she took them, where they were only too welcome.

Then the people rose and, in vengeance for the Queen, who was now a great romantic figure, killed some pro-Japanese officials and dispersed all who were known to have been party to the assassination. The Japanese guard was withdrawn from the palace and the minister, his advisers, and the *soshi* left hastily for Tokyo. The King, safe in the Russian legation, then assumed the title of Emperor, presumably on the feudal theory that although a mere king may be vassal to an emperor, an emperor's sovereignty is unique.

III

THIS, THEN, was the history of the household into which I entered when I accepted the Emperor's invitation to become his adviser. I was given a house near the American legation and rooms inside the palace. To the great joy and unceasing ribald comment of every diplomatic colleague, my quarters in the palace were situated between the palace ladies on the one side and the eunuchs on the other.

My salary was supposed to be one hundred and fifty dollars a month, that being the limit which the Emperor had set at the instigation of the Japanese. A Japanese could live on that sum — could live impressively if he were subsidized by his own government. But no European or American of the right sort could even exist on such an amount, and a government subsidy was quite contrary to American practice. The scheme was a Japanese move to break the American tradition and to eliminate the real obstacle to annexation. The Japanese legation could not attack American influence in Korea on the grounds of self-defense, for there was no possible way of interpreting it as a menace to Japan or anybody else.

The circle of intrigue at the palace radiated around three people. First there was the serving-maid, now Lady Om, who had rescued the King and the Crown Prince. As a reward she had been raised to the first rank of secondary consorts, to the disgust of the nobles and the delight of the populace, and in due course of time she became the mother of the monarch's third son. (A second son, by one of the court ladies, was taken to Japan and systematically debauched by a group of conspirators.) Lady Om was no friend to Japan, and had leanings toward Russia, but it was commonly understood that she could be persuaded to "take a reasonable view."

Then there was the dead Queen's champion — the miner, Ye Yong Ik. Grateful as that lady had been, it was only by the full strength of her will that she had been able to make the court nobles tolerate this rough person, who never bothered with court etiquette and

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whose tall, red-eyed figure was dirty and badly dressed. However, he had his private methods. Through Lady Om's influence he had been made Keeper of the Privy Purse, and whenever he wanted something he sent a little bag of gold nuggets ahead — but never so far ahead that he could not see what happened to it.

To this alliance between the successful kitchen maid and the ambitious miner was added Kang Sok Ko, the Chief Eunuch, a friend of Allen and considered as the head of the American party within the palace. These three surrounded the Emperor with every care and it was not often that any communication reached him except through one of them, or at least without their learning of it. All of the court intrigue and much of the foreign diplomacy turned on devising new ways of reaching the Emperor without their knowledge.

I had a difficult enough time in communicating with the Emperor as it was. Although a staff of interpreters was put at my disposal, the method of securing exact translations of what I wanted to say involved a great deal of work. First, I wrote it all out in English. Then I had an assistant translate it into Korean, after which I would have someone else retranslate it to me orally in French, to be sure that the full sense had been preserved. Once certain of that, I had the message set up in the ceremonial court language, so complicated and archaic that it was sure to lose the sense of anything unknown in the time of Abraham. That done, I had it read to me in a foreign language by one of the men who had not seen it before.

Even with all these precautions one could not be sure of getting a message straight. In the case of a number of conspirators who had given endless trouble but had been brought back from Japan on a promise of amnesty, I was consulted on the subject of what rights they had now that they were again in Korea. I pleaded that the amnesty should be maintained, but my paper was changed in transit to say exactly the opposite; consequently the men were strangled in prison. The incident was vigorously exploited by the Japanese press and, unfortunately, went far to justify its contention that the Korean government could not be trusted.

Since I had to transact His Majesty's business in the daytime and since the palace was a little distance from the city, I also had to have quarters in Seoul itself. They proved to be a house which an American missionary had built. Because it was located on a sacred spot — a violation of native etiquette and actual law — and the Korean government didn't dare confiscate a foreigner's dwelling, the Emperor had been forced to purchase it. It was a quite ugly house built of brick in the mid-Victorian style of the Middle West. After it had been bought at an exorbitant price (the missionary was not timid in his demands), it was given to me to use. It was the scene of official entertainments by the palace people more than it was my home, which sometimes led to amusing encounters.

I returned late one evening from a hard journey into the interior — dirty, unshaven, muddy, and exhausted. Entering through the servants' quarters, I found the house lighted from floor to roof and a great bustle of palace cooks. This annoyed me, and I threw open the pantry door to the dining room to see what was going on in my absence. All the dignitaries of the Korean court were seated around my table, and in the place of honor stood a quite obvious American making a speech about the coming World's Fair. He broke off, stared at me, and asked me what I wanted.

"A bath, a shave, and food," I said. "Thanks very much."

"You can't get that here, my man. This is a private house."

"Quite so," I answered. "It *is* a private house. It is mine. Would you mind telling me what you are doing in it?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I am Commissioner General of the World's Fair. My name is John Barrett" — which was my first meeting with my very good friend, whom I later succeeded in the legation at Panama and who created that masterpiece, the Pan-American Union, from an obscure bureau of Latin-American affairs.

IV

UNDER an old custom, which had grown out of palace revolutions, the Emperor did not sleep at night. I was expected to be on duty from sundown to sunrise, ready at any time for an audience. The great palace gates were closed firmly at twilight and only a small postern gate left open. All ministers of state and others paying calls at court came in before sunset and waited, sometimes until the gates were reopened in the morning. Night was the time for the transaction of state affairs, unless they clashed with more serious things, such as a poetical contest, the choice of silks or perfumes for the wardrobe, or the trying out of a new dancer. It was Alexandre Dumas in an Oriental setting.

Sooner or later all official business came my way. If the Emperor himself did not send to ask my opinion, some one of the eunuchs was sure to hurry in to report (as he understood it) what he had heard from behind a screen, in order to have a ready-made opinion to throw into a debate and thus mark up a credit for his knowledge.

These curious eunuch people wandered in and out of my quarters at all times, questioning about everything, restless, eternally dissatisfied, and very greedy. Under no conditions could one possibly gain so complete an insight into the secret workings of palace diplomacy in the East as by living with them. Probably the most influential people at the Korean court, their influence was always harmful. They were generally uneducated, quite illiterate, and of poor family. Furthermore, they were warped and suspicious, moody, and prone to sudden anger and vindictive hatred. Their one passion was money and any means of getting it was legitimate. Surprisingly enough, they were all married. Prosperous eunuchs adopted very young eunuch boys, and thus a family line was established.

Theoretically, these eunuchs were supposed to stand apart from all worldly interests and passions, to be austere and ascetic; practically, they were just the opposite. However, their presumed spirituality caused them to be regarded as a kind of priesthood. They made sacrifice to the Supreme Being — this duty being relegated to them by the Emperor, who supposedly was the only person allowed the rite; they guarded the royal tombs, and were put in charge of the palace ladies.

Probably only the wives of the eunuchs themselves led a more miserable existence than these women. Korean women ruled their households, but they were rigidly secluded. Women of the people and women servants of the palace could come and go as they pleased. Women of the better class could at least visit each other at night, though strongly guarded. And the public dancers, without whom no Korean entertainment was complete, were as free as the air, forming the only approach to native feminine society. (Incidentally, I never saw a Korean woman of any class who was not downright ugly.)

But the poor palace ladies were barred completely from all worldly contamination. Members of the harem, they were supposed to lead the contemplative life of nuns. The slightest curiosity about outside affairs entailed the severest punishment for everybody concerned. One of the eunuchs, nevertheless, at the risk of his life and hers, constantly brought me requests for Western reading from the Crown Princess, who lived next door. I never saw her or discussed her with anyone, but I was impressed by her mind. I sent her all the Chinese and

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Japanese translations of Western literature that I could find. A good deal of it was unintelligible to her, but when she found difficulties her intermediary would come to discuss them with me. Her comments and questions were remarkably shrewd. I suspect that the Emperor knew all about it, for no secret is kept long in an Oriental court. Perhaps he remembered that his own poor Queen had been hungry for Western knowledge, and was satisfied to let his son's wife have it too.

Often the whole night would go by without consultation on state business, although the Emperor never failed in the early days to send a messenger several times to ask if I were well. On such nights all the idle courtiers in the palace would come and sit with me to gossip intimately and tell tales: we were all of the household and therefore above the formalities of outside life. Many of the Korean tales, unlike those of China and Japan, are similar to those of other countries — to those of Bagdad or North Africa. They are told with such a wealth of gesture, mimicry, and intonation that they are often perfectly intelligible even to one having very little knowledge of the language. While more than broad, they are not necessarily coarse. Much had to be left unsaid, but was conveyed in such a manner as to provoke a laugh from the nobles, to whom easy laughter was unseemly.

The same art of leaving things unsaid and of tricking people into self-betrayal was practiced in another way — in conversation between two nobles, strangers, who chanced to meet. Each grade of Korean society was indicated by the verbal forms used in conversation. You changed your verbal endings according to the social position of the person with whom you were speaking, and it was very important to give exactly the right shade. If you missed it, either for a degree too high or one too low, you branded yourself as being unused to court life, a rustic, and not a man of the world.

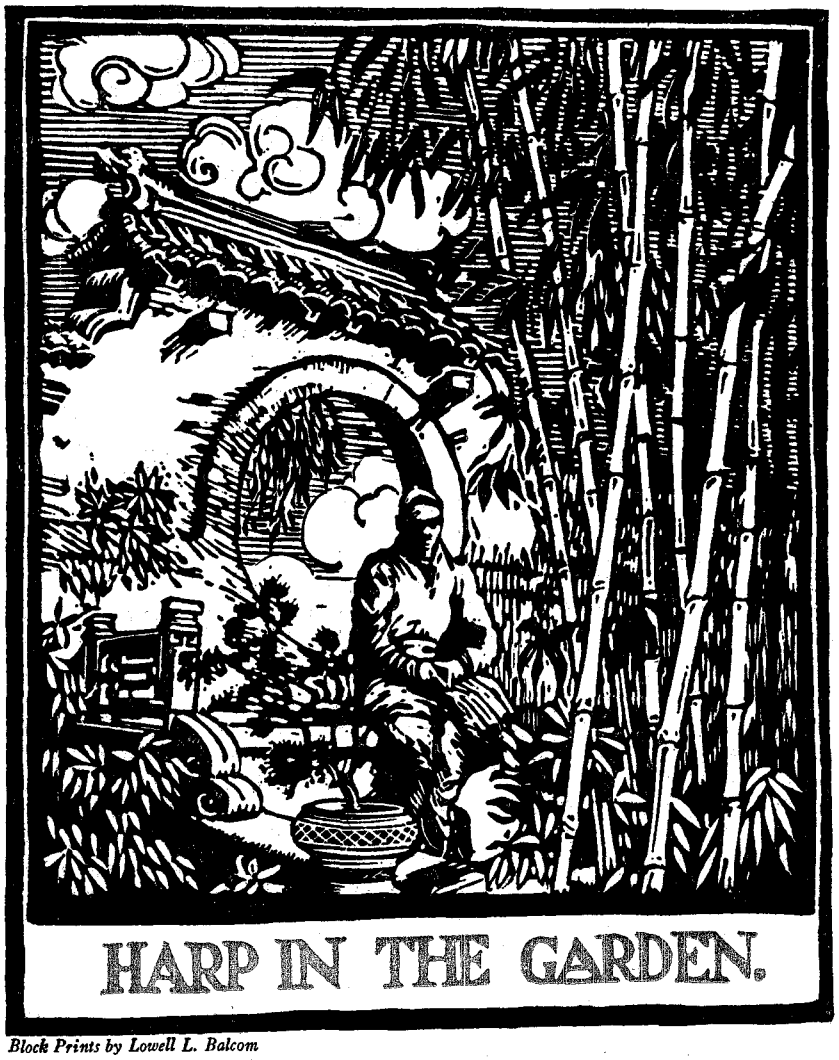
Two men meeting by chance, unknown to each other even by name, would spar for hours, never ending a verb, each trying to conceal his own rank and place the other's exactly. They would develop a kind of neutral language until one would triumphantly guess the precise status and antecedents of his adversary and use the corresponding verbal form. If he was wrong, the other would at once use a verbal ending obviously lower than the guesser's rank, to indicate that had he been quite a gentleman, he could not have made such a social blunder.

Our diversions at the palace were those of old Korea: poetry parties — in fine weather held by a river or some spot of rural beauty — in which all conversation had to be in a certain style of verse; fishing (shooting and riding were taboo for Korean gentlemen, except for those who bore a military title); and hawking (a very noble but expensive sport, due to the custom of accepting as truth the many lies told by one's hawkers).

Drinking was not heavy. There was a good deal of drunkenness among the lower people, though not as much as among similar classes in Europe and America. In general the Koreans could not stand much liquor. They were all heavy smokers, a practice which American missionaries dutifully tried to curb, but very little drink was sufficient to unbalance them.

There were, of course, notable exceptions to this rule of temperance. I remember that some Korean cadets had been sent to Japan for advanced training, and when they returned, they were promptly suspected of being Japanese agents. I did what I could to relieve their position, because I knew that nothing could have been better calculated to set them against the government than this policy of distrust. I rode with them and even built them a clubhouse in a corner of my gardens, where they could meet and live as long as they liked.

One morning at breakfast, after I had returned from the palace, two of them came to see me, deadly green in the face and with deep lines under the eyes, to tell me that they had spent the night at the club. I asked them what they had done with themselves all that time. They said that they had sent out for a bottle of something with which to pass the hours away. One bottle of anything seemed too little to have so completely wrecked two rather sturdy lieutenants, so I sent for the empty remains. It was absinth which they had drunk — in liqueur glasses without water! I still do not think it was possible, but they said they did it, and they survived.



HARP IN THE GARDEN.

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V

It should not be thought that my duties were confined to poetry parties and chats with eunuchs. I had work to do. It was quite clear that neither

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Japan nor Russia wanted a progressive Korea, yet it was toward that end that I was striving. John Hay, then Secretary of State, had told me that if I became the Emperor's adviser I would be entirely on my own and could expect absolutely no official backing from the American government. However, in the welter of competition for spheres of influence and special interests, neutrality could not possibly mean anything to the Oriental mind but weakness; in this case they might infer that my own government disapproved of me.

The very fact that I accepted the Emperor's invitation, nevertheless, led both the Koreans and the various diplomatic corps to believe at first that there must be some secret understanding with Hay, in spite of his pronouncement. According to their view, as adviser to His Majesty I was either the instrument of the American minister or I represented nothing at all and was open prey to every other diplomat in the place. I was tested both ways and it was only gradually that, as one legation after another tried me out with its plans and schemes, the truth was driven home. Meanwhile, the American legation remained passive — as it was obliged to do, having washed its hands of me. Under the first illusion I made a start. Then, as opposition crystallized, the Koreans themselves gave up hope of official American protection and lost interest, and finally decided to throw their lot in completely with the stronger of the two rivals — Russia or Japan.

I had no intention of Americanizing Korea. On the contrary, I wanted to retain the native culture as completely as possible, familiarizing the people with Western ways only in sufficient degree to keep them out of unnecessary trouble. I believed that the foreign assistance being deluged on Korea should remain international, but that it should be made coöperative rather than competitive. I had a program and a party at court. Our objective was the neutralization of Korea in the event of a conflict between Japan and Russia. In order to secure favorable attention for neutralization and absolute peace treaties between Korea and all the world, it was primarily necessary to work on two things — improvement in administration and education.

The administrative system was simply one huge system of bribery. Even the Japanese money lenders made a normal business of it. They would lend a candidate for some provincial post the necessary bribe money, at twelve per cent a month — the usual rate also in land and crop transactions — to be repaid within a certain brief period after taking office. The first care of the new governor or district magistrate, therefore, would be to raise whatever he had spent, plus interest, by taxation. Then he would raise the whole sum due from his district to the Emperor by the same method; after which it was again necessary to tax the people in order to get as much as possible on his own account before being replaced by a new bidder for his post.

The bribe money went to the Emperor, which was not considered immoral, since the land and the people belonged to him to dispose of as he wished. Of course, any candidate who could get direct access to him was lucky, for he got off cheaper than if he had to go through the whole palace hierarchy. Offices in the palace and around the imperial person were sought for that reason; they gave opportunity for patronage limited only by the energy, tact, and guile of the incumbent. In the remote back-country this graft was reënforced by torture — a method which was even revived occasionally in the police procedure at Seoul.

I knew all that, but I also knew that I had some influence with the Emperor and that he listened to me with confidence. I knew, too, that there was a considerable body of Korean officials who would prefer to be honest and were as decent as the system allowed. Several powerful nobles were heartily ashamed of the backwardness of their country and might be expected to help in a reform program. I counted on the American party in the palace to become the chief advocates of reform, and on the American-mission-trained natives and the oppressed natives to support it enthusiastically.

I believed that I could secure the cooperation of the English and get the beginnings of an educational system by unifying the various language schools, controlled by foreigners and supported by the Korean government, and could make all minor appointments from their graduates until we could develop further. Eventually I hoped to work out a definite tax system, based on a census, and to extend a definite code of procedure to the district and provincial courts. If I could get that far, and if I could show some measure of progress and reform, it seemed to me possible to hope for peace treaties and international

THE MULBERRY TREE.

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agreements to guarantee Korean neutrality.

I may say that I did *not* get that far. Everyone interested in plain and simple graft saw in my ideas the eventual destruction of their own chances and power. Governments interested in local disorders as a reason for intervention did not want reform. Getting the English, Russian, French, German, and Japanese language schools out of the control of their respective legations and into cooperative effort for the benefit of the government which paid them (Korea), was a hopeless task. As for tax reform, it was an easy matter for the opposition to make the peasants suspicious of a census as being a preliminary, not to uniform and simple taxation, but to increased levies.

Neither ought I to have expected to be able to unite the various foreign advisers of the Korean Government (Frenchmen for the legal and postal departments, a Dane for the telegraph service) into one body serving the interests of the country which paid their salaries. They still thought of themselves as agents of their own governments, which was exactly the reverse of my own position. My youthful efforts to get these foreign advisers to agree on a common policy, no matter how simple and innocuous, were wrecked from the start with devastating completeness. So far as I know, every legation except the French protested to the Emperor against my "pernicious" activities.

The Emperor expected opposition from the legations, of course, and would have backed me to the fullest of his feeble strength had he not been bewildered over the neutrality of Allen, the American minister. That situation he never did and never could understand; my efforts to explain the American policy left him only with the feeling that I must be trying to hide some private quarrel with Allen, a possibility which trouble makers fell upon like vultures, even though, of course, it did not exist. It is true that Allen and I did not always agree, but he always commanded, and does now, my respect and affection.

Hope of neutralization and multilateral treaties faded away under the frank opposition of the Russian and Japanese ministers, who found for the first and only time something that they could see alike. My next four years were occupied fully with attempts to meet individual abuses rather than a general condition, to prevent and hold down foreign disorders, to prevent foreign stimulation of disorders, and to do what little any individual might do to keep peace. In other words, to hold off as long as possible the collapse of the harassed kingdom.

Next month Mr. Sands will continue his memoirs with an account of his Fight to Save an Empire

The Russian ENGINEER

Continued from page 152

waste is unnecessary, a crime against the revolution — therefore counter-revolution.' That was Khalamov, of whom Petr Petrovitch spoke the first night you were here. . . .

"Was it necessary? I don't know. Was it sabotage? I don't know. But I do know how easy it is to fall into the camp of those suspected of counter-revolution, and how that delays my work. Why don't they go to the root of mismanagement, of poor quality, of bad workmanship — the entrance of politics into the factories? But who dares criticize the workers when they hold the power? Responsibility — I want none of it. Did I say I was a Socialist? I was once. God knows what I am now. . . .

"So, when they have alienated their own engineers, when they smell sabotage in every suggestion we make, the government brings in those foreign engineers, pays them ten thousand dollars a year — and they make exactly the same suggestions we made earlier. And they are then applauded as masters of the most advanced American technique. . . ."

There was a shout in the room adjoining. Petr Petrovitch burst in, bundles under his arms. "Andrei Georgievitch, Nadyezhda Ivanovna, congratulate me, congratulate me! . . . uh . . . uh . . ." he was reduced to bleating. "I have won ten thousand rubles in the lottery drawing yesterday. Look, I have brought vodka! I shall go to the Caucasus . . . to the Crimea . . . perhaps I can get a passport abroad. . . . What I now can buy! . . . Nadyezhda Ivanovna, your health. . . . Oh, gentlemen! . . ."

VII

ANDREI was to have left for America on June fifteenth. He came to my room, however, about the twentieth.

"Haven't you gone yet?" I asked him. We had already said good-by.

He handed me a typewritten paper which read, "This will inform you of the dissolution of the marriage between yourself and Nadyezhda Ivanovna Malutina." He stood silent for a minute, then he said, "She got a divorce while I was away last week, and this was the first I knew of it. That's the way things can be done here. Woman's rights and equality. . . . I used to be in favor of them, but this comes a little close home. Doesn't it seem like a madhouse to you sometimes? She ran off with that old horse-radish, Petr Petrovitch, and his ten thousand rubles. I was always suspicious of him and his nice clothes; there are ways of earning money in this country. . . . But I never suspected him of this. . . .

"Last week, when I heard of this, I was afraid they wouldn't let me go abroad. You know, our government has a lot of trouble with the people it sends abroad. They go and then, in the calm and luxury of life there, they don't want to come back; those things are not here. So all that government money is wasted and another engineer lost. Or worse, Chaliapin — or Chekov, our greatest actor. There have been many, chiefly non-Communists, of course. Why do the aviators who fly out each day to Königsberg, in Germany, have to be married? So that there is something here which will bring them back. With my wife gone I will leave no hostages. But they are letting me go — the day after tomorrow. . . .

"And now I do not want to go. I am afraid of so many things that I shall see in your land. I shall be made conscious of so much that we now lack and of so much that we shall never have. Things I want — no, not silk stockings and cabarets, chocolates and forty-story buildings. I am afraid that after a trip abroad Russia will no longer be my homeland. It will be a place of exile."

VIII

I READ sometime later, in an anti-Soviet newspaper published in Paris, a headline — "Another engineer refuses to return to Soviet Russia." There followed a brief account saying that Andrei Georgievitch had overstayed his leave abroad, had refused to obey several summonses to return, and had committed suicide. The dispatch was written in a gloating fashion, as if to imply that the news proved some cherished point.

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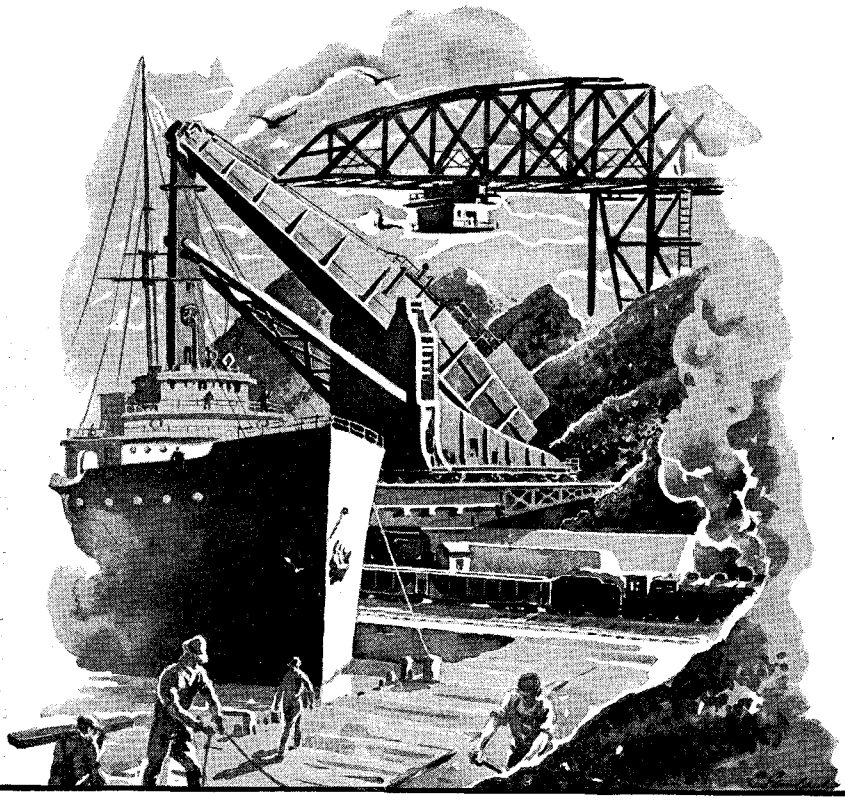

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TRAVEL

The Austrian Alps

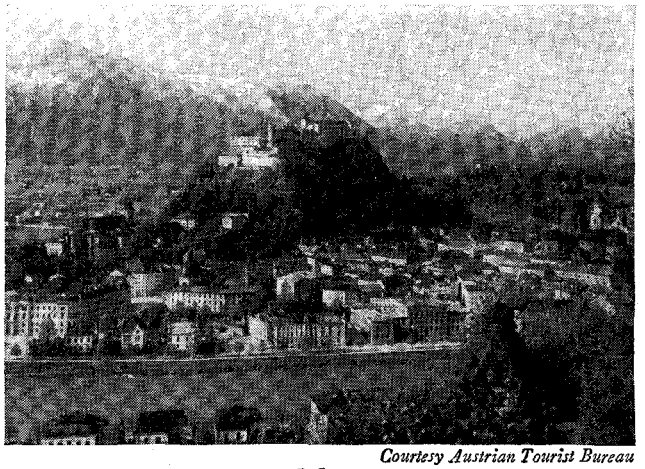
by **ESTELLE H. RIES**

WE LEFT Vienna very early one Sunday morning for Salzburg, where we arrived about two in the afternoon. Salzburg was once a bishop's stronghold and there are evidences of great age on all sides. It is divided by the winding Salzach River, both banks of which are bordered by fine promenades planted with trees. The city lies in a wide valley surrounded by fascinating peaks of varied shapes, and from amid the houses the steep sides of the Mönchsberg Mountain rise abruptly. Some of the houses at its base have rooms and cellars hewn out of the rock.

Putting ourselves in the hands of an old cabby, we took a delightful ride through the city and the countryside. The mild spring beauty of the surroundings invited us to surrender ourselves to the quaint charms that unfolded themselves. The men and boys were in Tyrolean costume — green suits to the knees, jaunty little peaked hats with a perky feather in them, the short coat and silver-buttoned waistcoat. There were men smoking long pipes that reached down to their chests. Oxcarts were being led by peasant girls. Bare-headed friars in their brown suits. Women crossing-sweepers carrying twig brooms. Occasional street shrines on the corners. All these lent atmosphere to the panorama.

Salzburg is Mozart's birthplace, and the scene to-day of Max Reinhardt's great experiments. It is therefore the Mecca each year for pilgrims of the drama and music. Great artists, able elsewhere to command large salaries, do their bit here without remuneration, and pay their expenses as well, out of homage to art and to Herr Reinhardt. The annual festival opens with a concert of sacred music in the venerable cathedral. The Festspielhaus, formerly the riding school of Salzburg's militant prelates, is now rebuilt from basement to roof to house a splendid modern theatre fashioned in the ecclesiastical architecture so strikingly applied in the American production of *The Miracle*. The Festspielhaus also contains a spacious and beautiful assembly or concert hall and a superb foyer, their walls emblazoned with allegorical figures painted on the masonry itself in primitive designs and vivid coloring.

Of course we wanted to see the Schloss, so our cabby took us to a large public square and pointed vaguely up a mountainside toward the castle, which was then invisible. We dismounted and started climbing the mountain. The glorious road was planted with irregular rocks to serve as steps and the ascent seemed endless. The further we climbed the further the top seemed to recede. Finally we reached the summit. We had anticipated a marvellous reward for our effort; but the mountain was crowned with a tiny little museum of no interest whatever, and we were told that the Schloss was down in the square where we had come from. So we admired the view, which was really magnificent and worth all the trouble, and came down again. On the way we saw a great contraption called a mechanical theatre, built in the 1600's for the amusement of the king. By pushing a button, you can see a whole cross section of village life in action. Little figures are engaged in dairy-



Courtesy Austrian Tourist Bureau

Salzburg

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ing, building, dancing, boating, hunting, and the like. It is a very noisy but very interesting performance.

The rain was pouring again, so we hurried back, my long-legged friend rushing down the hill ahead of me. When I arrived, there was no long-legged friend to be found. Having set out to see the Schloss, I was determined that neither rain nor friendlessness should prevent me from doing so. But the castle was bare and empty and entirely uninteresting, so I soon left it, and found my friend standing out in the square holding forth with the old cabby who was engineering our exploits.

Quite the most amusing thing was Hellbrunn, a pleasure resort of the Emperor which we went through. The guide pressed a button and fountains spurted out in all directions, even from antlers' horns, and as it was quite unexpected, several had a wetting. (The Sunday crowd was there.) Also there were mechanical devices for producing bird songs, so realistic it was difficult to believe that they were artificial.

Later we went to the Festung, or prison, way up the mountain to see the view of the city. We climbed to the top of the tower and went through a couple of torture chambers and bishops' heraldic rooms of mediocre interest. But the sunset, starting high over the mountains and suffusing the forests, valleys, rivers, and city far below, was memorable. One goes up and down by a funicular. As we had to wait for a guide, who had to wait for a crowd, who had to wait for the funicular, we lost most of our time and had to hurry back. The baggage man was busy drinking a mug of beer, and simply refused to return our things, late as we were, until he had finished, lighted his pipe, and discovered that he had nothing further to loiter over at the moment. But somehow we got our train.

THIS TRAIN was to take us to Berchtesgaden, high up in the Austrian Alps. We had been in too much of a hurry to discover exactly when it was due there, but some uninformed passerby told us the ride took about an hour. Since I was traveling as a guest, I had been given seats in the first class, at the end of the train, and as none of the natives can be found in such luxury, we were entirely isolated. No conductor came near us. The train was so long that when it stopped we were too far from the platform to know what station we were at. We could not pass from our car to the ones ahead without stepping out of the train, and after our adventure on the Vienna train that day, we did not feel like taking that chance. The hour passed. No Berchtesgaden. We could see nothing out of the car windows but rain. It certainly felt

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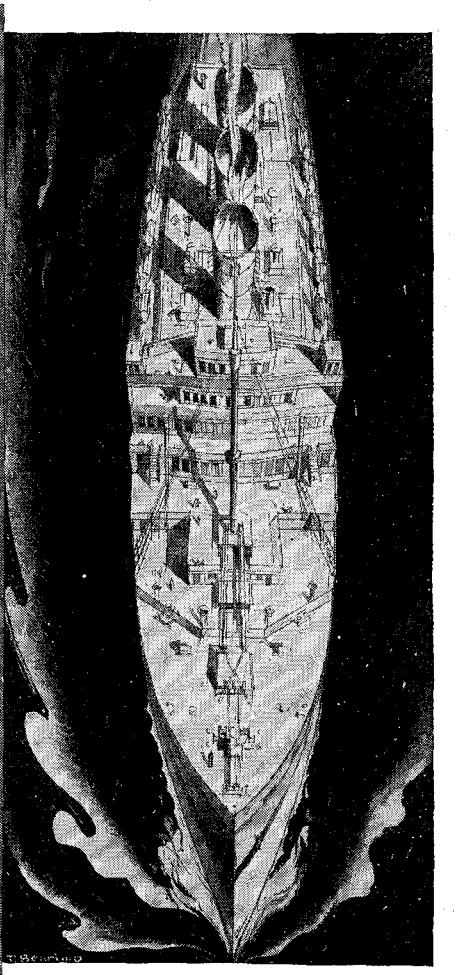

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FROM NEW YORK JAN. 31, 1931

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like the end of the world, as one writer had described it, but we didn't know at the time what he meant, and took it for a compliment to the place. We decided that we could only know when we arrived at Berchtesgaden after the train had pulled out of the station, so we composed ourselves to let it go at that, and then investigate how we could make a connection to ride back to Berchtesgaden from the next stop. Nearly two hours passed. The wind and rain were moaning outside the dreary windows. All of a sudden the train stopped. We could not see anything. We heard a little excitement. What was happening now? A man in uniform entered our car.

"Berchtesgaden," he cried in German. "Last stop, everybody out!"

We lost no time in getting out, but by the time we walked the distance from the end of our train to the station itself, the place was almost deserted. The three or four passengers who had ridden to the end of the line were already off on their ways. The station master was closing up for the night. It was nearly eleven o'clock. There was no taxi. Although our ride had been a steady ascent, here we were in a valley, with mountains towering abruptly on all sides. The ground was wet from recent rains. We did indeed feel at the end of the world.

A lone man who was presumably enjoying the night life took pity on us and said he could get us a taxi. It was ages before he finally returned with one, but he did. We piled in and climbed endless dark and gloomy mountain roads. We had nothing to do but pray and hope for the best. Eventually we arrived at a hotel that was little less than paradise. The Director, to whom I had a note, was so nice and so sympathetic, and we had such gloriously cheerful and comfortable rooms, that all our ups and downs melted into mist, and it seemed like the end of a perfect day.

To see Berchtesgaden set jewel-like in a brilliant morning sun, its rays shining down on snow-covered mountains, is indeed a revelation in beauty and majesty. We took the excursion to Königsee, a lovely little lake buried in the steepest mountains. Our optimism expanded with the beauty and the sun. We left the motor car that brought us to the shore of the lake and went rowing. A man and woman, dressed in the romantic Bavarian costume, each held an oar and rowed alternate strokes in rhythmic motion. We slid out into the silent mirror of the lake. The man shot off a pistol to make echoes. The mountains, rocks, falls, birds, and clouds all made it a glory of colorful picturesqueness. The lake is incredibly lonely. The mountains leap perpendicularly from the water, rising a good five thousand feet into the sky. Snow lies in patches against their craggy sides. Cliffs rise abruptly

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from the lakeside, so abruptly that no man can scale them, no beach can edge the rocks that plunge far down below the waters into the very foundation of the earth.

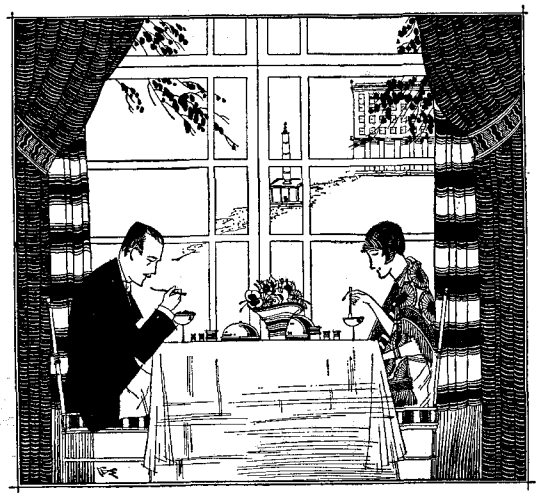
Suddenly, out of a clear sky, storm clouds gathered and a violent rain poured down upon us. Thunder rent the air and we had to return at once. Our umbrellas, safely buried in the depths of the motor car, were the only dry things for miles around. I'm told that the weather is not always like that — that we only struck an exceptional series of spring rains, but strike them we did, and they were wet!

On our return to Berchtesgaden the sun came out again; the day was *pfingst*, if that means anything to you, and all the people were out in holiday mood and costume. They are delightful, genial, friendly folk, and it was a pleasure to be among them. We went back to our rooms, got into dry clothing, packed, had a German "quick lunch," compared with which a snail is a marathon performer, and made close connections by taxi, train, car, steamer, and a long woodland walk to one of King Ludwig's castles out of Prien at Herrenchiemsee. The palace is gorgeous with colored marbles, frescoes, marvelous draperies, mirrors, and all the appointments of a fairy-tale castle. It is modeled after Versailles and is, if possible, even more showy, but it is much smaller and lacks the interest of the associations that flood the visitor to Versailles. King Ludwig, who was a morbid and erratic young man, lived here only three weeks.

And so we arrived once more in Munich late that evening, I with my big pocketbook stuffed beyond recognition, my overnight bag, umbrella, and packages accumulated between Vienna and München. I had a roll, a so-called *brödchen* in each pocket, as we thought we could not get supper on the train, though we did. I had one bedroom slipper in one bag and one in the other, as there was simply no room for proper packing, and altogether must have been an amusing object to the natives.

A week away from Munich. But what a week! A flight to Vienna, the delights of that glorious city, the quaint charm of old Salzburg, the majesty of Berchtesgaden — here indeed were new jewels in the memory!

Fruit Salad Like a Breath from an Orchard



FRUIT SALAD, as it's served at Hotel Cleveland, is like a cool, exhilarating breath from an orchard in harvest time.

Crisp, green lettuce leaves (they were on ice half a minute ago)—slices of firm, juicy apples—sweet, fresh pineapple—slices of orange that seem all cool juice—pink and white peaches or tender pears—a bit of grape fruit—and a crown of candied cherry for a dash of color. And tang-y French dressing, golden mayonnaise or fluffy whipped cream, in a separate dish—as much or as little as you like.

Try that for a warm weather lunch—with a tall clinking glass of frosted chocolate. As cooling as a breeze from the north, and as satisfying.

A COOL OASIS ON A HOT DAY

Just to sit in the high, cool Main Dining Room of Hotel Cleveland on a hot day is restful and refreshing. The crystal and white surroundings, the gay profusion of flowers, the soft lilting music, the skillfully prepared special summer dishes all help to send you back to business or out to golf cooled and calmed and satisfied.

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[*Hotel Pennsylvania*]

Travel News

SAN GERONIMO DAY

EVERY year on September thirtieth at Taos, New Mexico, the five hundred inhabitants of the two massy, terraced, clay community houses, which rise tier on tier to the height of five stories, celebrate the most important of their tribal feasts and dances — the festival of San Geronimo Day, dedicated, ostensibly, to their patron saint, but really a thanksgiving day to the sun god for the harvest. Beyond the observance of those ordinary politenesses which devolve upon any intruders into private grounds (for the pueblo owns its lands) guests are unrestricted, and, therefore, rarely is such opportunity given to witness a truly Indian celebration. Spectators should arrive on the morning of the twenty-ninth, if possible; thus they will be enabled to see the daily life of the pueblo and in the evening will witness the ceremonies by which the feast itself is ushered in. Taos, the northernmost of the pueblos and unquestionably one of the most interesting Indian settlements in all the Western continent, is located not far from the Colorado-New Mexico line.

FRENCH BEACHES

MORE and more Americans who visit France in the summer and fall are arranging their tours so as to allow at least a few days at one of the many seaside resorts. Among the bathing places on the English Channel and the coast of Normandy, the most noted are Boulogne Sur Mer, Le Touquet, Paris-Plage, Le Treport, Dieppe, Fecamp, Etretat, Honfleur, Trouville, Deauville, Houlgate, and Cabourg. All these resorts are greatly frequented during the summer months, as many Americans returning this autumn can testify, by the French themselves, who remain at the same places during their entire vacations, from three to six weeks. Therefore it is difficult to obtain desirable accommodations for a short period. Applications for short stays — the minimum is usually from three to five days — should therefore be made well in advance. At the most popular resorts, and even at some of the smaller places, the rates are considerably higher for brief visits than for longer ones.

LAUNCHING

NAMED and launched by the Prince of Wales, the largest liner to be built in Great Britain since 1914 took the water at Glasgow, Scotland, this summer when the *Empress of Britain*, the new Canadian Pacific liner for the St. Lawrence service, slid down the ways. Ocean liners do not take their initial dips with much privacy in these days of radio and

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Travel News

talking pictures. In addition to being heard through ninety-three stations in North America, the ceremonies were transmitted by Marconi beams into every part of the British Empire. The record number of listeners necessitated radio engineers and executives working through the night to complete the giant hookup. Immediately after the launching, the Prince, accompanied by other guests, went to luncheon, following which the speeches here were also picked up by the microphone.

CAMPS

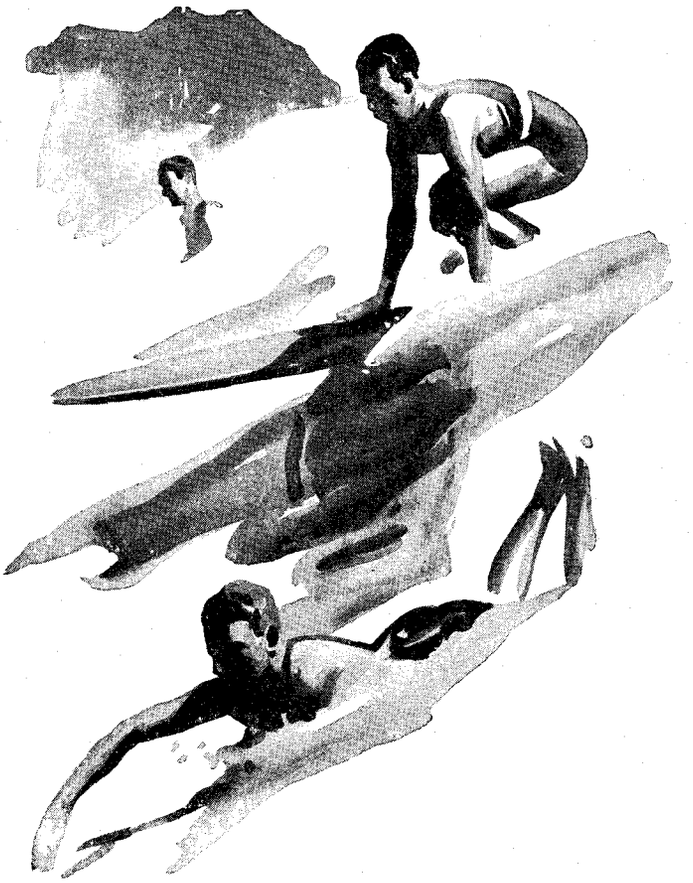
THIS SUMMER again sees hundreds of boys and girls of college age heading westward to act as bellboys and maids in the various national parks. Aside from three months in the open and a chance to earn money for the coming scholastic year, there is another attraction which is responsible, at least in Yellowstone Park, for the eagerness with which these young people seek appointments and the disappointment they feel on learning that there is already a waiting list. At the close of the season, after the rush of tourists is over, the attendants are given a free circle around the Park, which means that they have an opportunity to see the camps other than that at which they were stationed. Anyone puzzled as to where to spend his vacation need only listen to some of the camp boys and girls relate their last summer's experiences in order to be convinced that Yellowstone is the answer to his problem.

SOUTH AFRICA

A YOUNG and thriving outpost of civilization, South Africa is becoming better known as a land of outstanding interest for the traveler. We note a 30-day tour from Capetown to Durban which affords a thorough survey of this country whose extraordinary beauty and unusually diversified resources combine to make it an excellent candidate for the lists of those who are tired of the beaten paths of travel. The tour of which we are speaking includes visits to Port Elizabeth, Bloemfontein, the diamond mines at Kimberley, Johannesburg (with an interesting sightseeing program and Kaffir war dance), and Victoria Falls. The outstanding points of interest in the interior are included in this circuit.

FLOATING UNIVERSITY

THE CUNARD liner, *Samaria*, will be the "campus" of the fifth Floating University cruise around the world. Arrangements have been completed for the tour to sail from New York on December 3, returning June 7.



Summer in Hawaii Extends Its Cool Delights Into Fall

HAWAII is host today to a multitude of sophisticates who select the lovely late summer and early fall for their vacation visit. Tropic glory nears its fullness. The waters of Waikiki are electric with effervescence borrowed from cool trade-winds. . . . Ever-verdant scapes which extend from sea to sky are resplendent with a gorgeous ensemble of color for which the early year is but a preparation. Smart hotels scintillate with the sparkle of a social season already under way.

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Let the warm Pacific sun bring healthful tan to you this fall—Let Hawaii give you the most glorious Fall you have ever known. . . . And remember that Hawaii—only a few days away—is an integral part of the United States—as much so as your own State. There is no bother of passports or other formalities.

Hawaii Tourist Bureau

(HONOLULU, HAWAII, U. S. A.)

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

A Worm's-eye View of Sex

To the Editor:

In the May FORUM you offer us an interesting contrast in the two articles "Polygamous Women," by V. F. Calverton, and "Why Be Good?" by James Truslow Adams. The contrast referred to is not that between the conclusions reached, but between the scope of vision of the two writers.

Mr. Calverton has presented some undeniable facts, but he can scarcely escape the accusation of generalizing from too few of them. Have *all* famous women down the centuries who have been economically freed from dependence upon men "ridiculed monogamy as a myth?"

"Love and monogamy have almost been historical contradictions," says Mr. Calverton. In which case it would seem that love must have reached its greatest heights in those times and places where the greatest promiscuity has obtained. This is, of course, true if, as one gathers from Mr. Calverton's article throughout, the highest if not indeed the only expression of love is sex expression. He seems unaware that there are two kinds of love — natural attraction and good will. Our primitive ancestors may have had only the former, but we have the latter also, and it is as much a fact, and in a complex society is perhaps as useful a fact, as the former. It might also be mentioned that freedom and self-control are very far from being incompatible.

It is refreshing, after burrowing in an ant hill with Mr. Calverton, to go up in an airplane with Mr. Adams and see the facts in their proper relation and perspective.

FLORENCE EMILY CAIN

DeLand, Fla.

The Woman Is Still Paying

To the Editor:

"Are women polygamous?" asks V. F. Calverton in the May FORUM. My answer, in opposition to his stated theories, is a decided "No." A woman, through my observation, prefers to adore one man and to stand loyally by him. This is her taste and her real wish. At the same time, there possibly exists in the average woman a peculiar sense of triumph in her ability to inspire the admiration, love, and doubtless, in a few cases, the desire of men.

If it becomes necessary, in order to retain this admiration and love of men, or to arouse the understanding sympathy of her husband, a woman will sometimes sacrifice what she holds most dear — her loyalty to one man and her physical sanctity.

I believe it would be found to be exceedingly rare, that a wife would be unfaithful until after she discovered unfaithfulness on the part of her husband. Her sense of justice is then aroused, accompanied by a longing for his sympathy. Saturated with her own misery, she believes that he, too, should know how it feels. How better can she show him?

I feel safe in saying that this always means ineffable sacrifice.

ANNA MERRILL FOSTER

Long Beach, Calif.

Inescapable Music

To the Editor:

Mr. Peet, author of "Music as a Narcotic (August FORUM), may be honestly convinced of the futility of ever educating the public to the desire and appreciation of good music. But don't you think that the influence of beautiful music registers in the subconscious mind of the housewife whose radio is always turned on? Although I agree with Mr. Peet that fine music deserves eager attention, I think that the present lavishing of musical energy upon non-receptive beings is not to be deplored. It is gradually changing America into a music-loving nation.

MARJORIE CELESTE SMITH

Middleton, Mass.

Julia Peterkin's Credo

To the Editor:

To me THE FORUM is more interesting than any other magazine, and I must add mine to the numerous comments I am sure you will receive on Julia Peterkin's confession of faith in your July number. It is remarkable for the sanity and intelligence expressed — one of the best articles from contemporary women writers that has come to my attention.

PAUL HARGIS

Rockport, Ind.

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Our Rostrum

Humanism, Who Started It?

To the Editor:

Your service to Humanism especially merits my thanks, for I look upon the two essays by Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt in the January and February 1928 numbers as the chief causes of all the interest the subject is now receiving. My own interest, at least, dates from that auspicious hour when THE FORUM introduced me to Humanism. Since then, I have engaged in a study of the issues raised. I still have much to learn, however, and therefore hope that you will never cease to keep your pages open for the discussion of Humanism.

LINTON J. KEITH

Chicago, Ill.

4½% in Heaven

To the Editor:

Our friend John T. Flynn gives us some interesting figures in his "Religion and Business" [July FORUM], but this ex-editor who writes so well will never set the world on fire with his profundity.

Entrepreneurs are entrepreneurs because they have, far above average men, the courage and fortitude to stand up under heavy responsibilities. In Christianity the entrepreneur finds precisely what he likes — an atmosphere of responsibility. Hence his church-going helps him to keep fit for his hard job.

No more strangely illogical remark was ever made than Mr. Flynn's: "No stranger bedfellows ever lay down together in a man's soul than this oddly assorted pair, religion and thrift." Why, bless me, that is sheer nonsense. That religion and thrift have the common attributes of restraint, self-denial, and asceticism, and that both are mature, adult, responsible, forward-looking, is as obvious as the nose on one's face. In a spiritual sense, indeed, Christianity is a *form* of thrift, a laying up of treasure in heaven.

JOHN D. BLAINE

Campbell, Calif.

To the Editor:

After reading many magazines professing to be liberal, I long ago came to the conclusion that in being fearless and free none of them equaled THE FORUM. But this was never so forcibly impressed upon my mind until I read "God's Gold" in the July issue.

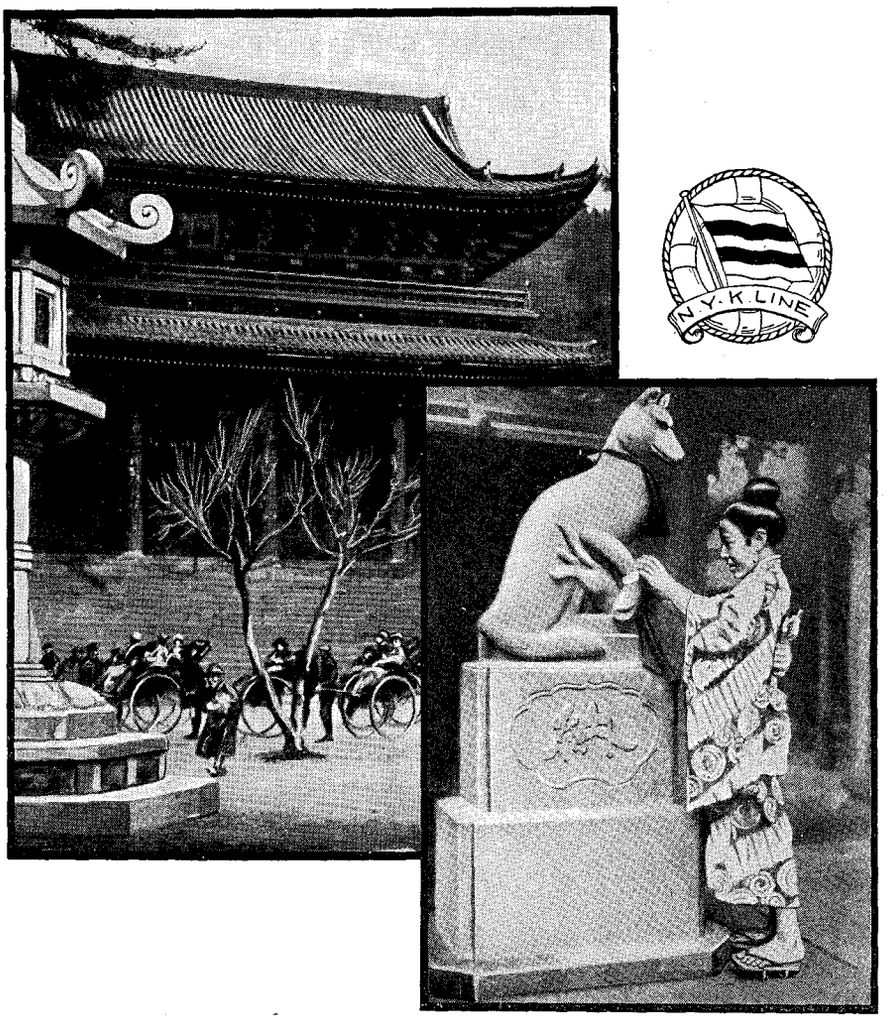
FRED B. KEELER

Denver, Colo.

Whooping Up the Scientist

To the Editor:

I have recently read Bernard Jaffe's "Human Crucibles" in THE FORUM. Personally I intensely dislike the personal element: associating the individual with the achievement. I regard all scientific ad-



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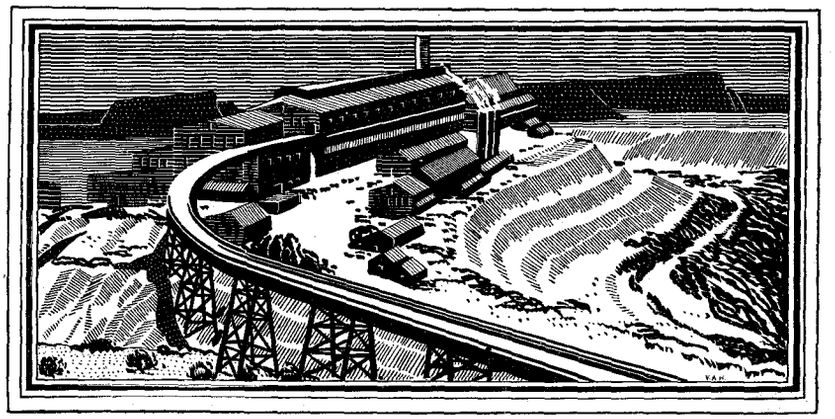

ESPECIALLY rich in vast deposits of minerals and metals, Arizona leads by almost three to one the next closest state in the production of copper—oldest of metals known to man. More than half the world's supply of copper is mined in the United States. Over 40 per cent of this country's output comes from Arizona. The annual copper production of the state is 650,000,000 pounds, worth almost $90,000,000, a figure exceeding by over $5,000,000 the combined value of Arizona's next two leading industries, agriculture and cattle raising.

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Mr. Donald Rea Hanson, Editor of "*Downtown*," will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

Address Editor "Downtown"

THE FORUM, 441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

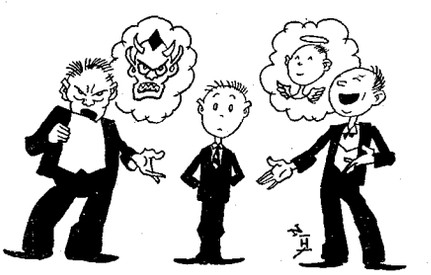
Our Rostrum

vance as if a thousand men were walking on a frontage of a mile seeking for a reef which they knew outcropped somewhere. One of them must necessarily find it, and his sole merit is in happening to occupy the place in the line where he *had to come* across it. God never wants for a man, and precisely at the moment when He intends that a new invention shall be made or a new discovery come to light, he puts a man there to see it. The finder should bow down in humility for being chosen regardless of merit.

My son is among sixty chemists in a research laboratory. One of them will discover what is sought, but the result will be due to all and also to the fact that God ordered it so. The great need of this country is more humility and less personality. Associating individuals with achievements is *not* humanizing knowledge; quite the contrary.

R. ESTCOURT

Oakland, Calif.



Two Views of the Same Thing

To the Editor:

M. C. Blackman's story, "Bad Blood," in your June issue shocked me not only because of the expressions used but also because of the way the author throws reflections on the Colored Race.

GERTRUDE REED

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

To the Editor:

Console yourself with the thought that not all your subscribers are as curiously obtuse as those whose strictures were published in the August "Rostrum," decrying "Bad Blood." It was one of the most pitiless and searing exposures of racial prejudice I recall reading. The subtlety of its first-person narration and the poignancy with which the author depicted the victim's agony seemed to me to mark a high point in current fiction.

ROY W. SMITH

Wyncote, Pa.

Let Well Enough Alone

To the Editor:

You refer to the *Literary Digest* poll for proof of a tendency toward repeal of the prohibition laws. Did you investigate their poll of the Ministers of Washington, D. C.? How about Pennsylvania? If your circulation manager knows when he is well off, he will get on the right side of the

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Our Rostrum

fence or leave such controversial subjects for Smith and Hoover to decide. Furthermore, I am not in the habit of continuing the support of periodicals that do not know when they are well off and have not sense enough to let well enough alone, without attempting to tear down and destroy.

T. S. CHAPMAN

Agosta, Ohio

[Editor's Note: — *We doubt that even the Ministers of Washington, D. C. could swing the wet sentiment to "the right side of the fence." As for letting well enough alone, we know "well enough" only by hearsay; we have not seen it in this country and so have not had an opportunity of attempting to tear down and destroy it, even had we been so inclined.*]

Ignorance Is No Protection

To the Editor:

I congratulate THE FORUM on obtaining for its clientele the story of The Red Dancer. It is one of the most valuable contributions to the art of living that I have ever read. A person with the type of mind that objects to this kind of literature is a menace to society and especially so when entrusted with the education of youth.

The theory that ignorance is a protection against temptation is as irrational as the idea that a mariner who has to navigate a sea beset with sunken reefs and dangerous currents is safer without a chart. THE FORUM should be in every home, if for no other reason than its splendid moral influence, and those schools that specialize in unfitting their pupils to encounter the realities of life should be shunned as a pestilence.

GURDON D. TUPPER

Helmville, Mont.

Adams Atones

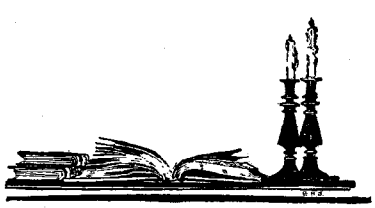
To the Editor:

"How Be Good?" by James Truslow Adams is the most magnificent essay I've read in your magazine during the five years I've been reading it. As a former school teacher I was delighted with his answer to the advocates of Self-expression.

THE FORUM has, at times, published articles which I believe tactlessly offended certain classes of your readers, but you can't please all of us all the time. Such work as that contributed by Mr. Adams makes me willing to forgive your lapses.

EDITH M. BLOCK

Lansing, Mich



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We should like to send you an interesting 28-page book called "How to Get the Things You Want," which tells all about the Retirement Income Plan and how it can be exactly suited to your own special needs. No cost. No obligation. Send for your copy of this free book today.

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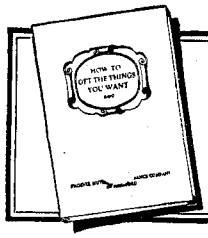

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THE consolidated report of United Founders Corporation and subsidiaries for the six months ended May 31, 1930, gives a complete list of the investment holdings. Copies of the report may be obtained from investment bankers.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION

Salvaging Business Theory

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

NINE YEARS ago, when depression was stalking the industries of this country, President Harding called a conference of business men and economists to consider ways and means of reducing unemployment. In the course of the following eight years three reports were issued, the final one, which was issued a little over a year ago, dealing with recent economic changes in the United States. This report was made public at a time when the country was in a highly prosperous condition, the stock market was booming, and the problem of unemployment was not a live issue. For this reason, perhaps, that section of the report which received the most widespread attention in the press and in the comment of the day was not that which dealt with the unemployment problem, but the forecast of the economic future of this country.

There is no doubt now but that the glowing industrial and commercial future that was forecast in this report contributed a great deal to the period of wild bullish speculation in the stock market early in 1929. Many people at that time were convinced that we were in a New Economic Era, and this report did not discourage the idea. Now the country is in the midst of a depression. Rosy-colored theories of the economic future of the country have been relegated to the background and business men are struggling with the hard facts of the present situation. Yet the facts and the opinions stated in that report are doubtless as true to-day as they were a year ago, and at a time when the country is disposed to view the outlook through blue glasses it is worth reëxamining that statement.

Probably the most widely quoted passage in the report of this conference was that entitled "Remote Saturation Points." "The survey has proved conclusively what has long been held theoretically to be true," it said, "namely, that wants are almost insatiable; that one want satisfied makes way for another. The conclusion is that economically we have a boundless field before us; that there are new wants which will make way endlessly for newer wants, as fast as they are satisfied.

"We have the power to produce and the capital to bring about an exchange between the producing and consuming groups. We have communication to speed and spread the influence of ideas. We have swift and dependable transportation. We have an educational system which is steadily raising standards and improving tastes. We have a great national opportunity."

Discussing the great development of a single industry, that of the manufacture of electrical appliances, the report stated that a large percentage of homes were wired for electricity and had electric flat irons, but "less than one-third of them had washing machines; slightly over one-third had vacuum cleaners; less than five per cent had electrical refrigerators. . . . About 70 per cent of American homes are still (1928) without the radio. We seem to have touched only the fringe of our potentialities."

Only a little more than a year has elapsed since this report was hailed as convincing proof that a new economic era had arrived and that the old theory of the business cycle was as dead as the dodo. Yet a few weeks ago one of the leading banks of the country made the observation, in its widely read analysis of the situation, that "probably at no time since last fall has the average business man been more inclined to question his traditional faith in the recuperative power of the country." The transition from glowing optimism a year ago to rank pessimism to-day is strikingly indicated by this observation, which clearly reflects a belief in some quarters that the situation is so bad that there is doubt whether it can get better.

AFTER THE STORM

CONSIDER some of the contrasts between the situation to-day and that last year. Naturally the most striking one is in the security market. The stock market panic of last autumn blasted most of the tenets of the new era theory to pieces overnight. The sharp recovery in prices last spring led to a certain revival of optimism, but this was dispelled when commodity prices declined severely in May and June and stocks sank to levels approximating those reached during the darkest days of the panic. In many instances prices dropped far below panic prices Where it was utterly impossible to

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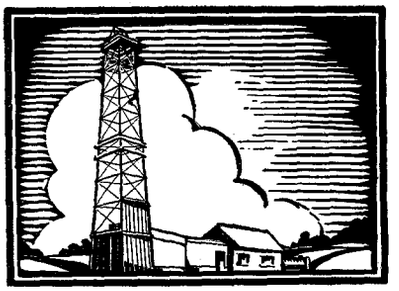

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Downtown

obtain the old fashioned yield of 6 per cent on a common stock last year, a situation developed where seasoned dividend-paying shares were selling at prices to yield 6 to 8 per cent or more.

A year ago it was believed that the curve of the business cycle was destined to be "flattened out." There would be no more severe depressions. Hard times were a relic of the Victorian Age and were destined to be but a memory. It was held that with the advance in statistical knowledge and research the business man no longer had to work in the dark with no idea of the general business situation and the outlook. Inventories were under an intelligent measure of control, it was insisted. Wages were high, purchasing power was large, and the way to prevent depressions was simply to increase production.

Unfortunately, things did not quite work out that way. Commodity prices went into the steepest decline since the great deflation of 1920. Inventories that were considered nominal and even low last year, began to look large when prices declined. The theory that high wage scales would maintain and stabilize prosperity came to be admittedly sound enough, as a theory, but it did not prevent wage cutting in isolated instances, which were discouraging to the morale of those who were maintaining them.

The next thing was curtailment in production. In the heavy industries it was severe. Automobile production slumped more than 30 per cent and steel industry activity declined to about 40 per cent under that of a year ago. Railroad traffic dwindled about 14 per cent and all in all the production curve went through the sharpest decline since the 1920–22 depression. Bank credit, which was scarce, and money rates, which were high last year, became a drug on the market. And with it all came a drastic revision of the views of investors.

TESTED THEORY ABANDONED

DURING the boom, sound investment policies and investment practices that had been tested by the experience of a generation were cast overboard. People who had been accustomed to buying bonds, with a view to protecting their principal, became converted to the common stock theory of investing funds, with a view to increasing their principal. The idea of investing funds with a view to obtaining a steady and consistent income was forsaken in favor of purchases of common stocks with only a nominal present yield. It was argued that even if a corporation was unable to pay dividends which would yield the "good old fashioned return of 6 per cent" at that time, eventually its business would expand to the point where a much

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larger return would be received.

To capitalize this theory investment trusts were organized on a wholesale scale. A half dozen or more were organized with an initial capital of about $100,000,000 to invest in the stock market. All told, more than $2,500,000,000 of investment trust stock was sold in 1929. The investment of a large portion of this money in the stock market forced prices still higher and yields on good stocks fell until a point was reached where the best of them were yielding only one or two per cent. This attitude toward common stocks as investments has been severely chastened by the experience of the past twelve months.

All of which is an old story to those who have participated in the movement, one way or another. Now the attitude of both business men and investors has undergone a radical change, but if many of the arguments that were so effective in the course of the boom are taken to pieces and analyzed in the light of their operation on both curves of the business cycle it will probably be found that a great many of them have merit. The only radical change that has occurred has been in the mental attitude of the business man or the investor, and that has been influenced mostly by the radical change in prices.

LET IT BE A LESSON

From the point of view of the business man the outstanding lesson of the past year is that it has been demonstrated that the business cycle theory is not extinct; that its undulations are just as marked to-day as they were three thousand years ago in Egypt, when Joseph stored grain during the seven years of plenty in anticipation of the seven years of famine. In other respects there is every reason to believe that many of the ideas of modern business will prove a decidedly wholesome influence upon business. Inventory control did not of itself prevent a depression, but it has greatly alleviated the magnitude of the present depression. One need but compare the situation with that in 1920 to visualize the difference. Cancellations of orders were almost unheard of this year; ten years ago they produced chaos in business. Bank loans on merchandise were enormously inflated ten years ago; this year they have been so nominal that bankers have had to seek other investments to keep their funds busy, particularly in the security markets. High wage scales in this country did not prevent a depression, but despite isolated instances of reductions to date the tendency is to maintain them at a level which will permit high standards of living in this country. The policy is praiseworthy and should lessen the severity and length of the current depression. Production has been curtailed, to be sure, but many authorities believe that it has been cur-

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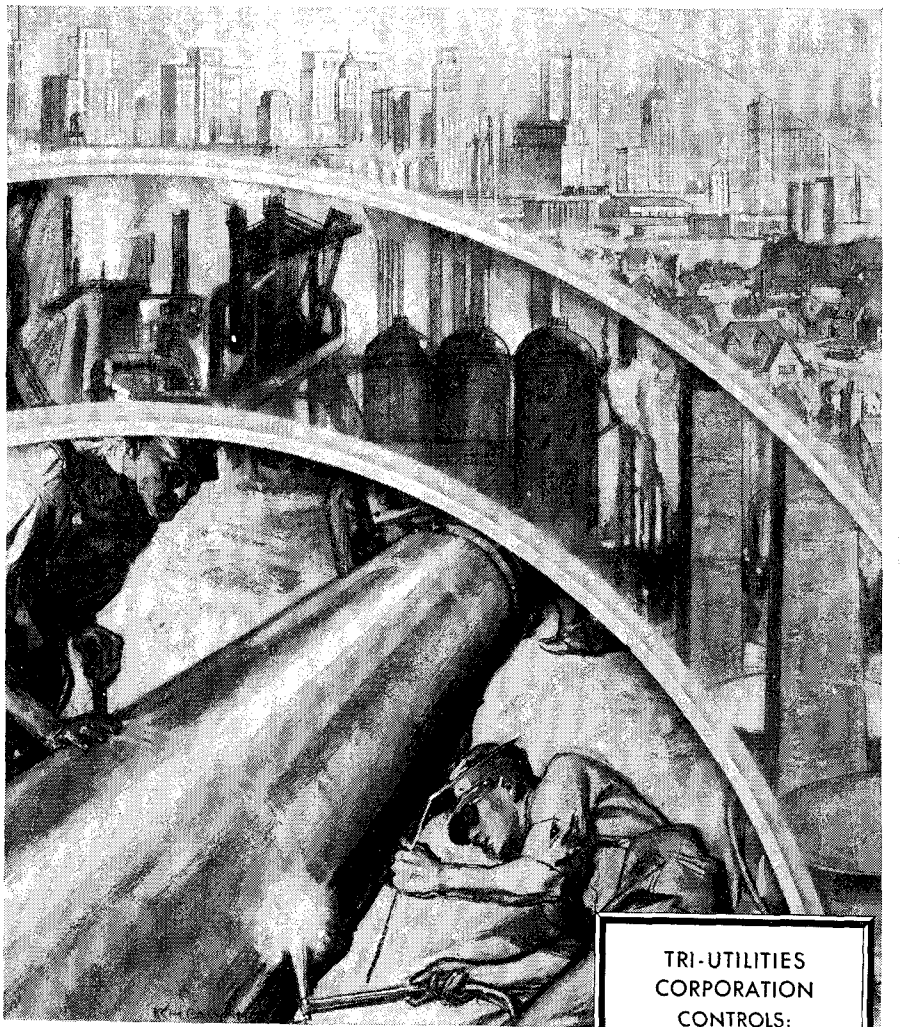

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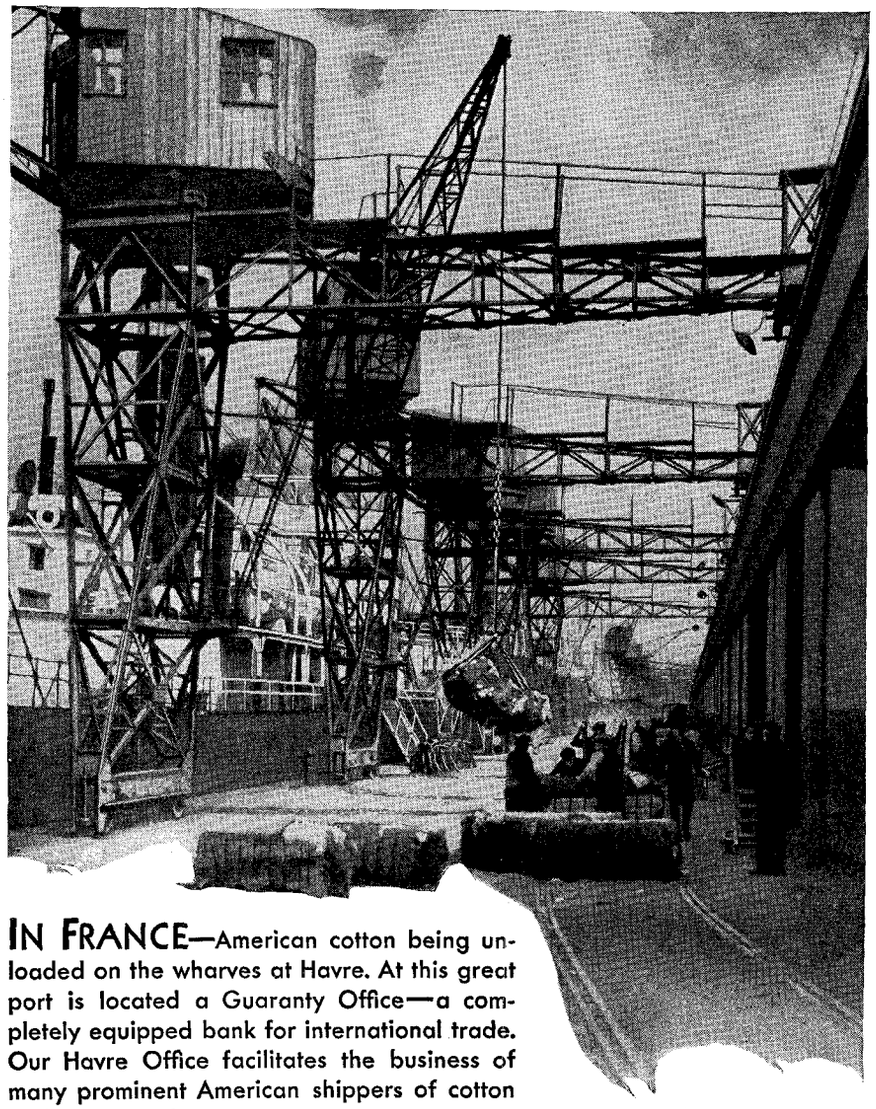

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tailed to a point considerably below the current rate of consumption. They argue, with logic, that shortages are in the making and once that situation appears to be looming up the prospect is that the depression will pass very quickly.

Similarly there was considerable force of logic in the arguments that were being advanced in favor of common stocks as long term investments a year ago. Nothing has developed, for instance, which would indicate that this country has stopped growing. The 1930 census is expected to show a growth in the past decade of about 14 per cent, as against 14.9 per cent growth in the decade ending in 1920. That growth has been mostly achieved without indiscriminate immigration and the unrestricted importation of people from other countries who bring with them inferior standards of living from the old world. As the Committee on Recent Economic Changes in the United States observed, "we have a boundless field before us."

It is now quite clear that the weakness in the common stock theory a year ago was the excess to which it was carried. In some instances prices of ably managed and sound companies were boosted to a point where it would take five to seven years or more of steady and uninterrupted growth to permit an earning power justifying dividends which would net 6 per cent on the purchase price. During the depression this summer it was possible to buy representative stocks of some of the largest American corporations, corporations which afforded a fair cross section of American industry, at prices to net an immediate return on current dividend rates of 6 to 8 per cent. Many of these stocks were the same issues which were being bought by investment trusts at two to three times their recent prices in the course of last year's boom, purchases which were then justified on the ground that these companies had important future possibilities.

Where the common stock theory fell down last year was in the principle that it did not make much difference what price you paid for the stock of a successful company, because its business would eventually grow to the point where a satisfactory return would be realized. The old fashioned theory was substantially that common stocks were an investment only when they were on the bargain counter. History does not record many instances where fortunes were made in buying securities during a boom, but the biographies of the outstanding financiers in history, from the Rothschilds and John Jacob Astor down to Rockefellers, Carnegies, du Ponts, and other successful leaders are full of instances where they bought fearlessly when others were afraid to risk their funds.

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

A Statement of Capitalization, Earnings and Dividends of the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., will be mailed upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad Street, New York City.

Class A Stock. A new illustrated twelve-page booklet describing this investment stock and including photographs of the properties, map of their location, analysis of territories served, and charts of growth in earnings, assets and number of customers. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

The Life Insurance Trust. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

Convertible Securities. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

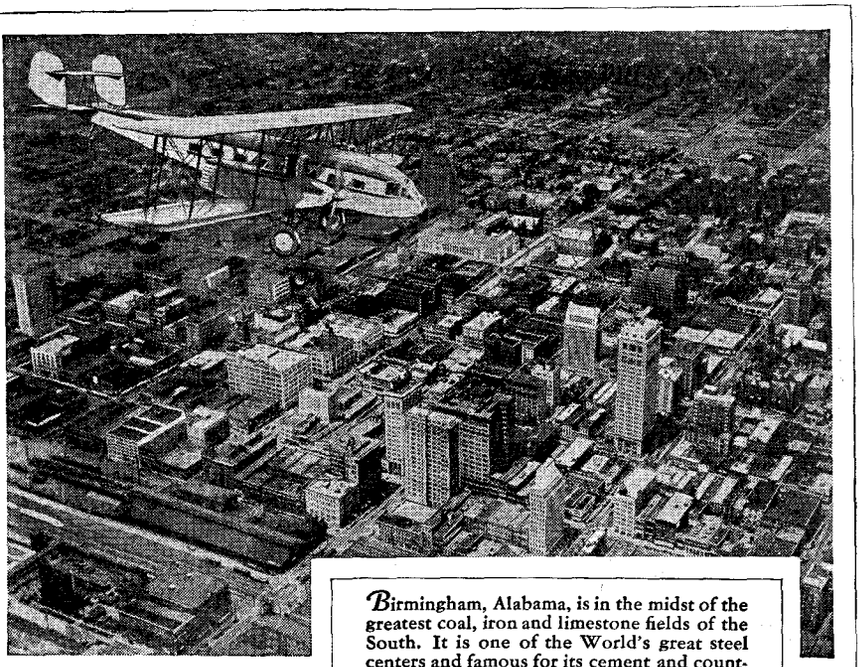
Cities Service Common as a Permanent Investment. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

United Founders Corporation Report for Six Months ended May 31, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Founders General Corporation, 50 Pine Street, New York City.

The Care of Your Securities. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York City.

Continued on next page

An airplane tour of the communities served by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated



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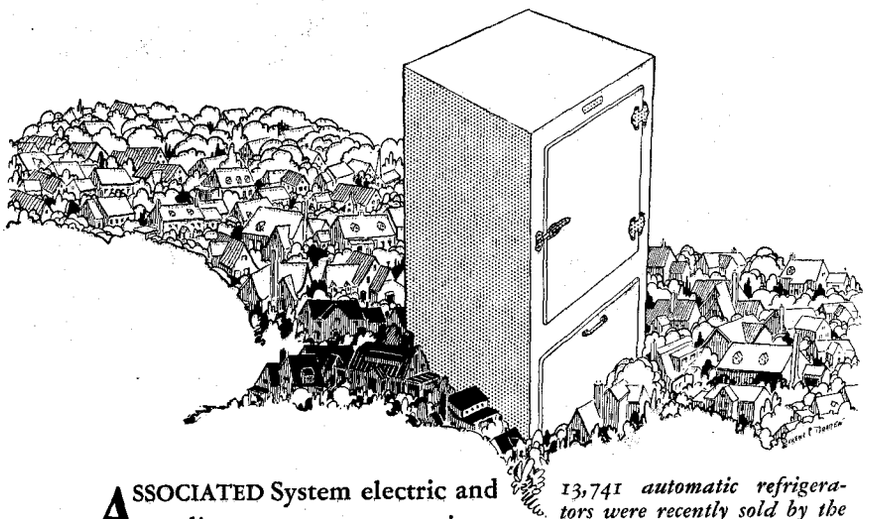

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Investment Literature

ANALYSIS CHART FOR THE DETERMINATION OF INVESTMENT POLICY AND POSITION. A chart designed to help investors analyze the structure of their bond account and plan their investment policy. Copy upon request. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

THE FASCINATING STORY OF WALL STREET'S GREATEST SKYSCRAPER. An illustrated booklet describing the erection of the new 70-story Manhattan Company Building, New York; and Starrett Securities which share in the ownership and profits of this building. Also contains a brief history of New York's skyscrapers from the earliest days. G. L. Ohrstrom & Co., 36 Wall Street, New York City.

HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

LIFE INSURANCE AS AN INVESTMENT. A booklet outlining the advantages of life insurance as against other forms of investment for the regular and systematic saver. Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia, 46th & Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PRUDENCE-BONDS FOR PRUDENT PEOPLE. A brief description of how Prudence-Bonds are secured by conservative first mortgages on income producing properties and guaranteed by over $16,500,000 of the Prudence Company's capital, surplus and reserves. The Prudence Company, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York City.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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Einstein

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by himself

Albert Einstein, world-famous mathematician and scientist, has always remained a bit of a mystery to the average person,—indeed, to almost all who know him. In this article for the October FORUM and Century he reveals his innermost beliefs for the first time to a very much interested public. It is a frank, sincere, and friendly article. Coming as it does from a man who has always withdrawn himself from social contacts, it may serve to make him somewhat less of a public myth.

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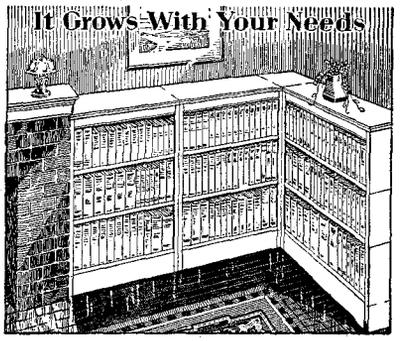

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WOMEN'S CLUB BUREAU

Helen M. Bramble, Director

The following suggestions for papers, together with brief bibliographies suitable for the preparation of each, are designed to meet the needs of women's clubs. Each month we will present such programs, varying in subject matter. Additional references, if necessary, can also be secured upon application to the Bureau. If any club or any member of a club desires advice in forming programs other than these given, in finding sources for material, in securing speakers, or in raising funds, we shall gladly coöperate without expense to the club. We suggest that you give as much information as possible regarding your club, i.e. type of program usually used, number in club, length of meeting, etc.

I

THE MOST challenging notice to club women, this month, is the contest now running in THE FORUM. In the September, October, and November issues Hendrik Willem van Loon, Will Durant, and H. G. Wells will state what are, in their opinions, the most important dates in history. Read the rules on page 143 and prepare your paper. In addition to the rules given, if you are a member of a woman's club please state the fact when you submit your manuscript. Should a club woman win any of the prizes offered, this page will make a special feature of it.

II

IN THE March club section several suggestions for papers on the present crime wave were offered. Harry Hibschman in the September FORUM has a most amusing discussion anent animals as criminals. But ridiculous as the old laws were, ours seem equally absurd. In spite of alienists, psychologists, psychiatrists on all sides, stupidities regarding the mentally unfit are still evident. Together with Mr. Hibschman's article are other references giving varying phases of a most fascinating subject. In addition to this, a shorter paper reviewing some recent articles on pathological psychology is proposed.

A. THE CRIMINAL MIND

When Animals Were Criminals — Harry Hibschman — FORUM, September 1930

Insanity: Another Legal Fiction — Milton MacKaye — *Outlook*, February 6, 1929

Insanity and the Law — Anthony M. Turano — *American Mercury*, April 1930

Demobilizing the Alienists — Malcolm Logan — *North American Review*, January 1929

What Makes a Criminal? — Joseph Lilly — *Outlook*, January 29, 1930

Cerberus on Trial — *Commonweal*, January 1, 1930

B. THE PATHOLOGY OF CRIME

Our Wanting Machine — G. V. Hamilton — FORUM, April 1930

D.D. Versus M.D. — J. H. Preston — *Scribner's*, May 1930

Doctor White: Healer of Sick Minds — James Hay, Jr. and F. K. Buschmann — *World's Work*, May 1930

III

IN THE last few months the unemployment situation has again strengthened the voices of those who are opposed to women's working, particularly those women who do not work primarily through economic necessity. In order that you may debate the question for yourselves, articles on both sides have been selected. In addition to those suggested, we recommend a symposium on the subject "Women's Right to Work," which appeared in the *Woman's Journal* for May 1930.

RESOLVED: THAT WOMEN SHOULD WORK ONLY BECAUSE OF ECONOMIC NECESSITY

1. *Affirmative:*

Careers for Women — V. F. Calverton — *Current History*, January 1929

Women Who Work — H. McCadden — *Commonweal*, March 26, 1930

Should Women Take Men's Jobs? — F. Perkins — *Woman's Journal*, April 1930

The Part-time Job — L. Pruette — *Woman's Journal*, June 1930

2. *Negative:*

Pin-money Slaves — P. Cannon — FORUM, August 1930

Once There Was a Princess — G. J. Nathan — *American Mercury*, February 1930

Give Us Our Privileges — E. Onativia — *Scribner's*, June 1930

The Decline of Women — D. Ward FORUM, November 1929

IV

IN MAY of this year certain members of the book publishing world made

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Women's Club Bureau

such radical changes in their prices that nearly every metropolitan paper in the country carried a front page story of their experiment. Because these changes influence, to a greater or lesser degree, everyone who writes, makes, or reads a book, this subject is worth discussing.

A. THE PUBLISHERS' PRICE WAR

Dollar Books — Walter B. Pitkin *vs.* Malcolm Cowley — FORUM, September 1930.

The New Publishing Proposals — *Publishers' Weekly*, May 31, 1930

The Publishers' Price War — *New Republic*, June 4, 1930

The Book Trade — *Saturday Review of Literature*, May 24, 1930

Books at New Lows — *Outlook*, June 4, 1930

B. IMPORTANT NOVELS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

The Woman of Andros — Thornton Wilder — *A. and C. Boni* — $2.50

Bystander — Maxim Gorky — *Cape and Smith* — $3.00

Gallows Orchard — Claire Spencer — *Cape and Smith* — $2.50

Coronet — Manuel Komroff — *Coward-McCann* — $3.00

Cimarron — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Doran* — $2.50

Rogue Herries — Hugh Walpole — *Doubleday, Doran* — $2.50

The Selbys — Anne Green — *Dutton* — $2.50

The Door — Mary Roberts Rinehart — *Farrar and Rinehart* — $1.00

All Our Yesterdays — H. M. Tomlinson — *Harper's* — $2.50

V

WHAT HAS caused the present craze for detective stories? Why do college professors, bankers, athletes, and salesmen all join in vehement praise of the mystery thriller? John Farrar says the "fantastic pursuit" story is his favorite. Philip Guedalla calls the detective story "the normal reaction of noble minds." Marjorie Nicolson says that scholars are only the detectives of thought. To make an interesting day's program for your club, read:

IS THERE A DETECTIVE IN THE HOUSE?

The Professor and the Detective — Marjorie Nicolson — *Atlantic Monthly*, April 1929

About These Mystery Stories — P. G. Wodehouse — *Saturday Evening Post*, May 25, 1929

The Lawyer Looks at Detective Fiction — J. B. Waite and M. W. Kimball — *Bookman*, August 1929

A Sport of Noble Minds — Dorothy L. Sayers — *Saturday Review of Literature*, August 3, 1929

Have You a Detective in Your Home? — John Farrar — *Century*, May 1929

The Editor Reviews His Magazine

DESPITE the effort of those who dislike it to credit it with this or that sinister programme, THE AMERICAN MERCURY is, in reality, quite devoid of propagandist aim. It belongs to no school, and proposes no new and thrilling remedy for all the sorrows of the world. Its pages are open to writers of all shades of belief, provided only they believe in something not revolting to an enlightened man and are able to argue for it in a good-humored and amusing manner. It naturally gives no space to such imbecilities as astrology, Christian Science, communism, spiritualism, and the New Humanism, but otherwise it is very tolerant, and has been hospitable, *inter alia*, to both the most implacable defenders of capitalism and its most enterprising and pertinacious critics. In the field of beautiful letters it is likewise very catholic. It has made room for both decorous sonneteers and the contrivers of the most advanced varieties of free verse, and for writers of fiction of all schools, from the Victorian to the post-Joycean. The one thing it insists upon is decent writing. However its contributors may differ otherwise, they are all indubitably literate.

The magazine makes its appeal to the more skeptical and unimpassioned class of Americans; naturally enough, they tend to be somewhat well-to-do. It does not try to convert them to anything; it simply tries to give them civilized entertainment. Those persons who chance to have been born with a firm faith in the incredible do not often read it, for they find it disturbing and uncomfortable. Thus it cannot hope to interest Methodists, or the ladies of the D. A. R., or the professional heroes of the American Legion, or Ku Kluxers, or believers in the Noble Experiment, or anyone else of that general sort. But it offers a steady supply of pleasant (and sometimes instructive) reading to those who view the world more blandly and more accurately, and there are enough of them in the United States, by God's inscrutable will, to keep up its circulation and warm its advertisers.

All the principal American authors, at one time or another, have contributed to its contents, but it is written mainly by writers who are not professionals. Among them have been men ranging from a United States Senator to a cotton-mill worker, from a college president to a trained nurse, and from a judge on the bench to a learned hobo. One of its most memorable articles, a truly magnificent piece of writing, was done by a man who, before it got into type, went to the electric chair for murder. Another came from a laborer in a lumber-mill, since turned author. It has always been very hospitable to such novelties, and it has printed far more of them than any other American magazine. They are presented because they help Americans to understand one another, and because they tend to be extraordinarily interesting. Many more of the same sort are in prospect.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY, with its first appearance, set a new standard in printing. It has been widely imitated ever since, but no other magazine has been able to keep up with its constant improvements. It is addressed to readers who want the best, both in contents and in investiture. It has been a substantial success, and is in a sound and secure position today.

H. L. Mencken

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POLITICS

In "Founding Fathers and Straddling Sons," Elmer Davis explains why the American politician is so seldom equipped with a backbone.

WORLD AFFAIRS

Gilbert Murray in "The Real Value of the League" tells what the League's job is, and what it is doing.

TALKING PICTURES

Louise Closser Hale writes delightfully on "The New Stage Fright."

SOCIAL BEHAVIOR

"The Wall Flower Complex" by Brenda Ueland points out the handicap that ball room education proves to most women.

STATISTICS ON SUICIDE

Dr. Louis I. Dublin in "To Be or Not to Be" tells at what ages, under what circumstances, and by what means most people decide to take their lives.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT

Louis Adamic in "Racketeers and Organized Labor" shows into what straits Labor's fondness for dynamite has led it — and us.

ASPECTS OF DIVORCE

"Who Gets the Children?" is the anonymous reflection of a woman contemplating divorce.

HISTORY

J. B. S. Haldane's "Is History a Fraud?" proves that the modern method of teaching history is on the whole unreliable.

FAMOUS AMERICANS

James Truslow Adams in "The Portrait of an Empty Barrel" gives a revaluation of that worthy penman, General John Hancock.

WHY THE ENGLISH KEEP THEIR KINGS

Geoffrey Layman explains how the average Englishman feels towards his monarch in "I Believe in Kings."

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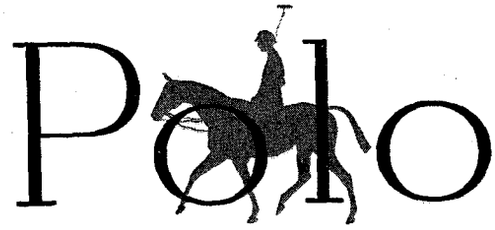

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In the same month Sir Thomas Lipton makes another effort to lift the famous America's Cup. This other major contest, because of its timeliness, will be thoroughly covered by authoritative articles, fully illustrated, by experts in the yachting field.

The International Number (September issue) will be in the hands of subscribers on September the first. Copies will also be on sale at newsstands at leading resorts, hotels, railroad stations, country clubs and wherever the social-sporting crowd gathers. Single copies 50 cents.

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TOASTS

LONG recognized as a penetrating writer upon political theory and the formation of public opinion, WALTER LIPPMANN is now the Chief Editorial Writer of the New York *World*. Before the war Mr. Lippmann was an associate editor of the *New Republic*, and during the war he served as secretary to the organization that prepared data for the American delegation to the Peace Conference, and, later, as a Captain on the General Staff at A.E.F. Headquarters. Always an ardent Democrat, Mr. Lippmann has written several books dealing with varying phases of the modern scene: *The Phantom Public*, *Stakes of Diplomacy*, *Men of Destiny*, and, more recently, *A Preface to Morals* — one of the most discussed books of last year.

WALTER LIPPMANN

PROBABLY no American critic is as well known as H. L. MENCKEN, the *bête noire* of luncheon clubs, organized religion, and, to use his own phrase, the booboisie. For twenty-five years Mr. Mencken and George Jean Nathan were editorial associates. They were co-editors of the old *Smart Set;* together with A. A. Knopf they founded *The American Mercury;* and, although Mr. Nathan is no longer there, Mr. Mencken still guides that magazine's editorial policy. *Prejudices*, in divers volumes, have appeared from his pen, as has the internationally known *American Language*. His latest book, and his first in several years, is *Treatise on the Gods* — a comparative study of religions both ancient and modern.

SOME years ago WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS wrote for FORUM pages a discussion of the unapparent causes of religious dissension. That was something new to Mr. Sands, who had spent most of his life on horses, going into the heart of old civilizations, into the remains of feudal Europe, into old Asia, and the old dreamings of Indian Central America. He discovered that in New Russia old-fashioned Lenin and Trotzky were working at the ideal Republic of Plato, in which those who have power and authority shall have no property and those who have property shall have no power. Those things were then new to Mr. Sands. Now he finds it a novelty, after specializing in diplomacy and conducting big business in Asia, Latin America, and Europe, to be teaching American history at the School of Foreign Service in Washington. Says Mr. Sands, "It is all new and if you 'say it three times it is so.' That is very pleasant."

BEFORE leaping into all the best-seller lists with his *Story of Mankind*, HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON taught history at Cornell University and Antioch College, wrote advertising copy, drew cartoons, and conducted a column in the Baltimore *Sun*. During the Russian Revolution in 1905 he served as an Associated Press correspondent, and followed these experiences by lecturing on history and art at various universities. Then when the World War broke out, Mr. van Loon became a correspondent in Belgium. *The Story of Mankind* was written after the war, primarily for his own children and because of his disgust with the history books available. Since the success of this book, *The Story of the Bible* and *America* have both had great acclaim.

AFTER having presented WILLIAM C. WHITE to FORUM readers for several consecutive months, we doubt if he needs further introduction. Mr. White has recently returned to America after three years in Russia, and is now writing, lecturing, and hoping to return to the land of the Soviets.

ONE of the most successful of young American actresses is RUTH GORDON, who was born in Wollaston, Mass., went to Quincy High School, and then came to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. Her first appearance on the New York stage was with Maude Adams in a revival of *Peter Pan*. After an interval of touring the West in road companies, Miss Gordon returned to New York in Booth Tarkington's *Seventeen*. Since then she has been in *Mrs. Partridge Presents*, *Saturday's Children*, *Serena Blandish*, and last season in the Theatre Guild's presentation of *Hotel Universe*. "Wilson Memorial," Miss Gordon's first short story, was written while she was abroad last summer, and is one of a trilogy about an old man — the serio-comic Mr. Victor Clement.

H. W. VAN LOON

AFTER spending last winter as supervisor for Universal Pictures Corporation in Hollywood, WALTER B. PITKIN has returned to New York to resume his Professorship in Journalism at Columbia University. At present his research is primarily concerned with surveys of the technique of adult education, and he is preparing a number of books on varying phases of the subject. In the fall Simon and Schuster will publish Mr. Pitkin's *Psychology of Achievement*, and McGraw-Hill will add to his already published *Art of Rapid Thinking*, *The Art of Rapid Reading*. Mr. Pitkin is a former associate editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and author of *The Twilight of the American Mind*.

WHEN MALCOLM COWLEY finished at Harvard, he went to France to study the country, its language, and its literature. Now he is in New York — an editor of the *New Republic*. Although he has had only one book published so far — *Blue Juniata*, a book of poems — he is preparing a book of essays which W. W. Norton will publish later this season. And, too, Mr. Cowley has done a great deal of translating of French books into English: among them Paul Valery's *Variety*, Maurice Derras' *Sacred Hill*, and Princess Marthe Bibesco's *Catherine-Paris*.

CHARLES NORMAN was born and brought up in New York City. He has always loved travel and has spent considerable time in South America and Europe. Knopf has published one volume of Mr. Norman's poems, and he is a frequent contributor to the magazines.

GOVE HAMBIDGE says that since he chucked a good job to sink or swim as a free-lance writer he has been kept busy by a group of leading magazines who wanted him to interpret industries and agriculture. He is an aviation expert. His aim in life is happiness — not the watered, but the concentrated solution, and the successful method of finding this will-o'-the-wisp, according to Mr. Hambidge, is as follows: 1. find the right woman and live with her and children, 2. get work with a large horizon, 3. loaf intensively, 4. use five senses intensively, 5. use hands, in soil, on raw materials, 6. understand, live in these modern times, but, 7. respect the rhythm of older, wiser Sun and Earth.

A REFORMED lawyer is what HARRY HIBSCHMAN calls himself. After fifteen years of practice in the State of Washington, he entered the war as a speaker on patriotic propaganda — because he could not pass the physical examinations for active service. Since then, Mr. Hibschman has lectured and written constantly, and is at present occupied with the formation of the American Crime Prevention League.

BORN in Chicago and educated in an eastern preparatory school and college, MATTHEW ARMSTRONG is now a member of a Middle Western manufacturing concern. His chief avocation has been a long and detailed study of the economics of banking.

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